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THE NEW YORKER

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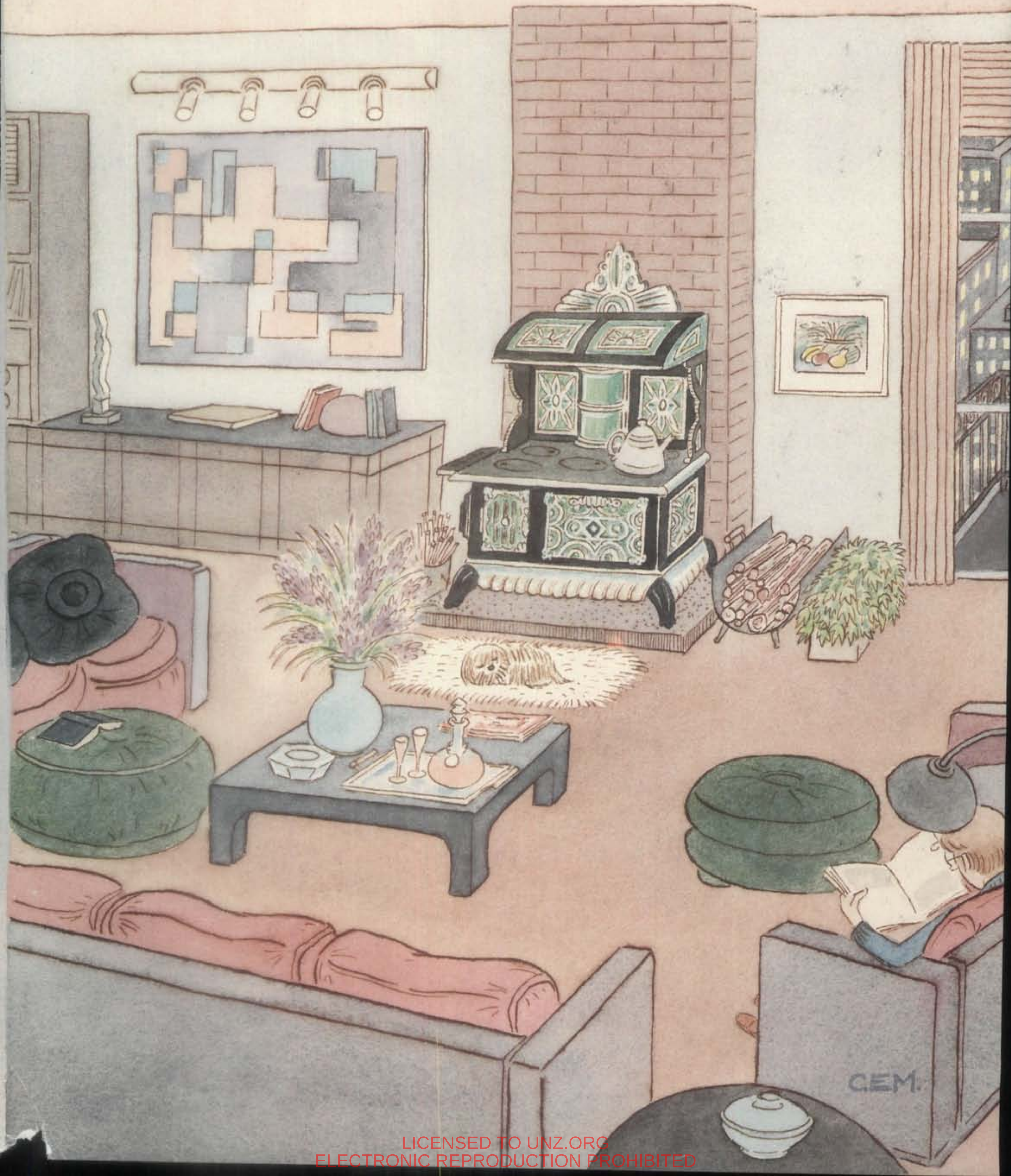

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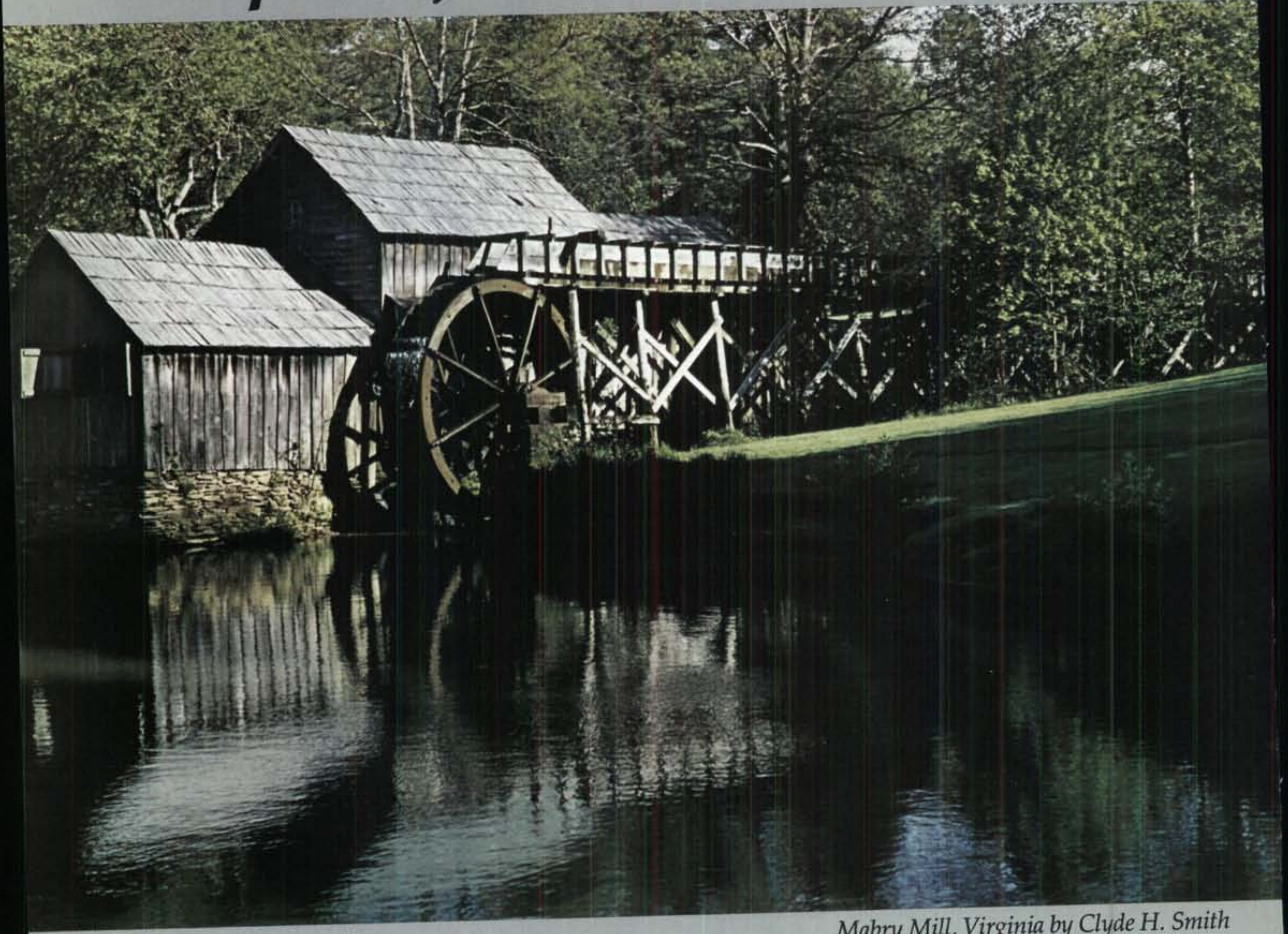

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

A...My Name Is Alice—A musical revue, conceived and directed by Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 246-3730. Wednesdays through Fridays at 6; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

And a Nightingale Sang...—A charming little play, unabashed in its sentimentality, about an English family gallantly surviving the rigors of the Second World War. The author is C. P. Taylor. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/12/83.) (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, Lincoln Center. 799-9100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Awake and Sing!—A revival of the Clifford Odets 1935 drama, with Nancy Marchand, Harry Hamlin, Michael Lombard, Paul Sparer, and Thomas G. Waites. Theodore Mann is the director. Previews through Wednesday, March 7. Opens officially on Thursday, March 8. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Babalooney—A comedy revue with music. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Baby—A musical that is just the ticket for gynecologists and obstetricians, but of less interest to ordinary theatregoers. The cast is numerous and oddly enthusiastic. (12/12/83) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Beckett Plays—Three brief plays by Samuel Beckett. The haunting "Catastrophe," starring Kevin O'Connor, first appeared in this magazine. Alan Schneider is the impeccable director. (6/27/83) (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Broken Eggs—Eduardo Machado's entertaining comedy, about a well-heeled, homesick Cuban family in exile in Los Angeles, takes place during a wedding at a local country club. The performance, under James Hammerstein's direction, is brisk and stylish. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 247-4982. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 2.)

La Cage aux Folles—A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical, starring George Hearn and Gene Barry. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense; but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. Everybody else in New York intends to see the show, so why not you? (9/5/83) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Cinders—This play, by the exiled Polish dramatist Janusz Glowacki, is set in a girls' reform school whose Orwellian atmosphere is enhanced by the arrival of a film director and his crew to make a documentary movie based on "Cinderella." With Christopher Walken, excellent as the film director, and Lucinda Jenney, Robin Gammell, and George Guidall, among others. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Circle Repertory Company—In Timothy Mason's sentimental, amorphous **Levitation**, an unsuccessful dramatist returns to his family's house in Minneapolis and is joined there by any number of friends and relations. With Ben Siegler, Michael Higgins, Trish Hawkins, Lenka Peterson, and Helen Stenborg. David Potts designed the impressive setting. (2/20/84) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 11.)

Fables for Friends—Nine unconnected, entertaining scenes about friends (m. & f.) from childhood to middle age. Mark O'Donnell is the dramatist. Six able quick-change actors and actresses play any number of roles, under the direction of Douglas Hughes. (2/27/84) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 4.)

Fool for Love—Sam Shepard's play is as near a miracle as makes no matter—mysterious, funny, and beautiful. It is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Mr. Shepard directed. (6/6/83) (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hey, Ma...Kaye Ballard—A musical starring and written by Kaye Ballard. Original music and lyrics by David Levy and Leslie Eberhard, plus standards by George Gershwin, Cole Porter, and others. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Human Comedy—This oratorio, based on William Saroyan's novel about a family in California during the Second World War, has an enchanting score by Galt MacDermot, and it is extremely well performed by the singers under Wilford Leach's direction. Mr. Saroyan's unabashed sweetness of spirit, which is engaging in the first act, becomes troublesome in the second, which deals, in large part, with military life and death. With Delores Hall, Stephen Geoffreys, Rex Smith, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Josh Blake, David Johnson, and Bonnie Koloc. (1/9/84) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 4.)

Isn't It Romantic—A spirited revival of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. The script has been somewhat revised, and the production, under Gerald Gutierrez's direction, is much fuller than it was originally. With Lisa Banes, Peg Murray, Jerry Lanning, Stephen Pearlman, Tom Robbins, Cristine Rose, and Chip Zien. (12/26/83) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Killing of Sister George—An adequate revival of Frank Marcus's cheesy play about a lesbian actress whose part on a British soap

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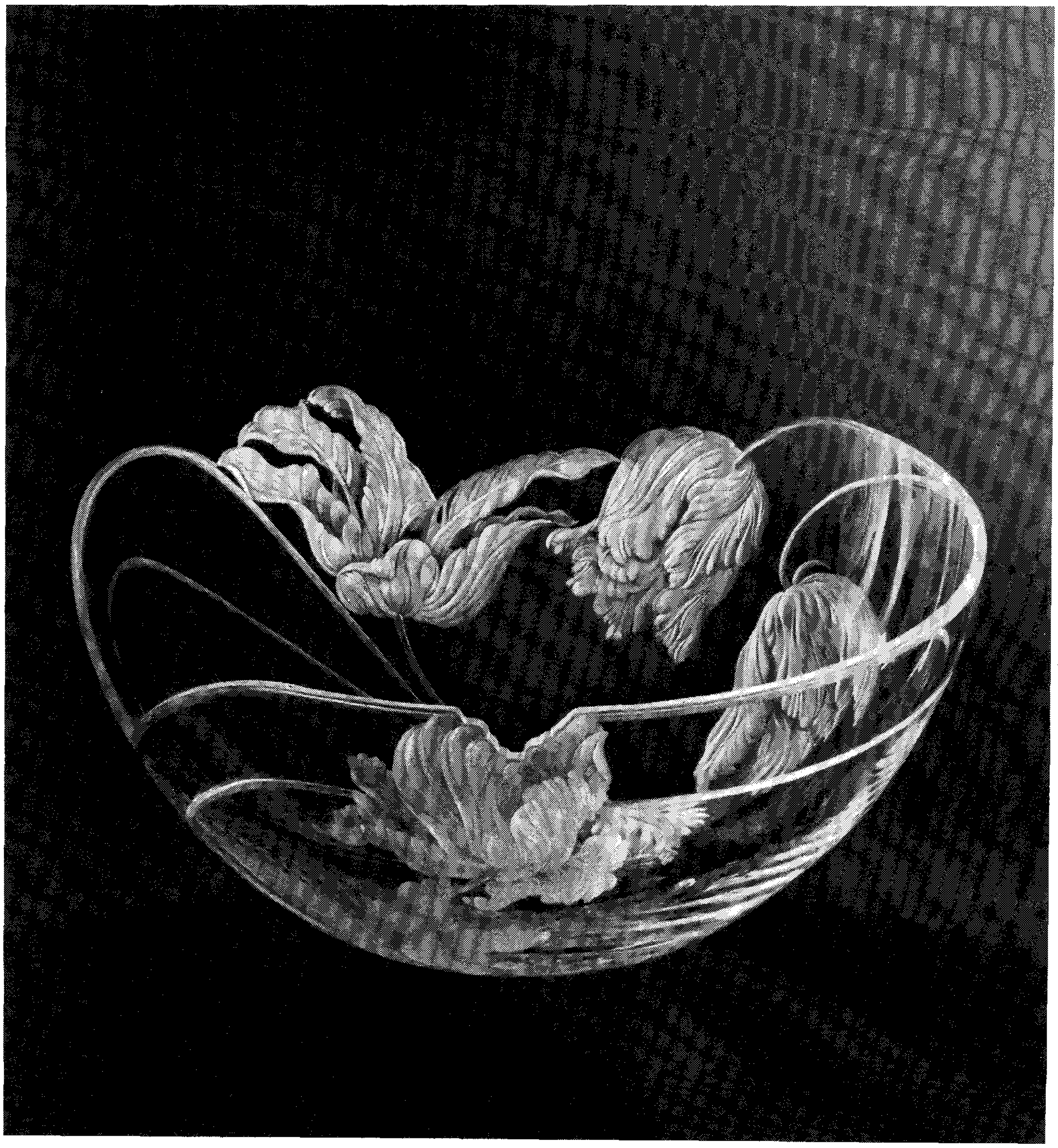

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STEUBEN GLASS

opera is cancelled. Ann MacMillan has the title role, and Tandy Cronyn is good as her simpering lover. (11/21/83) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, March 18.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, March 11: Gilbert and Sullivan's **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Mensch Meier—A drama by West German playwright Franz Xaver Kroetz, translated by Roger Downey. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 18.)

Mirror Theatre Company—A season of revivals in alternating repertory: Susan Glaspell's **INHERITORS;** Clifford Odets' **PARADISE LOST,** starring Geraldine Page; and John Colton and Clemence Randolph's **RAIN.** (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. For tickets and information about play scheduling, call 223-6440.)

Noises Off—Michael Frayn has written a farce that ought to be capable of entertaining our great-great-grandchildren well into the twenty-first century. The subject . . . but who cares about the subject? Not to be missed. (12/19/83) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Old Times—An extremely good revival of Harold Pinter's marvellous play. Anthony Hopkins is the husband, Marsha Mason is the wife, and Jane Alexander is her friend of long ago. Kenneth Frankel directed. (1/23/84) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday at 2. Closes with a special performance on Sunday, March 4, at 6:30.)

Painting Churches—A disappointing revival of Tina Howe's beautiful play about an artist who goes to Boston to help her old parents close up their house on Beacon Hill, and to paint their portrait. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

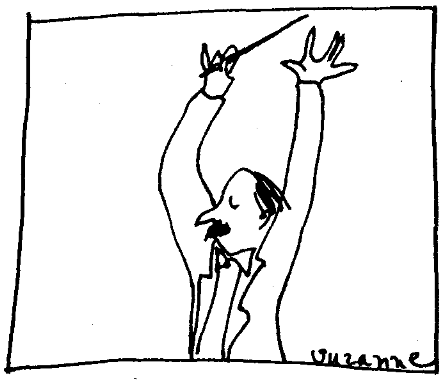
The Real Thing—A characteristically lively gavotte by Tom Stoppard, though intellectually much less interesting than usual. The author appears to believe he is writing about love, but he is really writing about selfishness, which proves epidemic in the playwriting and acting community that he examines. Jeremy Irons and Glenn Close head the marvellous cast. Mike Nichols is the director. (1/16/84) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Presenting Charles Ludlam's **GALAS.** (One Sheridan Square. 691-2271. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Closes Sunday, March 11.)

The Rink—Terrence McNally, in an uncharacteristically dark mood, has written the book of this curious musical about family squabbles over money, infidelity, death, and differing life styles. The stars are Chita Rivera and Liza Minnelli. Music by John Kander, lyrics by Fred Ebb, and marvellous scenery by Peter Larkin. (2/20/84) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Rockaby—The presence of the witty and wonderful English actress Billie Whitelaw makes a special occasion of these three brief, extraordinary plays by Samuel Beckett. (2/27/84) (Samuel Beckett Theatre, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Selma—A musical about Martin Luther King, Jr., by Tommy Butler. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 4.)



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Street Theatre—A comedy by Doric Wilson. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

The Tap Dance Kid—A charming, diligent cast can do little to bring life to this conventional examination of a black family's ambitions. The dancing is splendid. (1/2/84) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

La Tragédie de Carmen—A truncated version of the Bizet opera, with Carmen as a doomed slut and Don José as a murderer four times over. The chief instigator of this travesty is the director, Peter Brook. (11/28/83) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 787-6868. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Woza Albert!—Percy Mtwa and Mbongeni Ngema, two adroit and witty African actors, are the entire cast and also the authors (with their director, Barney Simon) of this spirited, heartfelt play about the coming of Christ to South Africa. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Zorba—The Life Force, embodied by Anthony Quinn, makes this otherwise dour musical about life in a Cretan village worth paying attention to. Also in the cast are Lila Kedrova and Jeff McCarthy. Music by John Kander, lyrics by Fred Ebb, and book by Joseph Stein. (10/24/83) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** Neil Simon's reputedly autobiographical comedy. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Michael Bennett's whiz-bang and totally synthetic musical about show biz. The breeze is terrific. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,920 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **MY ONE AND ONLY:** Tommy Tune and Twiggy make a pair of delightful lovers in a musical whose book, by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer, succeeds in embracing half a dozen classic Gershwin songs. An irresistible show. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ON YOUR TOES:** A hit musical of 1936 that deserves to remain a hit, thanks to the music of Richard Rodgers, the lyrics of Lorenz Hart, the choreography of George Balanchine, and the direction by George Abbott, who also helped write the book. With Galina Panova and George de la Peña. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **TRUE WEST:** Sam Shepard's lively comedy about two rival brothers in California. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Forbidden Broadway '84—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

Serious Bizness—This little show, written by Jennifer Allen, David Babcock, Winnie Holzman, and Don Perman, and performed by Mr. Babcock, Jill Larson, Mr. Perman, and Nealla Spano, is as witty and humorous as anything in town. (O'Neals', 147 W. 43rd St. 764-6200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30.)

DANCE

Martha Graham Dance Company—A three-week engagement—Wednesday evening, Feb. 29: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Primitive Mysteries," "Phaedra's Dream" (New York première), and "Acts of Light." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 1: "Embattled Garden," "Primitive Mysteries," "Andromache's Lament," and "The Rite of Spring." . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 2: "Diversion of Angels," "Errand Into the Maze," "Andromache's Lament," and "The Rite of Spring." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 3: "Embattled Garden," "The Rite of Spring," and "Diversion of Angels." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 3: "Diversion of Angels," "Errand Into the Maze," "Andromache's Lament," and "Acts of Light." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, March 4: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Primitive Mysteries," "Phaedra's Dream," and "Acts of Light." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, March 4: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Andromache's Lament," and "The Rite of Spring." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 6: "Embattled Garden," "Deaths and

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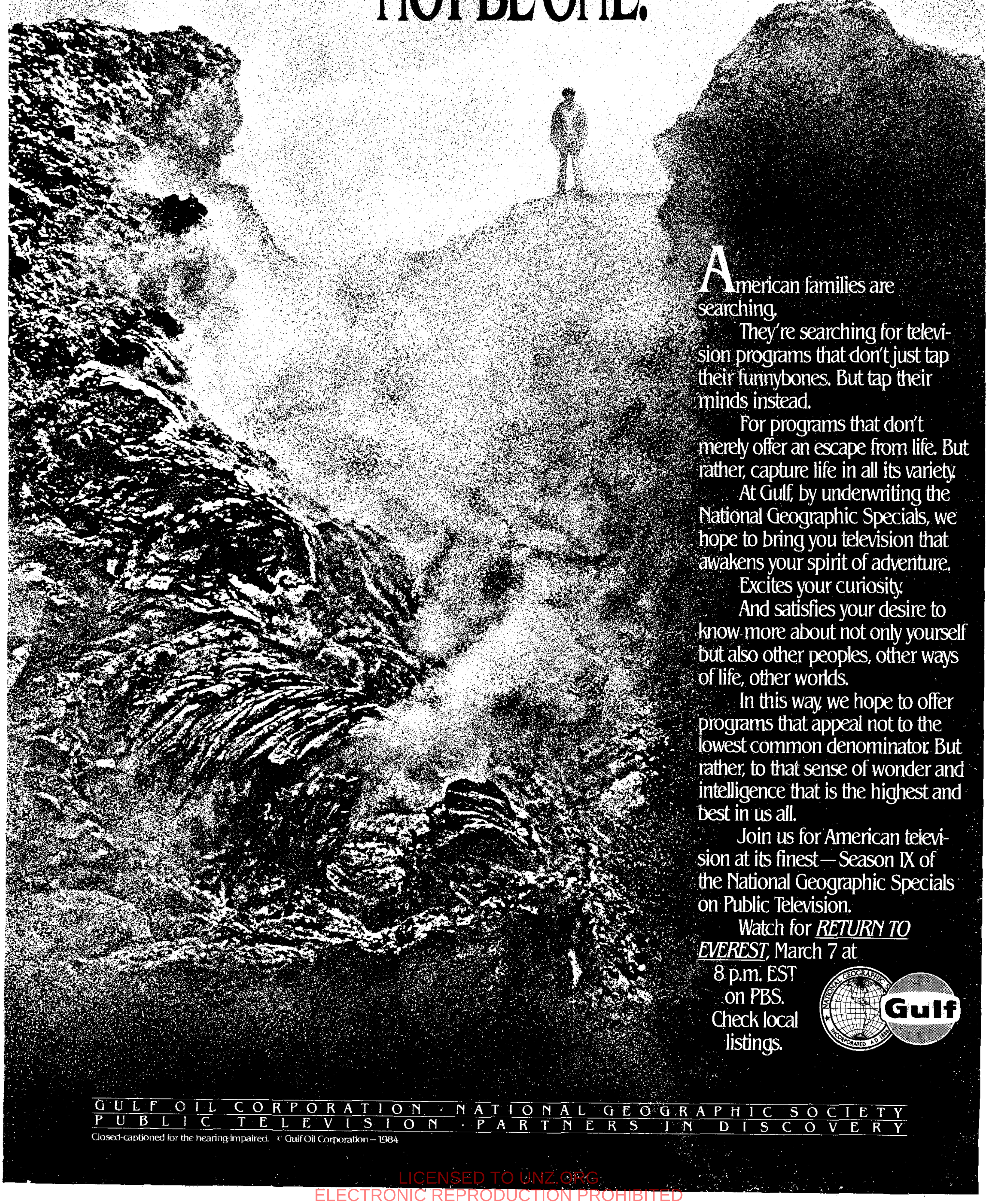

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Entrances," and "The Rite of Spring." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 7: "Clytemnestra." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 8: "Embattled Garden," "Primitive Mysteries," "Cave of the Heart," and "Acts of Light." . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 9: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Deaths and Entrances," and "The Rite of Spring." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 10: "Embattled Garden," "Andromache's Lament," "Errand Into the Maze," and "Diversion of Angels." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 10: "Cave of the Heart," "Primitive Mysteries," "Phaedra's Dream," and "The Rite of Spring." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, March 18.)

Israel Ballet—"Untitled," "Serenade," and "Mendelssohn Concerto." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Monday, March 5, at 8.)

Merce Cunningham Dance Company—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, March 18—Tuesday, March 6, at 7:30: "Coast Zone," "Pictures" (première), and "Roadrunners." . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 7, at 8: "Locale," "Quartet," and "Roadrunners." . . . ¶ Thursday, March 8, at 8: "Torse," "Duets," "Inlets 2" (New York première), and "Gallopade." . . . ¶ Friday, March 9, at 8: "Torse," "Quartet," and "Locale." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 10, at 2: "Trails," "Quartet," and "Roadrunners." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 10, at 8: "Trails," "Pictures," and "Channels/Inserts." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Pilar Rioja—Opening performances of a five-week engagement that will run through Sunday, April 8. (Reportorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850. Tuesday through Saturday, March 6-10, at 8.)

Charles Moulton Dance Company—A three-week engagement of "Variety Show," a full-length work. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, March 18.)

Rachel Harms Dance Company—New and repertory works. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Thursday through Saturday, March 8-10, at 8. For tickets, call 691-5591.)

Kei Takei's Moving Earth—Programs of contemporary dance. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Wednesday through Saturday, March 7-10, at 7:30, and an eight-hour program on Sunday, March 11, starting at 1.)

Note: See listing for a dance program by Lucinda Childs under the Whitney Museum of American Art on page 16.

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**steve ross,** who celebrates Tin Pan Alley as though it were an oak-lined boulevard (and maybe it is), is at the piano, singing vintage American popular tunes through Sunday, March 4. Beginning Wednesday, March 7, debonair, straight-arrow baritone **ronny whyte** will spell Ross for a month. Music in the Oak Room Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty and in the Rose Room Sundays from five-thirty. Dining.

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Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. Friday and Saturday, March 2-3, pianist **john hicks,** bassist **ray drummond,** and drummer **idris muhammad** will be aboard, and Friday and Saturday, March 9-10, pianist **jim mc neely** will guide his trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**blossom dearie** *has returned to this club to* sing in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. The thirty-plus-year-old **modern jazz quartet**—**john lewis, milt jackson, percy heath,** and **connie kay**—are back in action here until Sunday, March 4. Monday, March 5, will belong to clarinettist **perry robinson's licorice factory;** and on Tuesday, March 6, pianist **ahmad jamal,** who has played "Poinciana" about as many times as there are angels on the head of a pin, will arrive. Sets begin after ten. And trumpeter **ted curson** leads after-hours (way past two in the morning) jam sessions every night but Monday.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied lineup: Wednesday, Feb. 29, guitarist **larry coryell** and electric violinist **michal urbaniak** and Stone Tiger, with Percy Jones; Friday, March 2, the Waitresses and Frank Maya; Saturday, March 3, **buddy rich** and his big band; and Friday and Saturday, March 9-10, singer **flora purim** and percussionist **airto.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some very good musicians. The very good musicians are pianists and bassists: **hilton ruiz** and **major holley** through Saturday, March 3; **john hicks** and **mickey bass** on Sunday, March 4; and **larry willis** and **rufus reid** beginning Monday, March 5. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—Pianist **jimmy lyon,** who works until ten at the Waldorf at a sumptuous Louis XVI Steinway that belonged to Cole Porter, performs after ten-thirty in this theatre-district bar and restaurant at a teeny, white pocket-size Kawai that sounds pretty darn good. Mr. Lyon can be heard on Fridays and Saturdays.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist **george shearing,** always a melodist and sometimes a breathy vocalist, too, is in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . ¶ Pianist **barbara carroll** is at work in the Bemelmans Bar from nine every night but Sunday.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, Feb. 29, Pianosaurus, Y Fly 2 London, China Davis, and Blue Funk; Thursday, March 1, the Privates, Stained Glas, and Station FM; Friday, March 2, the Young Hegelians, the Silent Men, and Cool It Reba; Saturday, March 3, Bop Apocalypse, Fierce Jones, the Shakes, and Costa Rocka; and Tuesday, March 6, Kammer Musik, Incognito, and Bang Bop. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**carrie smith,** a strong, moving singer, performs jazz and blues at nine and eleven nightly, except Mondays. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven: Wednesday, Feb. 29, Martin Mulhare; Saturday, March 3, **jay ungar, russ barenberg, molly mason,** and **lynn hardy,** with Lynn Loretta and the Three-Quarter-Ton Pick-Up Band; Wednesday, March 7, Ground Plan; and Saturday, March 10, the Hot Mud Family. Music from eight on Wednesdays and from nine on Thursdays and Saturdays

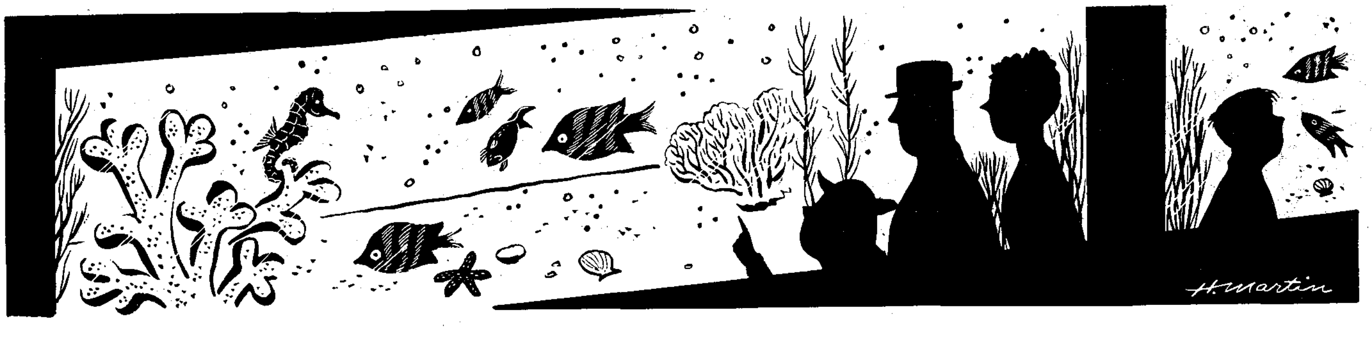
Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The tradition-minded house sextet goes to work at eight-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sunday, March 4, Danny D'Imperio & the Metropolitan Bopera House will take charge. On Mondays, Ed Polcer's band has the floor; on Wednesdays the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet is here from five-thirty to eight-thirty; and on Fridays from five-thirty to eight-thirty Danny D'Imperio's trio can be heard. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below-stairs jazz-stars room. Guitarist **joe pass,** revered by jazz and rock guitarists alike, and by a lot of the non-playing laity, performs for stunned, smiling audiences through Sunday, March 4. On Tuesday, March 6, jumping organist **jimmy smith** will bring in his trio. Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Wednesday, Feb. 29, John Zorn and Fred Frith, at nine and midnight; Thursday, March 1, Casselberry & Duprée, the Dink Family, and Ultrapov, at nine; Friday, March 2, **george gerdes,** at eight and eleven; Monday, March 5, Bloody Puddle Mystery and Ultrapov, at nine; Thursday, March 8, Peter Spencer, the Dink Family, and Ultrapov, at nine; Friday, March 9, **mary mc caslin** and **jim ringer** at eight and eleven; and Saturday, March 10, Elizabeth Barraclough, at eight and eleven. Sundays and other assorted nights are comedy nights.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, echoing, soundstage-size space to hear music in. The roster: Wednesday, Feb. 29, pianist **danny mixon,** and bassist **lisle atkinson;** Thursday through Saturday, March 1-3, bassist **bob cunningham,** pianist **rahn burton,** and guitarist **melvin sparks;** Sunday and Monday, March 4-5, singer-pianist **nina sheldon;** Tuesday through Thursday, *March 6-8, pianist* **hilton ruiz** *and bassist* **major holley;** and Friday and Saturday, March 9-10, singer **carmen lundy.** Music Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one; and Sundays at seven, eight-thirty, and ten. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Sundays, Alicia Sherman sings with the Matt McErlean trio; on Tuesdays **chuck wayne,** whose guitar solos are still bebop fast, leads a trio. Mondays, singer and pianist **brooks kerr** works with bassist John Belzaguy. All these groups begin at about ten. Mondays through Fridays from five to ten, pianist Don Golson is present, and



the same hours on Sundays belong to **BROOKS KERR.**

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) Stride specialist **DICK WELLSTOOD** is present Tuesdays through Saturdays; on Sunday, March 4, Keith MacDonald mans the dining-room grand; and on Monday, March 5, **DICK HYMAN** will sit in. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bustling corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded—but fortunately, crowded with good listeners. Some real strong piano-bass duos make up the current roster: **ROLAND HANNA** and **PAUL WEST** through Saturday, March 3, and **CEDAR WALTON** and **RON CARTER** starting Tuesday, March 6. Music from about ten. No music Sundays and Mondays.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's, where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. Wednesday, Feb. 29, Delbert McClinton; Thursday, March 1, **JERRY JEFF WALKER & THE LOST GONZO BAND;** Tuesday, March 6, Jump 'n the Saddle and Don Morrell & the Meteors; Wednesday, March 7, Bob Duncan and Gary Lewis & the Playboys; and Thursday, March 8, **JERRY JEFF** again and Buddy Cage & Bad Dog. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A nice, comfortable unpretentious jazz club. **JON HENDRICKS,** the adventurous lyricist and singer, and his singing family and friends are here through Sunday, March 4. Mondays, the **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI–LEW TABACKIN** big band inhabits the bandstand. Sets begin at nine-thirty. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**JULIE WILSON,** a terrific and convincing performer, is singing a whole gang of Cole Porter songs Tuesdays through Saturdays beginning at nine-fifteen. Wednesdays through Fridays from five to seven, you can witness a before-hours jam session with **RICHARD SUDHALTER, MARTY NAPOLEON, FRANK TATE, FRED STOLL,** and guest musicians. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** and his stirring macho Latin-jazz quintet will be here Friday and Saturday, March 2-3. Music from ten until two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, formerly just-folkies club, where now you can hear occasional jazz and large helpings of rock. The current roster: Wednesday, Feb. 29, Pinch, Coast to Coast, and Painted Birds; Thursday, March 1, Carol MacDonald & Witch and the Modulators; Friday, March 2, Backbones, the Shakes, and L.E.S.R.; and Saturday, March 3, Grape Jam, Diane Heatherington, and French TV. Shows start at ten and twelve-thirty weeknights and at nine on Sundays. Dining and dancing.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

PEPPERMINT LOUNGE, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Rock and roll into the night. Friday, March 2, Kristie Rose and Lucky 7; Saturday, March 3, Urban Blight and Danny & the Bleeders; and Saturday, March 10, the Nails and the Cucumbers. Wednesdays and Thursdays are in the hands of the resident d.j.s and v.j.s. Live music from after eleven-thirty.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Such a nice view from the sixty-fifth floor, unless you're socked in by clouds or a

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fog bank. Si Zentner and his orchestra play for listening, dancing, or just gawking out the windows Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—The rock-and-roll roster: Friday, March 2, Reflex; Saturday, March 3, Simon Townshend; Monday, March 5, Hi Fi Tie; Tuesday, March 6, Michael Schenker; and Friday and Saturday, March 9-10, WLIR Mystery Weekend. Shows usually begin after midnight. Dancing.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz and jazz-rock on the second floor. The players: Wednesday, Feb. 29, Steve Cohn; Thursday and Friday, March 1-2, saxophonist **BOB MINTZER** and a big band with **DAVID SANBORN, MICHAEL BRECKER,** and **RANDY BRECKER** in its ranks; Saturday and Sunday, March 3-4, pianist **JORGE DALTO** with percussionist **PATATO VALDEZ;** Monday, March 5, the **ANGEL RANGELOV–JIMMY MADISON** big band with tenor saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN** and the bluesy **IRENE REID** on vocals; and on Thursday, March 8, **RAY BARRETTO** will bring his Latin-jazz ensemble in for four nights. Music from nine-thirty.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. Texas tenor saxophonist **BUDDY TATE** and **AL GREY,** the sweetly growling, plunger-wielding trombonist, co-pilot a quintet with a Basie sense of swing (they're both Basie alumni) through Saturday, March 3. Sunday and Monday, March 4-5, will belong to drummer **SUNNY MURRAY** & the Untouchable Factor; and Tuesday through Saturday, March 6-10, have been reserved for another ex-Basie-ite, trumpeter **JOE NEWMAN.** Shows from nine-thirty. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Your simple, basic blues and R. & B. hangout. Wednesday, Feb. 29, rock singer and guitarist **ELLIOTT MURPHY;** Thursday through Saturday, March 1-3, Buster Poindexter (a.k.a. **DAVID JOHANSEN);** and Sundays, the Delancey Street Hawaiians. Music after nine.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the big downstairs room, Mondays after nine are salsa nights: on March 5, **CONJUNTO CLASICO** and **LARRY HARLOW & ORQUESTA HARLOW** will be on hand along with a guest jazz soloist, tenor saxophonist **CHICO FREEMAN.** In the Top of the Gate on Friday, March 2, at ten-thirty, and Saturday, March 3, at eight and ten-thirty, "Topical Tap" will be presented with **HONI COLES, GREGORY HINES,** and **MAURICE HINES** on their toes and their heels. . . . ¶ And meanwhile, out on the Terrace, pianist **BOBBY ENRIQUEZ** is here after nine-thirty through Sunday, March 4; on Tuesday, March 6, **HAROLD MABERN** will claim the piano. And, in addition, each Tuesday jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays with her combo.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world. Young trumpet dynamo **JON FADDIS** heads up his quintet through Sunday, March 4; on Tuesday, March 6, tenor saxophonist **PHAROAH SANDERS** will bring in his quartet. The **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** supplies Monday-night music. Music from ten.

Village West, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A tile floor, a pressed-tin ceiling, and brick walls—all the makings for bright acoustics. **JIM HALL** and **RON CARTER** play sublime duets through Sunday, March 4. Music Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Closed Mondays. Dining.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. The pianists: Wednesday, Feb. 29, Esther Blue; Thursday through Sunday, March 1-4, Mitch Rothschild; Monday through Wednesday, March 5-7, Samir Safwat; and Thursday through Sunday, March 8-11, Barry Olsen. Music from eight-thirty until two. Dining.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-and-bebop admirers and players. The players: Wednesday, Feb. 29, drummer Wilson Driver; Thursday through Sunday, March 1-4, saxophonist Haywood Henry. Sundays are given over to altoist **LEE KONITZ** and pianist **DICK KATZ.** Music from nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A speakeasy in the twenties, Reno Sweeney in the seventies, this ground-floor town-house space is now a SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant with a musical passageway between them. **ROGER KELLAWAY** is at the piano and **MICHAEL MOORE** is at his bass until Saturday, March 3; pianist Jim Roberts will be on hand Monday, March 5; and on Tuesday, March 6, pianist **JOHN BUNCH** will come in for five nights. Sunday's music is provided by guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and **MICHAEL MOORE.** Music from eight.

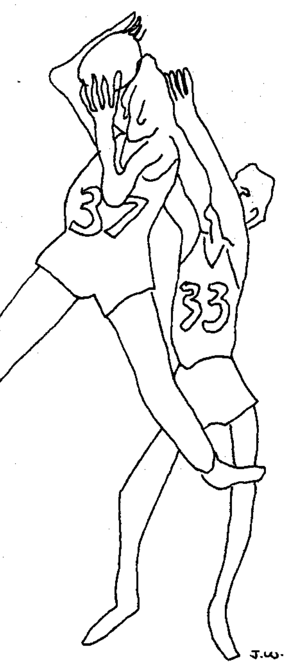
JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

International Music Stars—At the Nederlander Theatre, the first and the second in the series. Through Sunday, March 4: Domenico Modugno. . . . ¶ Starting Tuesday, March 6: Enrico Macias. (208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Lehman College Concert Hall—Friday, March 2, at 8: Buddy Rich and his band and Gerry Mulligan and his orchestra. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 3, at 8:30: Sonny Rollins and Herbie Mann & the Family of Mann. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 4, at 4: Red Norvo, Zoot Sims, Clark Terry, Milt Hinton, and others. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833.)

Brian Smith—With Warren Smith, Leroy Jenkins, and John Purcell. (Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, March 3, at 8.)

Dewey Redman—Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Monday, March 5, at 8. No tickets necessary.



Anthony Davis—Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Tuesday, March 6, at 8.

Kiss—With Accept. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Friday and Saturday, March 9-10, at 8.)

Cecil McBee—Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, March 10, at 8:30.

Irving Plaza—Friday, March 2: Oliver Lake & Jump Up and I.Q. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 3: New Math and In-Out. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 8: Jason & the Scorchers, Here Today, and the Planets. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Shows start after 11:30.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Pierre Alechinsky—Paintings in which bold, centered motifs are bordered in softer contrasting patterns. Through March 17. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

John Chamberlain—Representative steel sculptures, some sections of which are painted in bright colors. Through March 31. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Robert Cottingham—Photo-Realist works on paper; sometimes the same subject is rendered in different mediums—in graphite, for instance, and then again in watercolor. Through March 23. (Coe Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

Enrico Donati—New paintings incorporating ground quartz. Through March 24. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Rackstraw Downes—Paintings and drawings of urban landscapes, here and in Maine, employing his private system of perspective, which curves downward at the outer edges. Through Saturday, March 10. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Herbert Ferber—New sculptures, entitled the Semaphore series, in which the flags are represented by swatches of painted canvas held in place by brass-and-copper frameworks. Through Thursday, March 8. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Darryl Hughto—Paintings. Through Saturday, March 3. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St.)

Fernand Léger (1881-1955)—Seventeen oils and eleven works on paper dating from the mid-twenties until the year he died. Through March 31. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Howard Newman—Bronze sculptures in which a potted plant, say, or a human torso segues into a piece of machinery; there are also related paintings. Through March 15. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Francisco Oller (1833-1917)—Fifty-odd paintings by a leading Puerto Rican artist who studied in France and has several works in the Louvre. Through March 18. (Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Giovanni Anselmo—Three new works, designed for the space where they are shown and incorporating both granite sculpture and drawing. Through Friday, March 9. (Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Ella Bergmann (1896-1971)—Drawings and collages by a Constructivist connected with the Bauhaus and the Dadaists. Through March 17. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Allen Blagden—Realist paintings: nudes, still-lifes, giraffes, Cape buffalo, Masai portraits, the New England countryside, and so on. Through Saturday, March 10. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Ernest Briggs—New oils by an Abstract Expressionist. Through Saturday, March 3. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Bernard Chaet—Paintings: still-lifes and scenes

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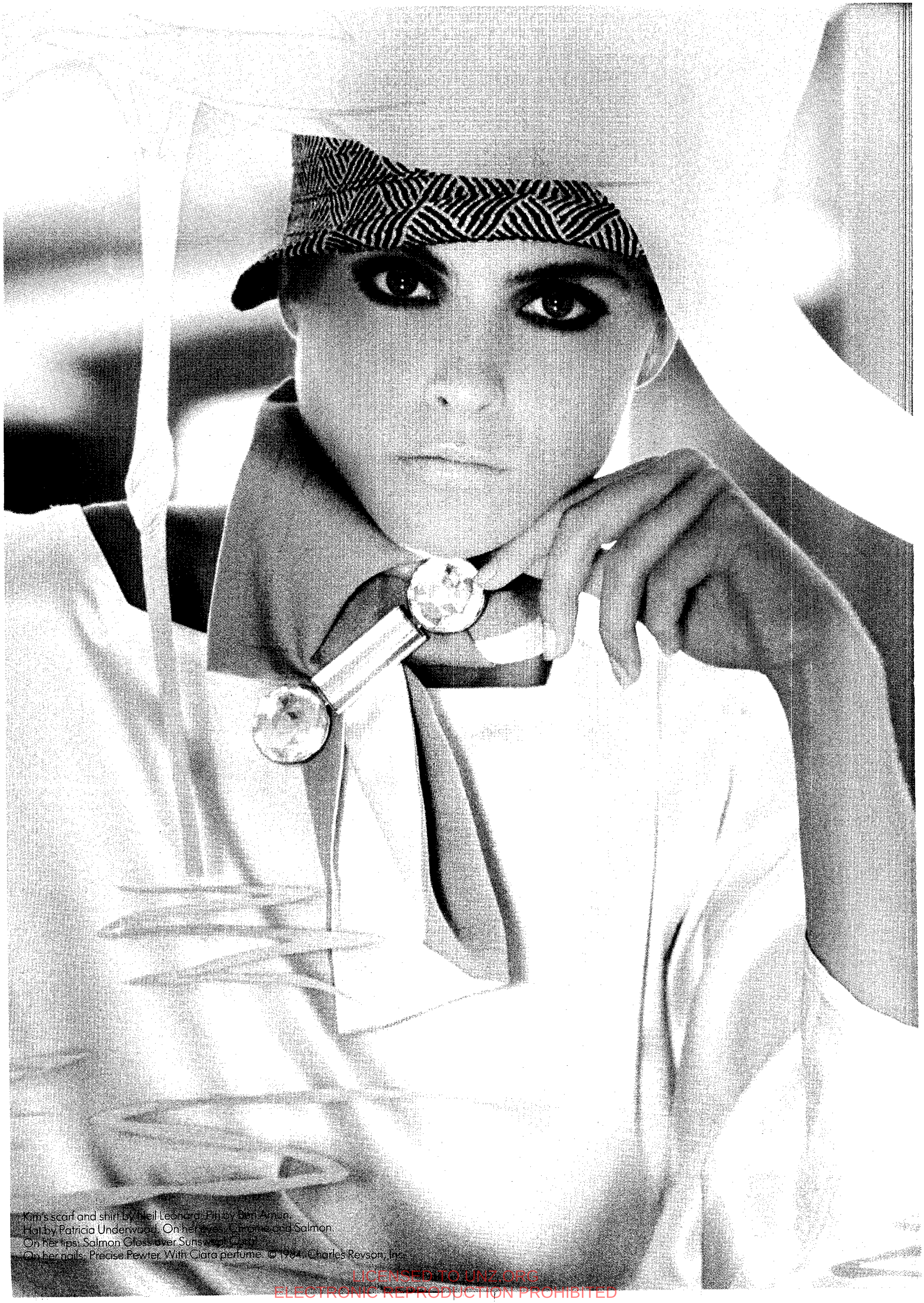

Kim's scarf and shirt by Neil Leonard. Pin by Ben Amun.
Hat by Patricia Underwood. On her eyes: Chrome and Salmon.
On her lips: Salmon Gloss over Sunswept Coral.
On her nails: Precise Pewter. With Ciara perfume. © 1984, Charles Revson, Inc.

ART DECO '84

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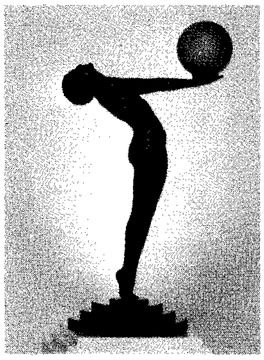
something glamorous
for eyes, lips, cheeks and nails.



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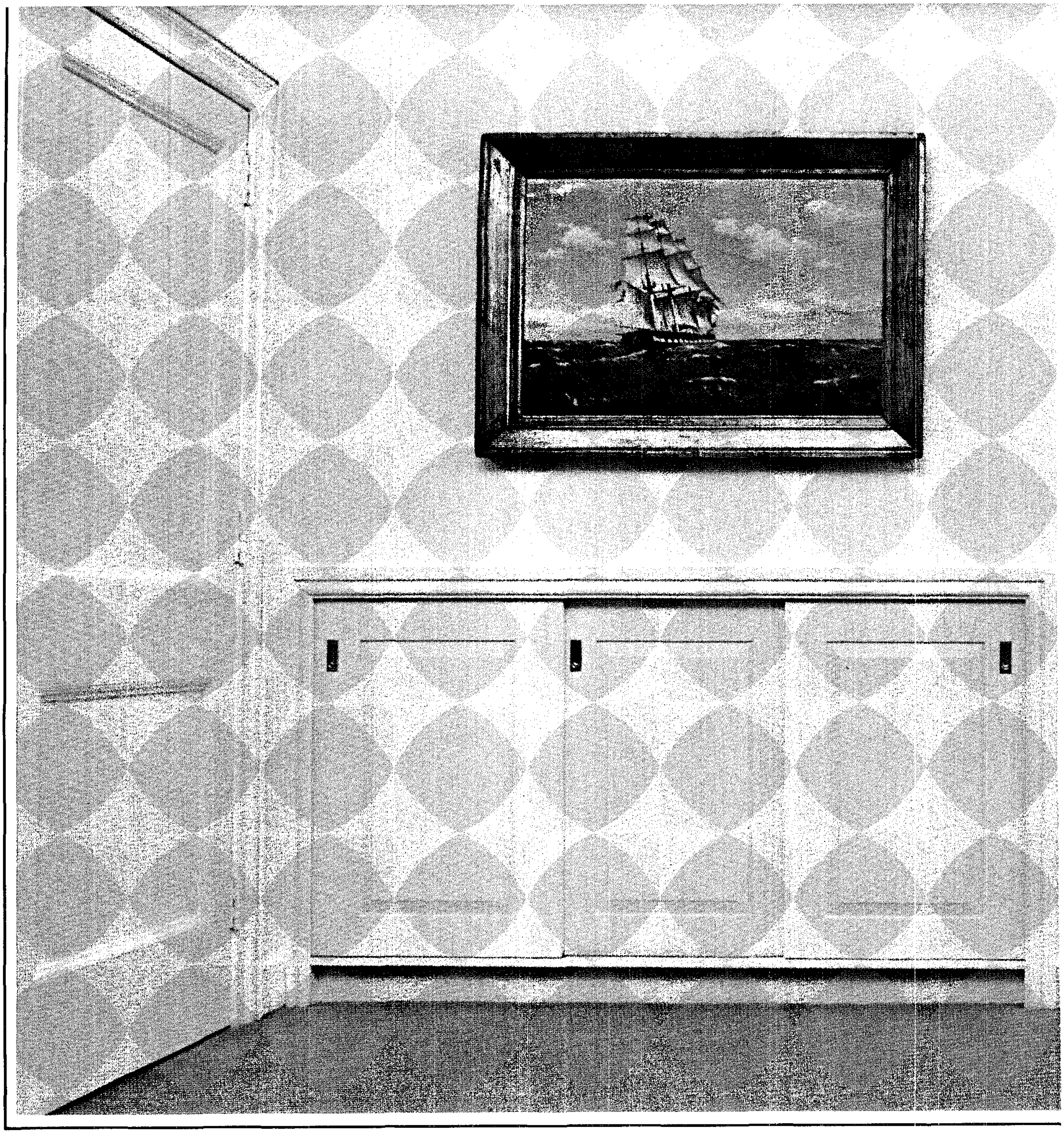

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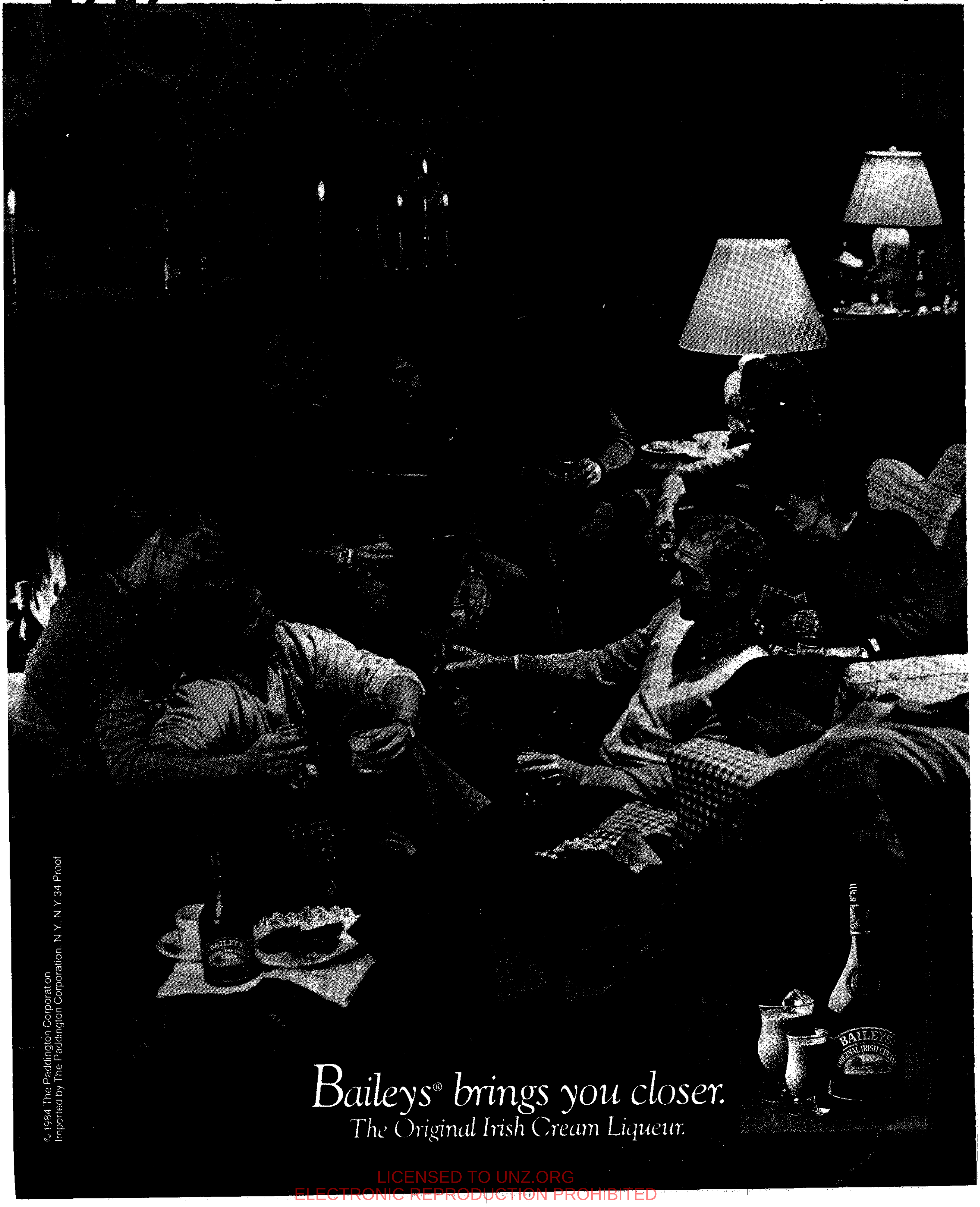
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of Rockport, Massachusetts. Through Saturday, March 3. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Jack Chevalier—Mahogany and fir panels carved with totemic designs, usually incorporating a discernible figure, and painted in bright colors reminiscent of American Indian work. Through Saturday, March 3. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

Gregorio Cuartas—Hard-edge realist paintings. Through Saturday, March 3. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Peter Dean—Recent Expressionist paintings centered on three themes—Revolutionary heroes, American Indians, and lovers. Through Saturday, March 10. (Bellman, 41 E. 57th St.)

Burgoyne Diller (1906-65)—Nonobjective drawings reflecting the influence of Mondrian. Through Saturday, March 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jim Dine—An art-store Venus de Milo inspired this spate of bronze sculptures and mixed-medium drawings; other bronze works include a series of gigantic heads perched on poles. Through March 17. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Jimmy Ernst (1920-84)—Paintings of kachina dolls, landscapes with sea grass, and abstractions by this artist, who was the son of Max Ernst and who died suddenly the day before this show opened. Through Saturday, March 3. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

Alvaro Guevara (1894-1951)—Paintings of everyday life in London and Paris. Through Thursday, March 8. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Dieter Hacker / Hugh O'Donnell—Paintings and drawings of bathers, landscapes, and industrial scenes, all executed with a kind of brutal artistry by this West German contemporary. / Works on paper. Through Saturday, March 3. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Robert LaHotan—Paintings of figures in gardens, at the seashore, and so on, all in Maine. Through Saturday, March 3. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Daniel Lang—Glimpses of secluded spots in Scotland, Italy, Germany, and England, captured by this realist painter who keeps on the move. Through March 17. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Ethel Magafan—Mountain landscapes of Colorado, Montana, and other Northwestern states. Through Saturday, March 3. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

James McGarrell—A fifteen-foot realist triptych, with a flashy Italian landscape in the background and a wealth of incident in the foreground, dominates this show of lively new works. Through Friday, March 2. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

Eugène Mihaesco—Drawings in mixed mediums which have appeared in the pages of this magazine and other publications. Through April 7. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Roger Laux Nelson—The artist works in New York now, but he paints Minnesota—shady groves of trees, patches of crimson sumac, and vast stretches of cornfields, sometimes split by a highway. Through Thursday, March 8. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Marsha Pels—New bronze sculpture, some of it involving castings made in loose sand and capitalizing on the antic run of the molten material. Through Saturday, March 3. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

Judy Rifka—Recent paintings. Through March 24. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Robert Ryman—Three large, stark-white paintings, one of which juts out at a right angle to the wall. Through March 16. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 9 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Donald Sultan—Strong new paintings, of white-faced steers forming a pattern on a black ground; or cantaloupe pickers with white sun hats and tow sacks; or pumping oil wells silhouetted in tarry black on a surface of dried autumn leaves. Through Saturday, March 3. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Jane Wilson—Large oils of beaches and wetlands in the remoter areas of the Hamptons, plus a few small floral still-lifes. Through

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Wednesday, March 7. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Robert S. Zakanitch—New paintings. Through March 24. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

American Women Artists—Sixty works by as many painters and sculptors—among them Janet Fish, April Gornik, Ida Applebroog, and Nancy Grossman—all of whom came to prominence in the sixties and after. Through Saturday, March 3. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **Herstand,** 24 W. 57th St.: Works by Europeans and a few Americans, including a Morandi still-life, Bauhaus-period watercolors by Klee and Kandinsky, and a bronze maquette by Noguchi. Through Saturday, March 10. . . . **Protetch,** 37 W. 57th St.: A colorful wall drawing by Sol LeWitt, a new wood structure by Jackie Ferrara, and a portrait of the World Trade Center by Robert Moskowitz are among the works in a small, select exhibition. Through Saturday, March 3. . . . **Tilton,** 24 W. 57th St.: Wall constructions, some with pierced designs, by Michel Sauer; paintings of horizontal bands of color by Doug Sanderson; and wall sculptures, by Kenji Fujita, assembled from scraps picked up from under his own bandsaw. Through Saturday, March 3.

GALLERIES—SoHo

David Bowes—"Capriccios" is the over-all title of these gentle paintings in which medieval figures are seen in idyllic Italian settings. Through Thursday, March 8. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Roger Brown—Paintings by a School of Chicago artist, including political ones denouncing the Cubans, Sandinistas—anti-Americans in general. Through March 14. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Jay Coogan—Concrete-and-polystyrene sculptures ranging in size from a ten-inch tusk to a seven-foot object that resembles a bell buoy, plus small bronzes and drawings. Through Tuesday, March 6. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.)

Daria Dorosh—Collaborative projects pairing paintings by this artist with furniture and objects by four architects. In one case, a send-up of interior decorating, the painting is placed above a couch that was specially designed for it. Through Saturday, March 10. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Rafael Ferrer—Paintings of figures in tropical settings. Through March 14. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Terry Fox—Posterlike art works in which examples of soporific diplomatic guff copied from the media are contrasted with the shorthand abstractions of political graffiti—antinuke symbols, for instance. Through March 17. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Gordon Hart—Gold leaf, silver leaf, and lacquer applied to canvas, plus other, largely new works by an abstractionist. Through March 14. (Stephen Rosenberg, 115 Wooster St. Opens at 1.)

Nicholas Marsicano—Figure paintings. Through Saturday, March 3. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Mario Merz—Sculptures and paintings, plus a work in steel and wax which the gallery calls an igloo installation. Through March 17. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Richard Saba—Large colorful abstractions. Through Wednesday, March 7. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Richard Serra—Drawings. Through Saturday, March 10. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Alan Shields—Fanciful constructions, some like kites and some like festive banners, made of cloth saturated with bright paint and stretched on light frames. Through March 17. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Ted Weller / Thomas Bacher—Large encaustic paintings of cheery garden scenes straight out of old-fashioned children's storybooks. / Night views of Manhattan, Chicago, and Las Vegas which glow in a darkened room, thanks to phosphorescent granules mixed in the paint. Through Saturday, March 3. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Totem—A three-gallery show of paintings, sculptures, and drawings by more than forty artists whose works, while primarily figurative, incorporate primitive images and symbols. Some of those represented are Georg Baselitz, Jonathan Borofsky, Susan Rothenberg, Susan Laufer, Joseph Nechvatal, and Sandro Chia. Through Saturday, March 3. (Bonnier, Cowles, and Germans van Eck, all at 420 West Broadway.)

Group Show—Seven artists are represented in a show entitled "Organic Abstractions," among them Garth Evans and Marilyn Giersbach; also on view are photographs of everyday objects by Jo Ann Callis. Through Saturday, March 10. (Manès, 177 Prince St.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Michael Hurson—A retrospective of drawings, fifty-nine in all. Through March 25. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., five blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Stephen Ludlum / Peter Young—Paintings of broken statuary, thorny vines, geometric forms, and rows of numbers, done in white on a black field. / Grid patterns in different colors laid down one on top of the other on large vertical panels, giving the effect of rich tapestry. Through Saturday, March 10. (Oil & Steel, 157 Chambers St.)

Cartoon '84—Original work by more than fifty artists, among them Lee Lorenz, Roz Chast, Arnie Levin, Jack Ziegler, Charles Saxon, and Joseph Mirachi. Through March 16. (Master Eagle Gallery, sixth floor, 40 W. 25th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 4:30.)

Group Show—Works by five artists, including Nancy Spero's poster-size notes to Artaud, written with her left hand, and Leonard Bullock's drawings in graphite, chalk, and wax. Through Saturday, March 3. (Art Galaxy, 262 Mott St., just south of Houston St.)

Sculpture—A show called "Id" (as in Freud), containing works by fourteen artists, among them Italo Scanga, Christy Rupp, Mia Westerlund Roosen, and Nancy Grossman. Through Saturday, March 10. (Stoler, 13 White St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

David Bailey—Eighty large-scale prints featuring celebrities from the sixties. Through April 8. (International Center of Photography,

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1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Roy DeCarava—Photographs of jazz musicians. Through March 16. (Hunter College Gallery, Lexington Ave. at 68th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Jo Alison Feiler—Twenty-three photographs in a first solo show in New York. Through Saturday, March 10. (Harder, 37 W. 57th St.)

Francis Frith (1822-98)—Sixty prints of the Middle East, taken on three trips made in the eighteen-fifties. Also, stereographs and books. Through April 20. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9, and Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

George Hoyningen-Huené (1900-68)—Fashion and travel photographs from the thirties and forties, in addition to portraits of Josephine Baker, Igor Stravinsky, Johnny Weissmuller, and others. Through April 7. (Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

Mark Klett—Contemporary prints of the Southwest which follow the tradition of such nineteenth-century photographers as Watkins, O'Sullivan, and Jackson. Some are in color. Through March 17. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Nic Nicosia—A show of trick color photographs called "Near Modern Disasters." Through Saturday, March 3. (Delahunty, 291 Church St., two blocks below Canal St.)

Susan Rankaitis / Robbert Flick—Prints that the gallery describes as "hybrids of painting and photography." They deal in some way with symbols of flight (airplanes, the space shuttle). / Landscape and cityscape photographs taken in sequence and mounted on a grid. Through Saturday, March 3. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Eiichi Sakurai / George A. Tice—Soft-focus landscapes by a Japanese photographer who is new to this country but who has been working in his own since the twenties. / Photographs of Lincoln icons, including two in Newark—a courthouse statue and a neon sign that reads "Lincoln Motel/Abe's Disco." Through April 7. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Art Sinsabaugh (1924-83)—Twenty-two landscapes of the Southwest taken in 1980 and 1981 and printed by the photographer, specifically for this show, shortly before his death last September. Through Saturday, March 3. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

Robert J. Steinberg—Photographs of still-lifes and nudes. Through March 16. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A retrospective of paintings and drawings by the French artist Balthus which was recently on exhibit at the Beaubourg. Through May 13. . . . ¶ A selection of fifty of Leonardo da Vinci's anatomical drawings from the Royal Library at Windsor Castle is being shown in conjunction with an exhibit of sixty anatomical Renaissance prints. Both through April 15. . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings (watercolors, chiefly) by American landscape artist Charles Burchfield. Through March 25. . . . ¶ Forty-one seventeenth-century Dutch portraits, still-lifes, landscapes, and genre and marine paintings on loan from the Royal Picture Gallery, Mauritshuis. By Rembrandt, Vermeer, Hals, van Ruisdael, and a number of their esteemed colleagues. Through April 15. . . . ¶ A selection of miniature paintings and illuminated pages from Islamic books in the collection of Prince Sadruddin Aga Khan; they date from the twelfth century to the seventeenth. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's twelfth annual revel is devoted to the designs of Yves Saint Laurent. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art—The museum will be closed for renovations for a few months.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Picasso: A selection of about two hundred works from the last decade of his career which is divided almost equally among paintings, drawings, and graphics. Starts Friday, March 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

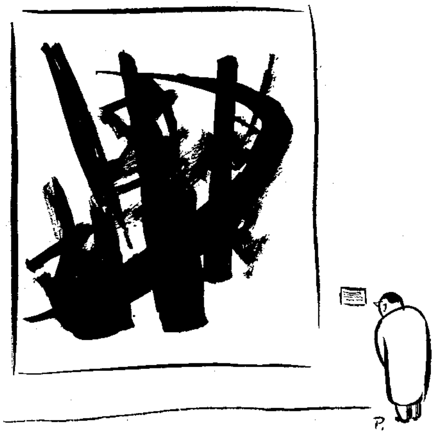
Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A show charting the history of the flower genre in American paintings and drawings, not the least example of which is the six-canvas series "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," by Georgia O'Keeffe. Among the other artists represented are Audubon, Maria Oakey Dewing, John La Farge, Charles Demuth, and Lee Krasner. Starts Thursday, March 1. . . . **composers' showcase:** On Tuesday, March 6, at 8:30: A performance of the opera "The Cradle Will Rock," by John Houseman and the Acting Company. . . . ¶ On Wednesday, March 7, at 7: John Cage will be the solo reciter in the New York première of his composition "Muoyce," which is based on the prose of James Joyce. . . . ¶ On Thursday, March 8, at 8:30: A program of solo dance performed by Lucinda Childs which includes a new work. Tickets are now being issued on a first-come, first-served basis. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The fifty paintings in the Malcolm Morley retrospective trace the artist's progression from Photo-Realism to Expressionism. Through April 15. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—A display of photographs of Tibet by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Western travellers to the region who were explorers, scientists, or missionaries rather than professional artists. Starts Thursday, March 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of etchings by the Tiepolos, father and sons. Through April 22. . . . ¶ An exhibit of embroidered samplers which emphasizes the broad geographical scope of the craft (there are examples from North Africa, Sri Lanka, China, Europe, America, and Mexico) and illustrates the European antecedents of American samplers. Through May 27. . . . ¶ A loan exhibition of more than three hundred netsuke, generally small carved figures, which were formerly used by Japanese men to anchor small pouches to their obis and are now collected as decorative objects. Through April 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—A hundred items (rare books, manuscripts, prints, and objects) that played a significant part in the hundred-year history of exhibitions at this institution, which opened in May of 1884 with a show of modern etchings. Through March 31. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 5.)



Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—The British Library has provided forty-nine examples of manuscript painting by Renaissance artists, including Jean Fouquet, who is represented by a leaf from a Book of Hours commissioned by his patron Etienne Chevalier. Through April 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New Museum, 583 Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts.—"Art & Ideology" has more than eighty works by ten artists who address social and political issues in their paintings, photographs, installations, videotapes, and performances. Allan Sekula, Nancy Spero, Jerry Kearns, and Hannah Wilke are included. Through March 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 8, when there is no admission fee after 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—More than fifty of Jack Whitten's abstract paintings from the nineteen-seventies. Through March 18. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Note—Several exhibitions have been mounted for the bicentennial of the establishment of trade and cultural relations between the United States and China. At the **china institute,** 125 E. 65th St.: Chinese Export porcelain from the Mottahedeh collection. Through Wednesday, March 7. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.) . . . **american museum of natural history,** Central Park W. at 79th St.: Luxury trade items, such as silk and other textiles, jade, lacquerware, furniture. This show was organized by the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto. Through May 12. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.) . . . **museum of the city of new york,** Fifth Ave. at 104th St.: Chinese Export porcelain made specifically for New York customers, among them Alexander Hamilton and John Jay. Through Sept. 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . **new-york historical society,** 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.: Objects of art, including porcelain, silver, and lacquerware. Numerous punch bowls from the late eighteenth century. Through Aug. 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Ten contemporary artists showing assemblages and constructions that are related stylistically to Constructivism and Dadaism. Through Saturday, March 10.

P.S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.—Minimalist Robert Grosvenor is exhibiting eight sculptures (using beams, pipes, railroad ties); another show consists of sculptures made from found objects by about two dozen artists, including Carolee Schneemann, TODT, Joe Smith, and Marcos Margall. Through March 18.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Feb. 29, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Hildegard Behrens,

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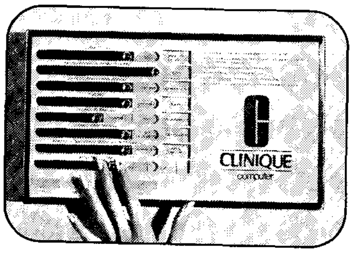
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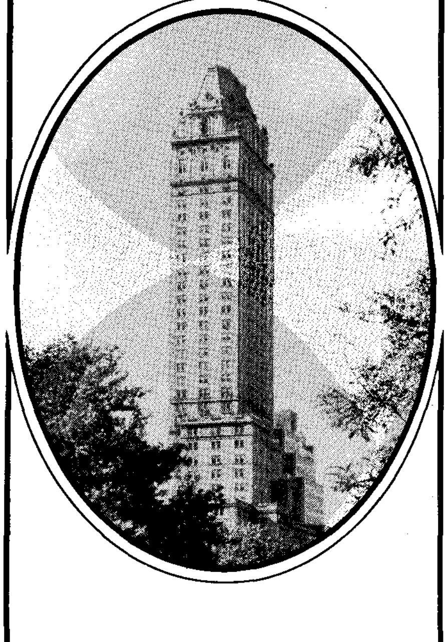

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Carol Neblett, James Morris, and Paul Plishka; conducted by Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 1, at 8: A program entitled "Stravinsky," consisting of three of his works—the ballet "Le Sacre de Printemps," with Kimberly Graves and the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; the opera "Le Rossignol," with Gianna Rolandi, Claudia Catania, Philip Creech, and guest dancers Natalia Makarova and Anthony Dowell; and the opera "Oedipus Rex," with Jessye Norman, Timothy Jenkins, and Franz Mazura. James Levine will be the conductor for all three works. . . . ¶ Friday, March 2, at 8: "Arabella," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Gwynn Cornell, David Rendall, and Franz Ferdinand Nentwig; Marek Janowski. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 3, at 1:30: "Tannhäuser," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Tatiana Troyanos, Richard Cassilly, and Allan Monk; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 3, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Hildegard Behrens, Carol Neblett, James Morris, and Paul Plishka; Jeffrey Tate. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Monday, March 5, at 8: "Arabella," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Mignon Dunn, David Rendall, and Franz Ferdinand Nentwig; Marek Janowski. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 6, at 7:30: "Tannhäuser," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Tatiana Troyanos, Edward Sooter, and Håkan Hagegård; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 7, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Hildegard Behrens, Carol Neblett, James Morris, and Paul Plishka; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 8, at 8: "Arabella," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Mignon Dunn, David Rendall, and Franz Ferdinand Nentwig; Marek Janowski. . . . ¶ Friday, March 9, at 8: A new production of Zandonai's "Francesca da Rimini," with Renata Scotto, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, and Richard Fredricks; James Levine. (A benefit performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, March 10, at 1:30: "Don Giovanni," with Hildegard Behrens, Carol Neblett, James Morris, and Paul Plishka; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 10, at 7:30: "Tannhäuser," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Tatiana Troyanos, Edward Sooter, and Håkan Hagegård; James Levine.

Amato Opera Company—Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" and Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturdays at 7:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Zubin Mehta conducting a nonsubscription concert, for the benefit of the Philharmonic's Pension Fund, on Wednesday, Feb. 29, at 8 (with Marisa Robles, harp, and James Galway, flute). . . . ¶ Zubin Mehta conducting an Anton Stamitz–Gunther Schuller–Tchaikovsky program on Thursday, March 1, at 8; Friday, March 2, at 2; and Saturday, March 3, at 8 (all with Sol Greitzer, viola; Glenn Dicterow, violin; Paige Brook, flute; Joseph Robinson, oboe; and Philip Smith, trumpet). Mr. Schuller will conduct the same program on Tuesday, March 6, at 7:30. (same soloists).

Vienna Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Wednesday, Feb. 29: A Haydn-Beethoven program. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 1: A Mozart-Mahler program, with Alan Bergius, soprano. . . . ¶ Friday, March 2: A Mozart-Brahms program. (Evenings at 8.)

Minnesota Orchestra—Neville Marriner conducting, with Zoltan Kocsis, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 4, at 8.)

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa conducting, with Maurizio Pollini, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 5, at 8.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Alexander Schneider conducting a program of baroque music, with Young-Uck Kim, violin, and Michala Petri, recorder. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, March 3, at 8.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Kenneth Jean conducting a varied program, with Henry Herford, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 4, at 3.) . . . ¶ Yuri Krasnapolsky conducting a program that includes the American première of Grieg's Symphony No. 1 in C Minor, with Kjell Baekkelund, piano, and Arve Tellefsen, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, March 5, at 8.)

Concerto Soloists of Philadelphia—Marc Mostovsky conducting. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. Sunday, March 4, at 2. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

Manhattan/Downeast Chamber Orchestra—Burton Kaplan conducting, with Glenn Dicterow, violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 4, at 8.)

New York Pops—Skitch Henderson conducting, with the Canadian Brass. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 10, at 8.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing a performance of Haydn's oratorio "The Creation," in English, with Betsy Norden, soprano; James Beal, tenor; and Jan Opalach, bass-baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 3, at 8.)

Dessoff Choirs—Amy Kaiser directing, with Walter Hilse, organ. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 50th St. Sunday, March 4, at 4. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

RECITALS

Mahon Bishop—Baritone, in a lieder recital. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 29, at 8.)

Ars Musica—With Penelope Crawford, fortepiano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Feb. 29, at 8.)

Capricorn—A program of vocal and instrumental music by Rossini, celebrating the anniversary of the composer's birth, Feb. 29, 1792. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Wednesday, Feb. 29, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Håkan Hagegård—Baritone, in Schubert's "Die Winterreise." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, March 1, at 8.)

Charles Treger and André Watts—Violin and piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, March 1, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—"From Josquin to Janequin," a program of sacred and secular music from the Renaissance courts of France. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 1, and Saturday, March 3, at 8.) . . . ¶ A program called "A Festival of Baroque Music," with Lionel Party, harpsichord; Louise Schulman and Jorrie Garrigue, baroque violins; and Myron Lutzke, baroque cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, March 10, at 8.)

Annie Fischer—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, March 2, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano; Paula Robison, flute; Gervase de Peyer, clarinet; Loren Glickman, bassoon; the Emerson String Quartet; Charles Wadsworth, harpsichord and piano; Michael Tilson Thomas, conductor-pianist; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, March 2, at 8, and Sunday, March 4, at 5.)

Sylvan Wind Quintet—A program of twentieth-century American chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 2, at 8.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—With Felix Galimir, violin. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, March 3, at 8.)

Walter Ponce—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 3, at 8:30.)

Chamber Music—Paula Robison, flute, and the Tokyo String Quartet. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, March 3, at 8:30, and Sunday, March 4, at 2.)

Adam Holzman—Classical guitarist. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St. Sunday, March 4, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the recital.)

Guy Bovet—Organ. (Park Avenue Christian Church, Park Ave. at 85th St. Sunday, March 4, at 3. Admission by contribution.)

Gidon Kremer, Kim Kashkashian, and Yo-Yo Ma—Violin, viola, and cello. (Avery Fisher Hall, Sunday, March 4, at 3.)

Alison Deane and Richard Locker—Piano and cello. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, March 4, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the recital.)

Music Before 1800—The third in a series of five concerts, this one a program called "Love & Lamentation in Medieval France," with Sequentia. (Corpus Christi Church 529 W.

121st St. Sunday, March 4, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

New Music for Young Ensembles—Marilyn Dubow, violin; David Krakauer, clarinet; Henry Shapiro, piano; Robert Sherman, narrator; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, March 5, at 7:30.)

Emanuel Ax and Yo-Yo Ma—Piano and cello, in a benefit recital. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, March 5, at 8. For tickets, call 280-5533.)

David Starobin—Classical guitarist, with assisting artists. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, March 5, at 8.)

Leonard Raver—Organ, with Chris Gekker, trumpet, and Richard Brown, percussion. (Church of the Ascension, Fifth Ave. at 10th St. Monday, March 5, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Diane Walsh—Piano. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Monday, March 5, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Emanuel Vardi—Viola, with assisting artists. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, March 6, at 8.)

Quintet of the Americas—With José Ramos-Santana, piano. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. 249-8950. Tuesday, March 6, at 8.)

For the Love of Music—The fourth in a series of six concerts, this one performed by Emily Mitchell, harp; Renée Siebert, flute; Jeffrey Solow, cello; and Richard Sortomme and Carol Webb, violins. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, March 6, at 8.)

Itzhak Perlman—Violin, with Samuel Sanders, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, March 7, at 8.)

Yoko Ito Gates—Koto and samisen. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, March 7, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—With André-Michel Schub, piano, and Kim Kashkashian, viola. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, March 7-8, at 8.)

Hiroko Yajima—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, March 8, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—An all-Beethoven program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday and Friday, March 8-9, at 8.) . . . ¶ A varied program. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 10, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

Emily Corbató—Piano. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, March 9, at 6. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Gidon Kremer—Violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, March 9, at 8.)

Continuum—The second in a series of three concerts, this one devoted to the music of Arvo Pärt. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 10, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Benefit Concert—Jeffrey Kahane, piano, and members of the New York Philharmonic conducted by Neal Stulberg. The beneficiary is the Shaare Zedek Hospital, in Jerusalem. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, March 4, at 7:30. For tickets, call 354-8801, Wednesday through Friday between nine and five.)

Note—See listings for the opera "The Cradle Will Rock" and a new work by John Cage under the Whitney Museum of American Art on page 16.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Milwaukee, Saturday, March 3, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Seattle, Tuesday, March 6, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Utah, Saturday, March 10, at 1. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Los Angeles, Wednesday, Feb. 29. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Washington, Saturday, March 3. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Utah, Monday, March 5. (Games begin at 7:35.)

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Vancouver Canucks, Sunday, March 4, at 8:35. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Tuesday, March 6, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Thursday, March 8, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Calgary Flames, Saturday, March 10, at 5:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **byrne meadowlands arena**

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Vancouver Canucks, Friday, March 2, at 7:35.... ¶ Devils vs. Los Angeles Kings, Sunday, March 4, at 5:05.... ¶ Devils vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Tuesday, March 6, at 7:35.

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05. The Swift, Saturday, March 3; the Correction Handicap, Sunday, March 4; and the Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday, March 10.... **BOWIE,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Tuesday, March 13. The Barbara Fritchie Handicap, Saturday, March 3, and the John B. Campbell Handicap, Saturday, March 10.

Tennis—Virginia Slims Championships: Martina Navratilova, Chris Evert Lloyd, Hana Mandlikova, Andrea Jaeger, Pam Shriver, and others. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Feb. 29, at 10 and 6; Thursday and Friday, March 1-2, at 6; semifinal singles matches and final doubles match Saturday, March 3, at noon; and consolation singles match and final singles match Sunday, March 4, at noon.)

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, March 31.... **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 18.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Ann Bernays and George Trow reading from their own prose. (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. Friday, March 2, at 8. For information about tickets, call 787-6557.)... ¶ Susan Griffin reading from her own poetry and Grace Paley reading from her own short stories. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Monday, March 5, at 7:30.)... ¶ Jon Anderson and Margaret Gibson reading from their own poetry. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, March 8, at 6. No tickets necessary.)

Lecture—Pauline Kael speaking about film criticism. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, March 5, at 8:15.)

Flower Show—The Spring Flower Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St. Friday, March 9, from 10:30 to 7; Saturday, March 10, from 10:30 to 6; and Sunday, March 11, from 10:30 to 5.)

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY'S,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Wednesday, Feb. 29, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings and drawings.... ¶ Friday, March 2, at 2, and Saturday, March 3, at 10:15 and 2: European works of art, tapestries, arms, and furniture.... **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday, March 1, at 10 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings and drawings.... **PHILLIPS,** 406 E. 79th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, March 7, at noon: European and American paintings and prints. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 3.

COMING EVENTS

(A checklist for readers who plan ahead.)

Baseball—First league games here—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Minnesota, April 10 (day) and April 12 (night).... **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Montreal, April 17-19 (day).

Professional Basketball—The Knicks at **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** March 13 (Phoenix), March 15 (Cleveland), March 17 (Kansas City), March 22 (Boston), March 24 (Washington), March 27 (Dallas), April 2 (Chicago), April 6 (Detroit), April 9 (Cleveland), and April 14 (Philadelphia).... ¶ The Nets at **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA:** March 11 (Seattle), March 14 (Phoenix), March 21 (Milwaukee), March 25 (Knicks), March 29 (Detroit), March 31 (Boston), April 4 (Indiana), April 8 (Cleveland), April 10 (Philadelphia), and April 13 (Atlanta).

Boxing—Golden Gloves New York City finals. (Madison Square Garden. March 23.)

Gymnastics—McDonald's American Cup Gymnastics Championships. (Madison Square Garden. March 17-18.)

Hockey—The Rangers at **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** March 14 (Philadelphia), March 20 (Boston), March 25 (Montreal), March 29 (Pittsburgh), and April 1 (Hartford).... ¶ The Islanders at **NASSAU COLISEUM:** March 17 (Washington), March 20 (Devils), March 24 (Minnesota), and March 27 (Montreal).... ¶ The Devils at **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA:** March 13 (Islanders), March 19 (Philadelphia), March 22 (Rangers), March 24 (Buffalo), March 30 (Philadelphia), and April 1 (Boston).

Karate—All-American Open Karate Championships. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. March 31.)

Racing—At Aintree, England: The Grand National Steeplechase, March 31.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: April 2-June 16.

Music—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (362-6000): The season continues through April 21.... **NEW YORK STATE THEATRE** (870-5570): Vienna Volksoper, April 10-22.... **AVERY FISHER HALL** (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 26.... ¶ Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra, March 11.... ¶ Yehudi Menuhin, violin, March 11.... ¶ Musica Sacra, March 19.... ¶ Orchestre National de France, March 21.... ¶ Vienna Choir Boys, March 25.... ¶ Alicia de Larrocha, piano, April 8.... ¶ Andres Segovia, classical guitarist, April 14.... **CARNEGIE HALL** (247-7459): Olegna Fuschi, piano, March 11.... ¶ Montserrat Caballé, soprano, March 11.... ¶ Czech Philharmonic Orchestra, March 12-14.... ¶ Houston Symphony Orchestra, March 15-16.... ¶ Maurizio Pollini, piano, March 17.... ¶ Pinchas Zukerman, violin, and Marc Neikrug, piano, March 18.... ¶ Alexis Weissenberg, piano, March 18.... ¶ Orchestre National de France, March 19-20.... ¶ New Orleans Philharmonic Orchestra, March 21.... ¶ Y Chamber Symphony, March 22.... ¶ Opera Orchestra of New York, March 23.... ¶ Orpheus, March 24.... ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, March 25.... ¶ Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute, and Alexandre Lagoya, classical guitarist, March 25.... ¶ Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra, March 26.... ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, March 27.... ¶ Collegiate Chorale, March 28.... ¶ Cantilena Chamber Players, March 29.... ¶ Saint Louis Symphony, March 30-31.... ¶ Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields Octet, April 2.... ¶ Giora Feidman, clarinet, April 4.... ¶ Elly Ameling, soprano, April 5.... ¶ John Browning, piano, April 7.... ¶ French Opéra Comique Festival, April 8.... **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): Kathleen Battle, soprano, March 11.... ¶ Canticum Novum Singers, March 11.... ¶ Radu Lupu, piano, March 15.... ¶ Swedish Chamber Orchestra, March 20.... ¶ Jupiter Symphony, March 21.... ¶ Carlos Barbosa-Lima, classical guitarist, March 22.... ¶ Beethoven Society, March 24.... ¶ Ensemble for Early Music, March 24.... ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, March 30, April 1, and April 8-10.... **KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL,** 92nd Street Y (427-4410): Carol Wincenc, flute, March 13.... ¶ Y Chamber Symphony, March 17-18.... ¶ Chamber Music at the Y, March 20-21.... ¶ Benita Valente, soprano, March 22.... ¶ Solisti New York, March 31.... ¶ Leonard Rose and Yo-Yo Ma, cellos, April 7.... ¶ Group for Contemporary Music, April 10.... **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM,** Metropolitan Museum (570-3949): Charles Treger, violin, and André Watts, piano, March 15 and 22.... ¶ Guarneri Quartet, March 16.... ¶ Robert Mann, violin, and Yefim Bronfman, piano, March 17.... ¶ Heinz Holliger, oboe and piano, March 18 and April 1.... ¶ Andrea Von Ramm, mezzo-soprano, and Hopkinson Smith, lute, March 23.... ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, March 24-25 and 31.... ¶ Tashi, March 28.... ¶ Uto Ughi, violin, and Samuel Sanders, piano, March 30.... ¶ Tafelmusik Baroque Orchestra, April 5.

Dance—The Paul Taylor Dance Company, at the City Center, March 20-April 15.... ¶ The Feld Ballet, at the Joyce Theatre, April 10-May 13.

Other Dates—St. Patrick's Day is Saturday, March 17.... ¶ The first day of spring is March 20.... ¶ The Circus, at Madison Square Garden, April 3-June 3.... ¶ Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax returns for 1983 and estimates for 1984 are due Monday, April 16.

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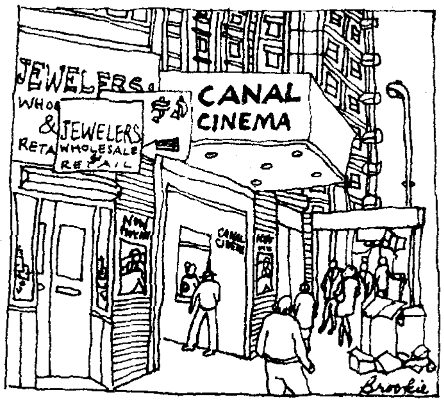

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4	5	6	7	8	9	10

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 26.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

Through March 1: "One Man's War" (1981; directed by Edgardo Cozarinsky; in French).

A Jean Negulesco festival:

March 2: "The Mask of Dimitrios" (1944), with Zachary Scott and Peter Lorre; and "Three Strangers" (1946), with Geraldine Fitzgerald, Peter Lorre, and Sydney Greenstreet. Mr. Negulesco will be present.

March 3-4: "Take Care of My Little Girl" (1951), with Jeanne Crain, Dale Robertson, and Mitzi Gaynor; and "Under My Skin" (1950), with John Garfield and Micheline Presle (showings at 4). "Daddy Long Legs" (1955), with Fred Astaire and Leslie Caron; and "How to Marry a Millionaire" (1953), with Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall (showings at 8).

March 6: "Road House" (1948), with Ida Lupino, Richard Widmark, Cornel Wilde, and Celeste Holm; and "Phone Call from a Stranger" (1952), with Shelley Winters, Gary Merrill, and Bette Davis.

March 7: "Lydia Bailey" (1952), with Anne Francis, Dale Robertson, and William Marshall; and "Nobody Lives Forever" (1946), with John Garfield, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Walter Brennan.

March 8: "The Mudlark" (1950), with Irene Dunne, Alec Guinness, and Andrew Ray; and "Titanic" (1953), with Clifton Webb, Barbara Stanwyck, Thelma Ritter, and Richard Basehart.

March 9: "Three Came Home" (1950), with Claudette Colbert, Patric Knowles, and Sessue Hayakawa; and "The Conspirators" (1944), with Hedy Lamarr, Paul Henreid, Sydney Greenstreet, and Peter Lorre.

From March 10: "Deep Valley" (1947), with Ida Lupino and Dane Clark; and "Lure of the Wilderness" (1952), with Jean Peters, Jeffrey Hunter, and Walter Brennan (showings at 4). "Humoresque" (1946), with Joan Crawford, John Garfield, and Oscar Levant; and "Johnny Belinda" (1948), with Jane Wyman, Lew Ayres, Agnes Moorehead, and Charles Bickford (showings at 8).

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th (473-7014).

Through March 1: "Zelig" (†).

From March 2: "El Norte" (†).

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)

Through March 1: "Scarface" (†).

March 2-8: "Gorky Park" (Michael Apted), with William Hurt and Lee Marvin; and another feature, to be announced.

From March 9: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

"Tender Mercies" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

Through March 8: "Lassiter" (Roger Young), with Tom Selleck and Jane Seymour.

From March 9: "Mike's Murder" (James Bridges), with Debra Winger.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)

"Blame It on Rio" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: Through March 1: "Reckless" (James Foley), with Aidan Quinn and Daryl Hannah. From March 2: "Against All Odds" (Taylor Hackford), with Rachel Ward and Jeff Bridges.

Theatre 2: "Footloose" (†).

Theatre 3: "Broadway Danny Rose" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"Terms of Endearment" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

Through March 8: "Yentl" (†).

From March 9: "Reuben, Reuben" (Robert Ellis Miller), with Tom Conti.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

"Unfaithfully Yours" (Howard Zieff), with Dudley Moore and Nastassja Kinski.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"Blame It on Rio" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"A Woman in Flames" (Robert Van Ackeren; in German), with Gudrun Landgrebe.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "The Right Stuff" (†).

Theatre 2: "Lassiter" (Roger Young), with Tom Selleck and Jane Seymour.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: Through March 1: "Crackers" (Louis Malle), with Donald Sutherland and Jack Warden. March 2-8: "The Big Chill" (†). From March 9: "Silkwood" (†)

Theatre 2: "Terms of Endearment" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

Through March 1: "Vertigo" (1958; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes.

From March 2: "The Trouble with Harry" (1955; Alfred Hitchcock), with Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe, and Shirley MacLaine.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: "And the Ship Sails On" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Dresser" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: Through March 1: "Zelig" (†). From March 2: "Over the Brooklyn Bridge" (Menahem Golan), with Elliott Gould and Margaux Hemingway.

Theatre 2: Through March 8: "Reuben, Reuben" (Robert Ellis Miller), with Tom Conti. From March 9: "Mike's Murder" (James Bridges), with Debra Winger.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"Broadway Danny Rose" (†).

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: Through March 1: "The Big Chill" (†). From March 2: "This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest.

Theatre 2: Through March 1: "Educating Rita" (†). From March 2: "Harry & Son" (Paul Newman), with Newman and Robby Benson.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"The Night of the Shooting Stars" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Silkwood" (†).

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)

"El Norte" (†).

U.A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

Through March 8: "Never Cry Wolf" (†).

From March 9: "Splash" (Ron Howard), with Tom Hanks and Daryl Hannah.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "Footloose" (†).

Theatre 2: Through March 1: "Running Hot." From March 2: "Against All Odds" (Taylor Hackford), with Rachel Ward and Jeff Bridges.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

"Scarface" (†).

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: Through March 8: "Lassiter" (Roger Young), with Tom Selleck and Jane Seymour. From March 9: "Mike's Murder" (James Bridges), with Debra Winger.

Theatre 2: Through March 1: "Yentl" (†). From March 2: "Over the Brooklyn Bridge" (Menahem Golan), with Elliott Gould and Margaux Hemingway.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: Through March 6: "American Dreams" (1983) and "8½ x 11" (1974), both films directed by James Benning. From March 7: "The World of Tomorrow" (Tom Johnson and Lance Bird), a documentary on the 1939 New York World's Fair.

Theatre 2: Through March 6: "Children of Paradise" (1945; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Maria Casarès; and "Zero for Conduct" (1933; Jean Vigo; in French). March 7-8: "Detour" (1945; Edgar G. Ulmer), with Ann Savage and Tom Neal; and "Gun Crazy" (†). March 9-10: "A Hard Day's Night" (†); and "Starstruck" (1982; Gillian Armstrong; an Australian film), with Jo Kennedy.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "Liquid Sky" (Slava Tsukerman).

Theatre 2: "Android" (Aaron Lipstadt), with Klaus Kinski.

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: Through March 1: "Reuben, Reuben" (Robert Ellis Miller), with Tom Conti. From March 2: "This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest.

Theatre 2: Through March 1: "Yentl" (†). From March 2: "Over the Brooklyn Bridge" (Menahem Golan), with Elliott Gould and Margaux Hemingway.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Broadway Danny Rose" (†).

Theatre 2: "Broadway Danny Rose" (†).

Theatre 3: "The Dresser" (†).

Theatre 4: "The Dresser" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

Through March 6: "Backstage at the Kirov" (†).

From March 7: "Jazzman" (Karen Shakhnazarov; in Russian).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"Fantasia" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)

Through March 1: "The Compleat Beatles" (Patrick Montgomery), a documentary.

From March 2: "Educating Rita" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

Through March 1: "Reuben, Reuben" (Robert Ellis Miller), with Tom Conti.

From March 2: "This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"Confidentially Yours" (François Truffaut; in French), with Fanny Ardant and Jean-Louis Trintignant.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"Le Crabe Tambour" (1977; Pierre Schoendoerffer; in French), with Jean Rochefort.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Tender Mercies" (†). No performances on Wednesday, March 7.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "Basileus Quartet" (†).

Theatre 2: "That Sinking Feeling" (Bill Forsyth).

Theatre 3: Through March 1: "Dear Mae-

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Page one of their annual says it all!

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**As of January 6, 1984*

Stock Price Performance
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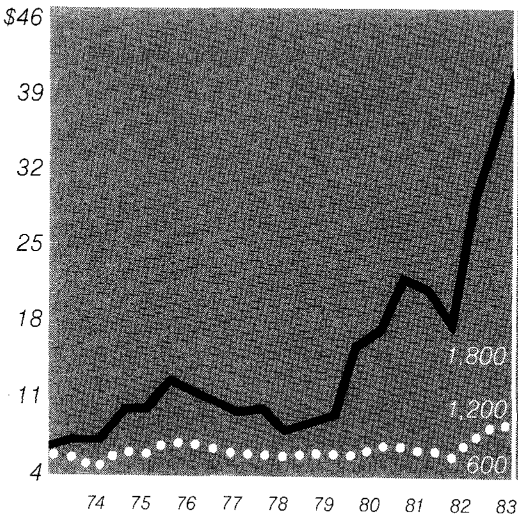
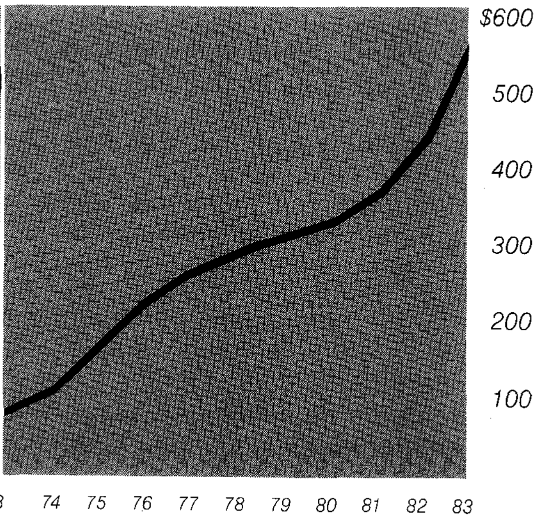
vs. Dow Jones Average ○○○
Adjusted for all stock splits.



Dividends Received
Initial investment of 100 shares.
Assumes all dividends reinvested.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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stro." (Luciano Odorisio; in Italian). From March 2: "Demons in the Garden" (Manuel Gutiérrez Aragón; in Spanish), with Angela Molina.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: Through March 1: "Vertigo" (1958; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes. From March 2: "The Trouble with Harry" (1955; Alfred Hitchcock), with Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe, and Shirley MacLaine.
Theatre 2: "Entre Nous" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Carmen" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.
Theatre 2: "The Dresser" (†).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through March 1: "El Norte" (†). From March 2: "Harry & Son" (Paul Newman), with Newman and Robby Benson.
Theatre 2: Through March 1: "Yentl" (†). From March 2: "Against All Odds" (Taylor Hackford), with Rachel Ward and Jeff Bridges.
Theatre 3: "Lassiter" (Roger Young), with Tom Selleck and Jane Seymour.
Theatre 4: "The Right Stuff" (†).

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through March 8: "Broadway Danny Rose" (†). From March 9: "Seeing Red: Stories of American Communists" (Julia Reichert and James Klein), a documentary.
Theatre 2: "Broadway Danny Rose" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through March 1: "Never Cry Wolf" (†). From March 2 (tentative): "Nostalghia" (Andrei Tarkovsky; in Italian), with Erland Josephson; and "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (1981; Vladimir Menshov; in Russian).
Theatre 2: Through March 1: "To Be or Not to Be" (1983 †). From March 2: "Gorky Park" (Michael Apted), with William Hurt and Lee Marvin; and "Under Fire" (†).
Theatre 3: Through March 8: "The Return of Martin Guerre" (Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye. From March 9 (tentative): "Silkwood" (†).
Theatre 4: Through March 8: "Tender Mercies" (†). From March 9: "Splash" (Ron Howard), with Tom Hanks and Daryl Hannah.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: Through March 8: "Lassiter" (directed by Roger Young), with Tom Selleck and Jane Seymour. From March 9: "Mike's Murder" (James Bridges), with Debra Winger.
Theatre 2: "Blame It on Rio" (†).
Theatre 3: "D.C. Cab" (Joel Schumacher), with Adam Baldwin.
Theatre 4: Through March 8: "Gorky Park" (Michael Apted), with William Hurt and Lee Marvin. From March 9: "The Right Stuff" (†).
Theatre 5: "Sudden Impact" (†).
Theatre 6: "Sweet Sixteen."

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Yentl" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through March 1: "Uncommon Valor" (†). From March 2: "Angel" (Robert Vincent O'Neil), with Cliff Gorman and Susan Tyrrell.
Theatre 3: "Never Cry Wolf" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Big Chill" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Terms of Endearment" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Footloose" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 1: "Angel" (Robert Vincent O'Neil), with Cliff Gorman and Susan Tyrrell. From March 2: "Against All Odds" (Taylor Hackford), with Rachel Ward and Jeff Bridges.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through March 8: "The Right Stuff" (†).
From March 9: "Lassiter" (Roger Young), with Tom Selleck and Jane Seymour.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"The Smurfs and the Magic Flute."

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: Through March 1: "Running Hot." From March 2: "Harry & Son" (Paul Newman), with Newman and Robby Benson.
Theatre 2: Through March 1: "Deathstalker." From March 2: "Legend of the Bayou."

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Silkwood" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 8: "Scarface" (†). From March 9: "Splash" (Ron Howard), with Tom Hanks and Daryl Hannah.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: Through March 1: "The Secret Ninja." From March 2: "Over the Brooklyn Bridge" (Menahem Golan), with Elliott Gould and Margaux Hemingway.
Theatre 2: "Unfaithfully Yours" (Howard Zieff), with Dudley Moore and Nastassja Kinski.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"To Be or Not to Be" (1942 †).

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Burroughs" (1984; directed by Howard Brookner), *a documentary. (No performances on Tuesday, March 6.)*

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
"Fanny and Alexander" (1983; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish).

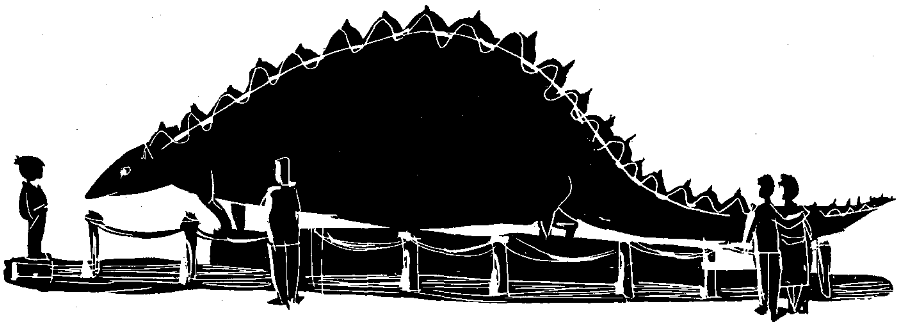
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through March 1: "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin; and "The Clowns" (1971; Federico Fellini; in Italian).
March 2-3: "The Road Warrior" (1982; George Miller; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson; and "Mad Max" (1980; George Miller and Mel Gibson; an Australian film), with Gibson.
March 4-6: "Halloween" (1978; John Carpenter), with Donald Pleasence and Jamie Lee Curtis; and "Friday the 13th" (1980; Sean Cunningham), with Betsy Palmer, Adrienne King, and Harry Lillis Crosby III.
March 7-8: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "Luna" (1979; Bernardo Bertolucci), with Jill Clayburgh and Matthew Barry.
March 9-10: "Come Back to the 5 & Dime Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean" (1982; Robert Altman), with Sandy Dennis, Cher, and Karen Black; and "Health" (1980; Robert Altman), with Carol Burnett, Glenda Jackson, Lauren Bacall, and James Garner.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Right Stuff" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Feb. 29: "Risky Business" (1983; Paul Brickman), with Tom Cruise and Rebecca De Mornay; and "National Lampoon's Vacation" (1983; Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo.
March 1-3: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" (1948; John Huston), with Walter Huston, Humphrey Bogart, Tim Holt, Alfonso Bedoya, and Robert Blake.
March 4-5: "Midnight Cowboy" (1969; John Schlesinger), with Dustin Hoffman, Jon Voight, and Brenda Vaccaro; and "Marathon Man" (1976; John Schlesinger), with Dustin Hoffman, Laurence Olivier, Roy Scheider, and Marthe Keller.
March 6-7: "Danton" (1983; Andrzej Wajda; in French), with Gérard Depardieu; and "La Nuit de Varennes" (†).
March 8-10: "A Place in the Sun" (1951; George Stevens), with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters; and "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (1958; Richard Brooks), with Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman, and Burl Ives.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through March 1: "Yol" (1982; Yilmaz Güney; in Turkish), and "Midnight Express" (1978; Alan Parker), with Brad Davis, Randy Quaid, John Hurt, and Mike Kellin.
March 2-3: "West Side Story" (1961; Robert Wise), with Natalie Wood, Richard Beymer, Russ Tamblyn, Rita Moreno, and George Chakiris; and "Splendor in the Grass" (1961; Elia Kazan), with Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty, and Pat Hingle.
March 4: "Napoléon" (1927; Abel Gance; a French silent film), with Albert Dieudonné.
March 5-6: "Barbarella" (1968; Roger Vadim), with Jane Fonda, John Phillip Law, and David Hemmings; and "Flesh Gordon" (1974; Howard Ziehm and Michael Benveniste), with Jason Williams.
March 7-8: "The Brood" (1979; David Cronenberg), with Oliver Reed and Samantha Eggar; "Videodrome" (1983; David Cronenberg), with James Woods; and "Scanners" (1981; David Cronenberg), with Jennifer O'Neill, Stephen Lack, and Patrick McGoohan.
March 9-10: "Zelig" (†); and "A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (1982; Woody Allen), with Allen, Mia Farrow, José Ferrer, and Julie Hagerty.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Feb. 29: "Chariots of Fire" (1981; Hugh Hudson), with Ben Cross and Ian Charleson; and "Gallipoli" (1981; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson, Mark Lee, and Bill Kerr.
March 1: "Don't Look Back" (1967; Donn Pennebaker), with Bob Dylan; and "The Buddy Holly Story" (1978; Steve Rash), with Gary Busey in the title role.
March 2-8: "The Seven Samurai" (1954; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune and Takashi Shimura.
March 9: "The Tenant" (1976; Roman



Why boomerangs in the Lands' End catalog? Mostly, just for the fun of it.

We first became intrigued with boomerangs when the U.S. Boomerang team asked us to outfit them for their historic Australian challenge tour.

We agreed because it sounded like a lot of fun. And man does not live by commerce alone.

But, along with designing their competitive clothing, we designed a line of "boomerang" sportswear for our regular Lands' End customers, too. And when the team returned from its Down Under triumphs, we invited them to model the clothing – and in the course of events, got them to give us some inside tips on throwing boomerangs as well.

The result? Clothing plus boomerangs.

We had so much fun throwing boomerangs, we thought you might enjoy it, too. So along with the "boomerang" pants, shorts and skirts and the colorful knit shirts and sweaters that go with them, we're offering you boomerangs in our catalog, too. Authentic Australian boomerangs – in keeping with our obsession with quality in everything you get from Lands' End.

And because fun, and the clothing to wear while having it, is at the heart of the business we're in as Direct Merchants, you won't be surprised to see a colorful picture story about the nimble Mini-12, and the personal joys of sculling. Plus Lands' End clothing suitable to the sport.

In every adult, there is a child.

We take this fun-loving attitude toward our business because we sincerely believe that in every adult, of whatever age, there is a child who wants to come out and play. At Lands' End, we try to make it easy for him. And affordable.

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Polanski), with Polanski; and "Cul-de-Sac" (†).

March 10: "The Elephant Man" (1980; David Lynch), with Anthony Hopkins and John Hurt; and "Freaks" (1932; Tod Browning), with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Feb. 29: "Sons and Lovers" (1960; Jack Cardiff), with Dean Stockwell, Trevor Howard, Wendy Hiller, Mary Ure, and Heather Sears; and "The Sundowners" (1960; Fred Zinnemann), with Robert Mitchum, Deborah Kerr, and Peter Ustinov.

March 1-3: "Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing" (1955; Henry King), with William Holden and Jennifer Jones; and "Three Coins in the Fountain" (1954; Jean Negulesco), with Clifton Webb, Dorothy McGuire, Jean Peters, Louis Jourdan, and Maggie McNamara.

March 4-5: "Trader Horn" (1931; W. S. Van Dyke), with Edwina Booth and Harry Carey; and "Tarzan and His Mate" (†).

March 6-7: "Flying Down to Rio" (1933; Thornton Freeland), with Dolores Del Rio, Gene Raymond, Raul Roulien, Ginger Rogers, and Fred Astaire; and "A Damsel in Distress" (†).

March 8-10: "Bhowani Junction" (1956; George Cukor), with Ava Gardner, Stewart Granger, and Bill Travers; and "The Night of the Iguana" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Feb. 29: "Elegy to Violence" (1966; Seijun Suzuki; in Japanese); and "The Tragic Music Teacher" (1977; Noboru Tanaka; in Japanese).

March 1: "Bedazzled" (1967; Stanley Donen), with Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron; and "Damn Yankees" (1958; Stanley Donen), with Gwen Verdon, Ray Walston, and Tab Hunter.

March 2-3: "Circle of Power" (1982; Bobby Roth), with Yvette Mimieux; and "Victim" (1961; Basil Dearden), with Dirk Bogarde, Sylvia Syms, and Dennis Price.

March 4: "Long Day's Journey Into Night" (1962; Sidney Lumet), with Katharine Hepburn, Ralph Richardson, Jason Robards, and Dean Stockwell.

March 5: "The Last Laugh" (†) and "Variety" (†).

March 6: "Crime and Punishment" (1970 †); and "Marriage" (1945; Isidor Annensky; in Russian).

March 7: "Page of Madness" (1926; Teinosuke Kinugasa; a Japanese silent film); and "Passing Fancy" (1933; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese).

March 8: "Roadie" (1980; Alan Rudolph), with Meat Loaf, Kaki Hunter, and Art Carney; and "D.O.A." (1981; Lech Kowalski), a documentary about punk rock.

March 9: "Black Orpheus" (1959; Marcel Camus; in Portuguese), with Marpessa Dawn; and "I Love You" (1982; Arnaldo Jabor; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Sonia Braga.

March 10: "Los Olvidados" (†); "The Exterminating Angel" (1962; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Silvia Pinal; and "El" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Feb. 29: "Don't Bother to Knock" (1952; Roy Baker), with Richard Widmark, Marilyn Monroe, and Anne Bancroft; and "Niagara" (1953; Henry Hathaway), with Marilyn Monroe, Joseph Cotten, and Jean Peters.

March 1: "Born Yesterday" (1950; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday, William Holden, and Broderick Crawford; and "The Marrying Kind" (1952; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday and Aldo Ray.

March 2-3: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "Where's Poppa?" (1970; Carl Reiner), with George Segal, Ruth Gordon, and Trish Van Devere.

March 4: "This Gun for Hire" (†) and "The Glass Key" (1942 †).

March 5: "Nosferatu" (†) and "The Last Laugh" (†).

March 6: "Mr. Skeffington" (1944; Vincent Sherman), with Bette Davis, Claude Rains, and Walter Abel; and "Old Acquaintance" (†).

March 7: "Suddenly, Last Summer" (†) and "Holiday" (†).

March 8: "Wife Versus Secretary" (†) and "Too Hot to Handle" (†).

March 9-10: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The Maltese Falcon" (1941; John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Through March 4: "PM Magazine," a five-channel video and sound installation by Dara Birnbaum. Continuous showings from noon to 6. Closed Mondays.

Note—The Museum of Modern Art auditorium will be closed for renovations until sometime in May.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

And the Ship Sails On—The year is 1914. A luxury liner called the Gloria N. is sailing from Naples, carrying the ashes of a great operatic diva to the waters off the island of her birth, where they are to be dispersed at sea. Also on board are the late star's friends, colleagues, teachers, accompanists, relatives, fans, and lovers, all of whom have been summoned to take part in the ceremony. During the trip, the ship picks up several boatloads of Serbian refugees, whose presence on deck eventually causes the Gloria N. to be attacked and sunk by an Austro-Hungarian warship. The survivors escape in lifeboats, after which Fellini drops all pretense at any form of conventional storytelling and adopts the Pirandellian conceit of a play within a play, leaving his viewers at the end to wonder exactly what it is he wishes them to infer. The movie is rife with symbols and the story line does lend itself to allegorical interpretation and facile critical analysis. But somehow, as always, Fellini's artistry transcends the obvious. In Italian. (12/26/83; under Letter from Rome.) (Cinema I.)

Backstage at the Kirov—We are introduced to the new and gifted young ballerina Altynaï Assylmuratova as she prepares for her début in "Swan Lake." Then we are driven mad by camerawork that prevents us from seeing what she looks like dancing. Present-day and former Kirov stars are glimpsed, but few are named; there seems to be only one prima ballerina, the relatively drab Galina Mezentseva, who is also seen in extensive "Swan Lake" footage and for whom, strangely enough, the camera behaves like a dream. (Guild; through March 6.)

Basileus Quartet—This movie about a string quartet turns out to be less interested in music and musicians than in demonstrating the perils of asceticism, but it's fairly pleasing, anyway. The quartet has toured together for thirty years when the first violinist (François Simon) has a fatal heart attack. He is replaced by a twenty-year-old virtuoso (Pierre Malet) with long ringlets, flaring nostrils, and the animal sensuality of a young Nureyev. The life in him is too much of a shock to the three older men, and, with no ill will on his part, he brings them to grief. The writer-director Fabio Carpi is somewhat too measured and solemn in his approach, and the material sags when one of the three (Michel Vitold) deludes himself that the young fiddler is his lover. But the other two—Omero Antonutti and Hector Alterio, both with trim, lordly beards—bring the film force and dignity. With Gabriele Ferzetti and Alain Cuny. In Italian. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/6/84.) (Lincoln Plaza.)

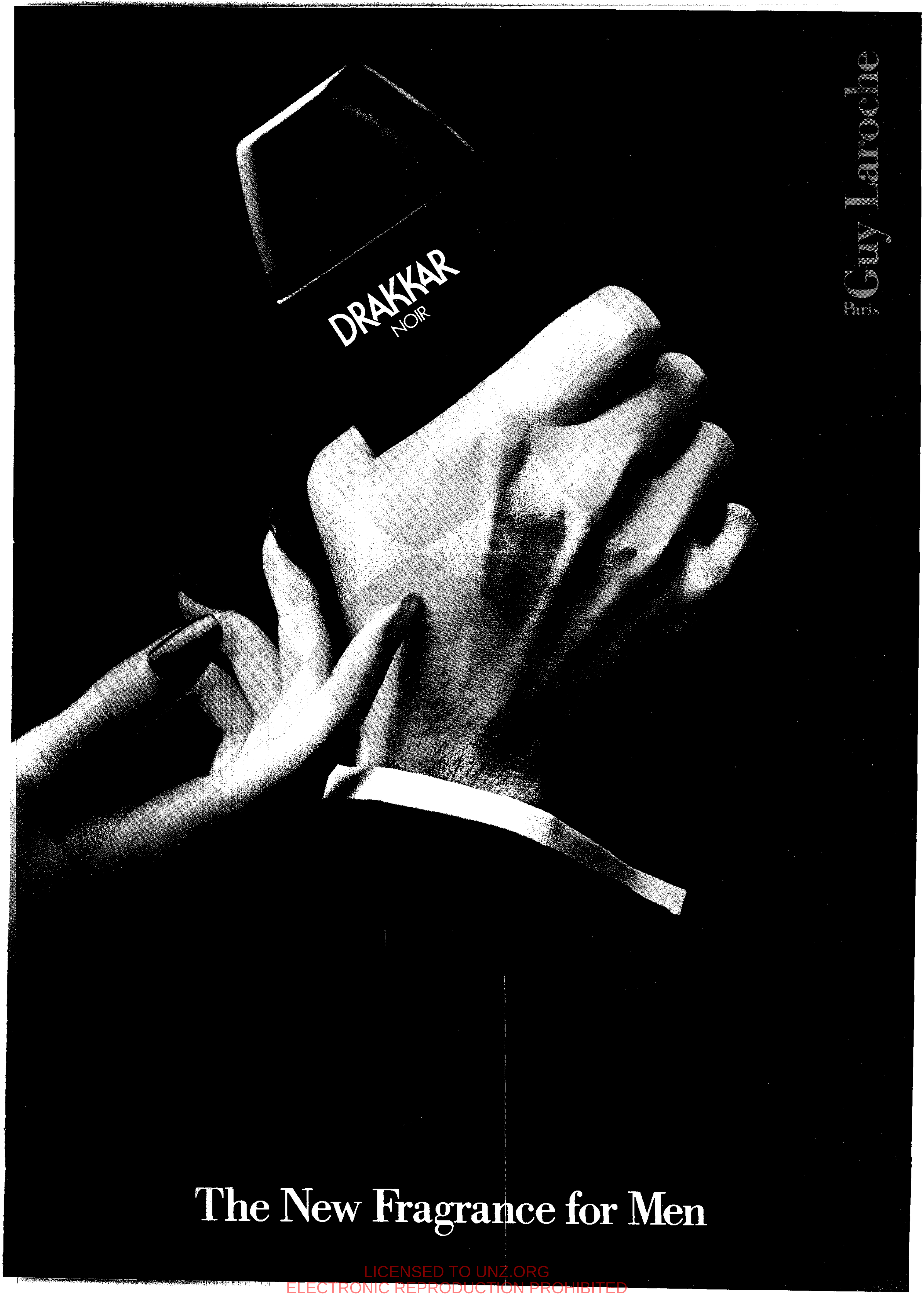
The Big Chill—An amiable, slick comedy that's ostensibly about how the late-sixties campus activists have adjusted to becoming the kind of people they used to insult—but it isn't really political. Directed by Lawrence Kasdan, who wrote the script with Barbara Benedek, it's set in South Carolina, where a group of seven former friends from the University of Michigan gather for the funeral of Alex, the campus radical who brought them together. The friends bury the sixties (which Alex symbolizes) and then dredge them up to talk about during the weekend. The movie may pretend to be about "life," but it's really about being clever (even the title tells you that), and about the fun of ensemble acting. Jeff Goldblum, William Hurt, and Kevin Kline do some of their best work here; Tom Berenger, Glenn Close, Mary Kay Place, and JoBeth Williams do remarkably well with what they've got to work with. And Meg Tilly, who plays Alex's young girlfriend, is an extraordinarily lovely presence. (10/17/83) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Loews New York Twin; through March 1. . . . ¶ Baronet; March 2-8.)

Blame It on Rio—Travel-folder footage of Rio mixed with father-daughter incest (in a disguised form). The movie is about a forty-three-year-old father's guilt and confusion because of his affair with his best friend's fifteen-year-old daughter, who is also his own teen-age daughter's best friend. Michael Caine and Joseph Bologna are the fathers who take their daughters (Demi Moore and Michelle Johnson, respectively) for a month's holiday in Rio. On the beach, ogling the bare-breasted women, the fathers see the backs of two beauties, who turn, and their bare-breasted daughters come bobbing over to them, laughing at their discomfort and hugging them. It's as if a Doris Day–Rock Hudson comedy of the early sixties had gone topless. Most of the movie is an attempt to squirm out from under its messy erotic-parental subject. (Claude Berri's 1977 film "One Wild Moment," which has the same plot, isn't credited on the screen or in the publicity.) Directed by Stanley Donen from a final script by Larry Gelbart (a revision of Charlie Peters' version), the picture degenerates into a smarmy sitcom. It oozes self-consciousness. Caine's near-incest keeps him sweating and rushing about anxiously, while the ripe-to-bursting Michelle Johnson pouts and wiggles. With Valerie Harper. (2/20/84) (Murray Hill, Gotham Cinema, and Criterion Theatres.)

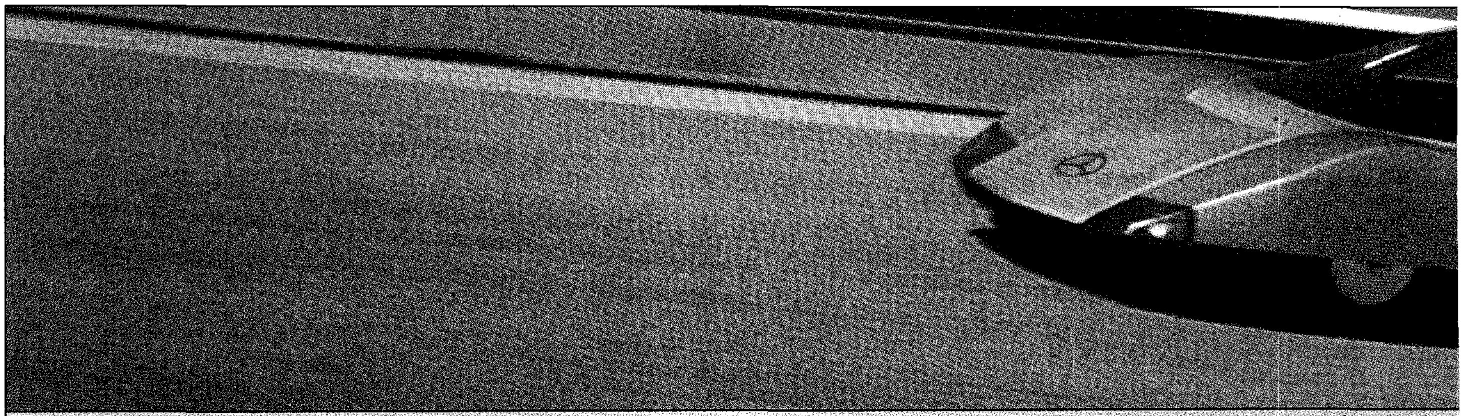
Broadway Danny Rose—Danny Rose is a small-time booking agent who nurtures his more promising clients until they're on the brink of stardom, at which point they invariably leave him and sign up with big-time agents. The new Judas in his life is Lou Canova (Nick Apollo Forte), a barrel-chested singer in his forties with a dimply, piggy, Vegas smile and a voice to make musicians shudder. Woody Allen, who plays Danny and who also wrote and directed this Damon Runyonesque movie, has left out the hostility that made him famous, and the imagination and freak lyricism, too. Danny is a Chaplinesque moral presence in a world of Catskills comics and Mafia hoods. The movie is about how Lou Canova's ruthless, tough girlfriend Tina (Mia Farrow, disguised with a nasal accent, fright wig, shades, and some padding) learns to appreciate Danny. Shot in grainy black-and-white, the material is dim and larval, like Danny. The picture has a curdled, Diane Arbus bleakness, but it also has some good fast talk and some push. (2/6/84) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Beekman, Quad Cinema, and New Yorker.)

Crime and Punishment (1970)—A first-rate Russian version of Dostoyevski's great novel about Raskolnikov and the murder that he executed almost as if to explain an already existing sense of guilt. Raskolnikov is played by Georgi Taratorkin, a spidery, socket-eyed figure in a black stovepipe hat, and Porfiry by the famous, correctly bland-faced Innokenty Smoktunovsky. The delicately drunken Marmeladov of Evgeny Lebedev is unforgettable, and the depiction of Porfiry belongs among the very best Russian performances onscreen, ranking with those of the great Kachalov that are visible in the records we have of Moscow Art Theatre productions long ago. Directed by Lev Kulijanov, with Dostoyevski's own feeling for grotesque detail and for moments of suppressed farce. In Russian. (Thalia; March 6.)

Cul-de-Sac (1966)—A slapstick comedy of hor-


DRAKKAR
NOIR
Guy Laroche
Paris
The New Fragrance for Men

MERCEDES-BENZ



Mercedes-Benz transferred the design of the best-performing engine in diesel annals from this C-111/3 research vehicle

The Mercedes-Benz 300D Turbodiesel Sedan–and the most successful engine transplant in automotive history.

FIVE CYLINDERS, TURBOCHARGED, so intent on high performance that its pistons would be constantly cooled by automatic injections of oil–it was a radical new breed of diesel engine that Mercedes-Benz designed.

But instead of racing it into production, the engineers first raced it around the high-speed Nardo circuit in Italy–mounted in the C-111/3 research vehicle shown above.

Circulating for 12 continuous hours at an average of 195-mph, the C-111/3 and its amazing new power plant proceeded to establish nine new world speed and endurance records. No diesel had ever gone this far, this fast before. The C-111/3's fuel mileage for 12 hours at almost 200-mph: 14.7 mpg.

The point had been made–spectacularly. The performance diesel engine had proven itself so commendably that its design was then transferred to the production line virtually intact. And is now found beneath the hood of the 300D Turbodiesel Sedan for 1984, shown at right.

The result–perhaps not surprisingly–is the best-performing production diesel automobile in America. Generating vivid acceleration and muscular passing power. Cruising ease all but indistinguishable from gasoline-powered cars. And EPA fuel mileage figures of 27 mpg city est. and 33 highway.*

It meanwhile hews to diesel standards of durability and reliability. Shunning conventional tune-ups, for example. And so meticulously engineered for high-performance running that the strength of its crankshaft is virtually doubled by immersion in a *nitriding* bath.

CHASSIS TO MATCH

The 300D's engine performance is complemented by its over-the-road performance.

Its highly refined, fully independent suspension system means that you can cover ground quickly in this car–even if the ground is marked by chuckholes and sudden curves and other rude surprises. "The 300D's success in striking a balance between ride and comfort," reports one American automotive journal, "is equaled by less than a handful of other cars in the world."

Driving competence is matched by driving pleasure. This is no commonplace luxury sedan but a responsive 1½-ton machine with swift mechanical reflexes. The power-assisted steering system fitted to the 300D feels almost too sure and accurate to *be* power steering; it is designed for minimal interference with vital road "feel." The hydraulically actuated, torque-converter automatic transmission can be shifted through its four speeds like a manual, with a manual-type lever by the driver's side.

*EPA estimate for comparison purposes. The mileage you get may vary with trip length, speed and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be less. California estimates vary.

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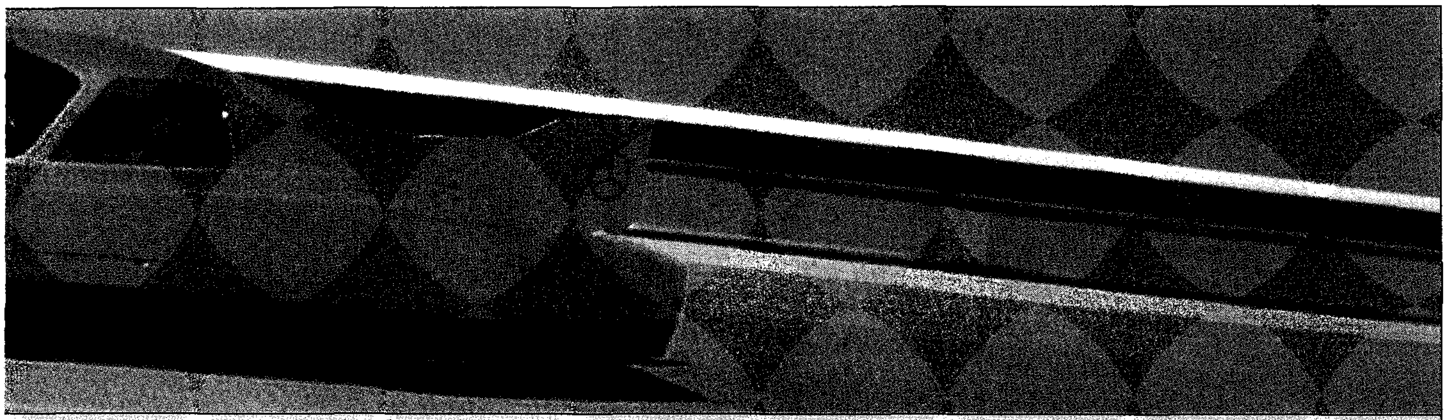
300D TURBODIESEL



to the 300D Turbodiesel Sedan below–and created the best-performing diesel automobile in America.

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The cabin affords civilized accommodation for five adults.

This is a matter of more than trappings and gadgetry; note that the driver's seat is a 58-lb. biomechanical support system, carefully shaped, deeply padded, meant for comfort over the long haul. (Mercedes-Benz believes in fitting the seats to the occupants, not the occupants to the seats.) The rear bench-type seat is contoured and comfortable. And almost five feet wide.

Scrupulous assembly of doors and windows, combined with fine aerodynamic detailing of the body–and even the outside mirrors–help keep the 300D almost *eerily* free of wind noise at highway speeds.

The interior is velour-carpeted and trimmed with the hand-finished, selected woods traditional in Mercedes-Benz sedans. Your hours behind the wheel are eased by automatic climate control, electronic AM/FM stereo/radio and cassette player, electronic cruise control, and electric window lifts–all standard. Even an electric sliding sunroof is optional at no extra cost. Note that those gleaming forged light-alloy wheels are also standard features.

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PERFORMANCE BEYOND THE ROAD

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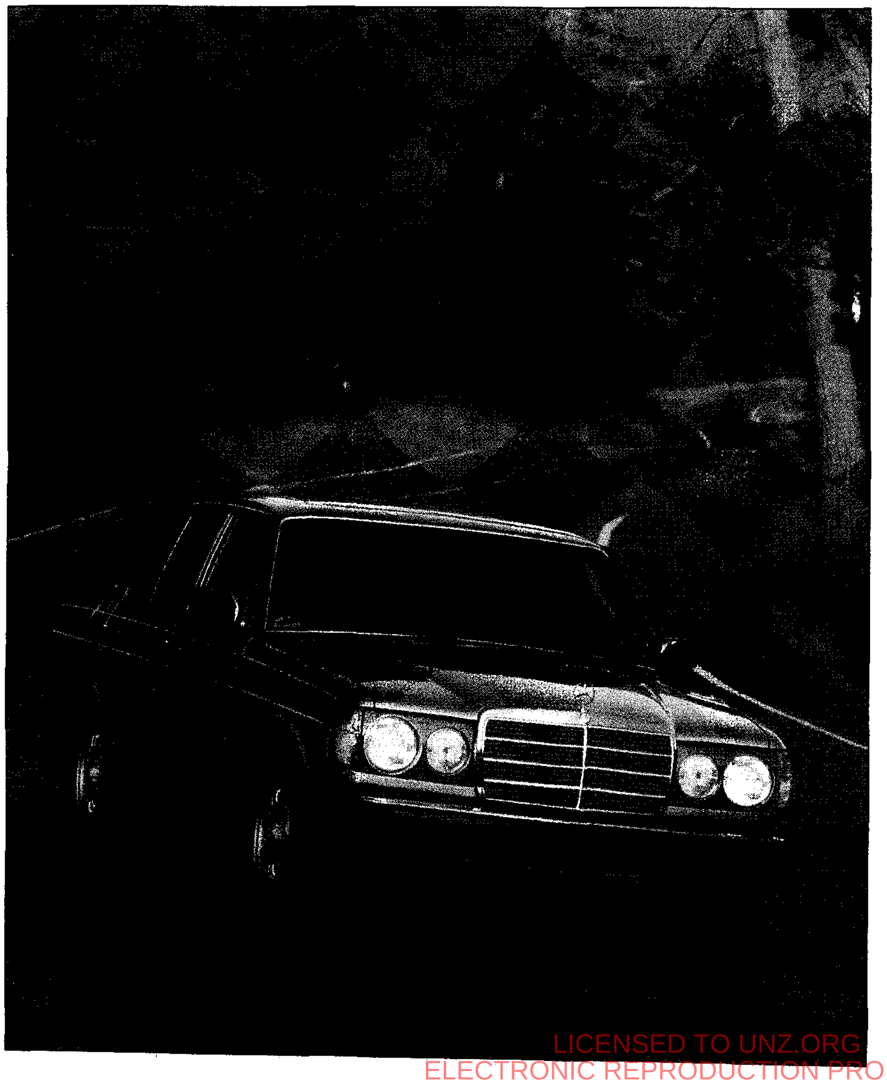

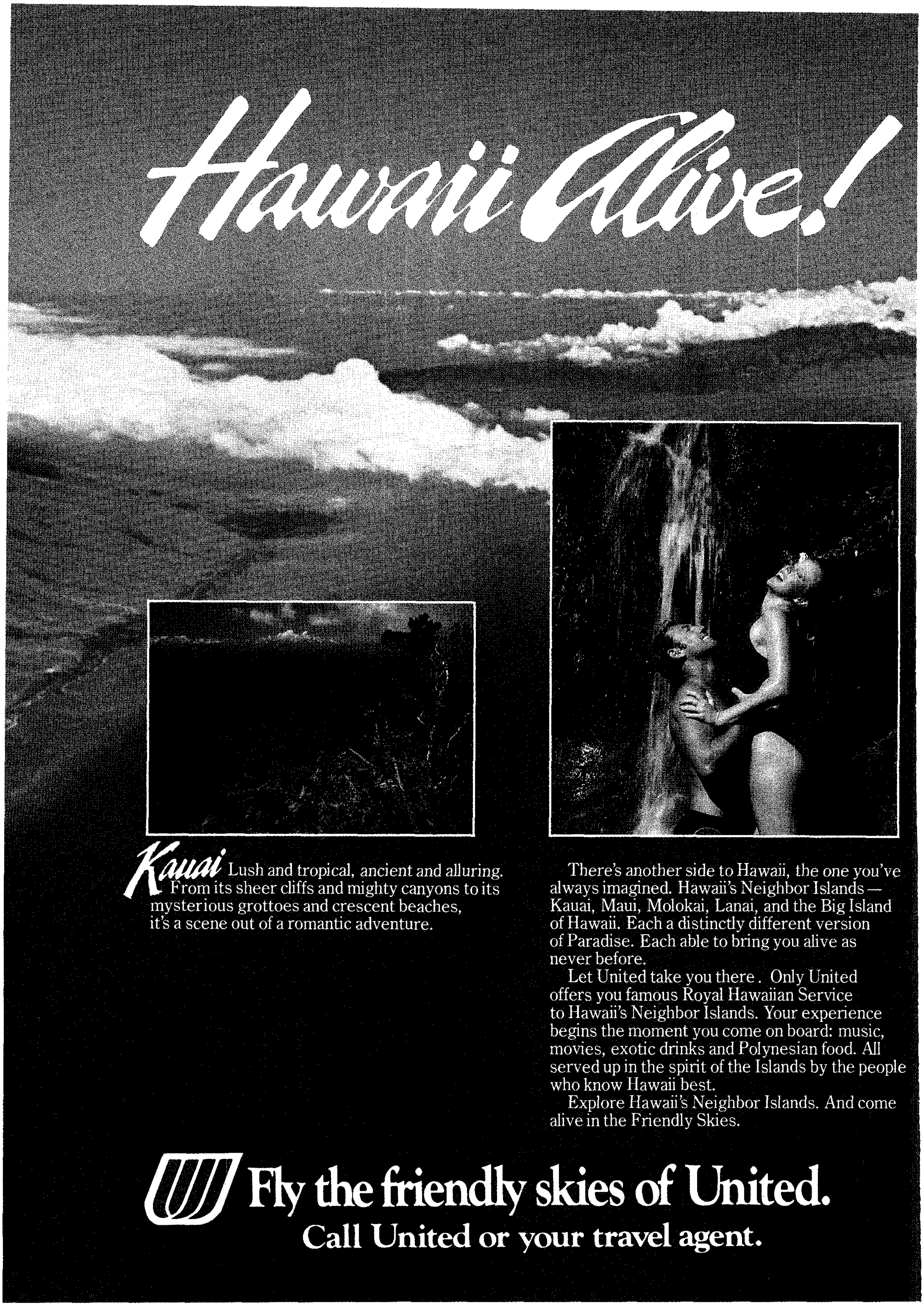

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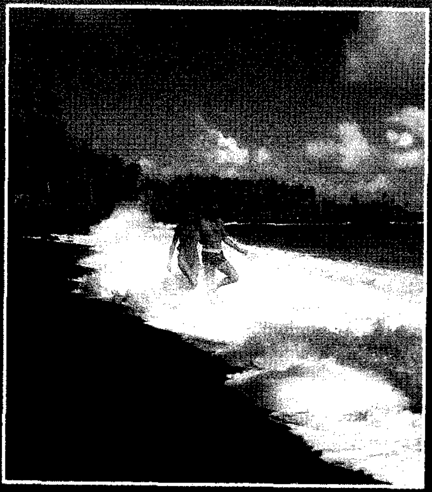

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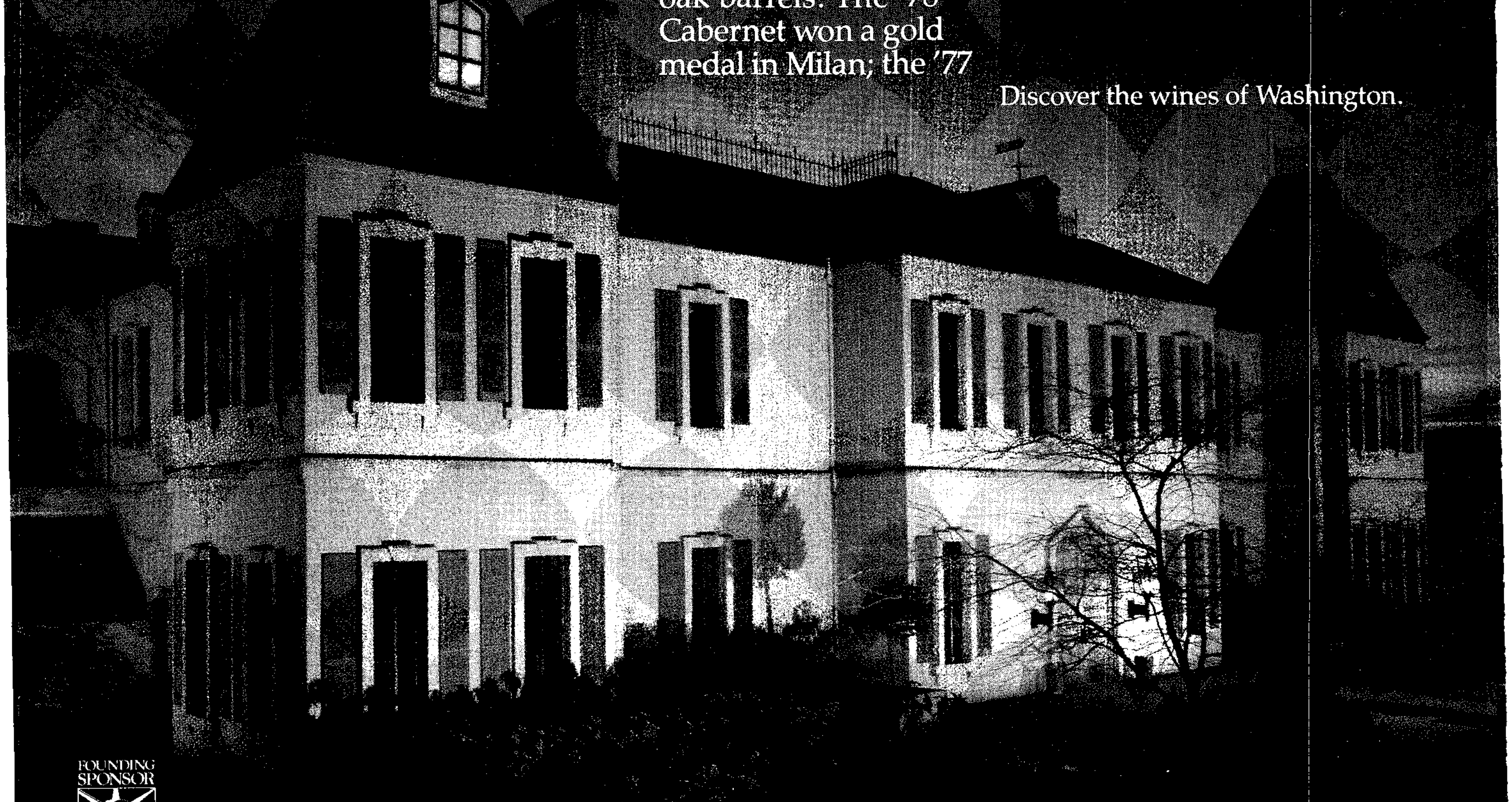

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rors about an ugly, bald, whimpering, middle-aged homosexual (Donald Pleasence) whose beautiful young French wife (Françoise Dorléac) dresses him up in her nighties. This strange form of connubial bliss is interrupted by an American gangster (old gravel-voiced Lionel Stander himself). Roman Polanski directed this freak show. (Metro Cinema; March 9.)

A Damsel in Distress (1937)—Joan Fontaine is a rich girl loved by Fred Astaire. Set in London. George Gershwin at pretty near his best debonair songs ("A Foggy Day," "Things Are Looking Up," "I Can't Be Bothered Now"). Dashing stuff, directed by George Stevens. (Regency; March 6-7.)

The Dresser—Almost everything in this screen version of Ronald Harwood's 1980 play is good except what relates to its theme: the symbiotic relationship between an old Shakespearean actor-manager (Albert Finney) and his dresser (Tom Courtenay). The material is conceived as a tribute to the flyweight dresser, who cajoles and teases and mothers the old trouper, and keeps him going. In the film's view, great actors are incorrigible, demented children; they need these dedicated nannies hopping about and fussing over them. Courtenay played the dresser on the stage, and his performance is too practiced; it's all dried up. Finney, however, is juicy, with a thundering voice and wonderful false humility. Peter Yates directed, and he provides some fond, light moments. With Lockwood West, Edward Fox, Cathryn Harrison, Eileen Atkins, and Zena Walker. (1/23/84) (Cinema II, Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.)

Educating Rita—It's no more than a duet "opened up" a bit for the screen, but the lines have surprise and wit. Michael Caine plays a dispirited, burned-out slob of a college professor who tries to conceal his mediocrity by carrying on as if he were Dylan Thomas. Rita, played by Julie Walters, is a street-smart young hairdresser in Liverpool who wants the education that he, with his doctorate and his fancy turns of speech, has decided is worthless. Rita is Julie Walters' role in the way that Billie Dawn in "Born Yesterday" was Judy Holliday's role. The material isn't sustained—Rita, like Billie Dawn, is inevitably less entertaining after she's transformed—but Caine gives a master film actor's performance. Directed by Lewis Gilbert; Willy Russell adapted his own play. (11/14/83) (Loews New York Twin; through March 1. . . . ¶ Festival; starting March 2.)

El (1952; literally "He," but in this country it has sometimes been called "This Strange Passion")—Working in Mexico, Luis Buñuel made this mocking study of irrational love and jealousy—a film with suggestions of Freud and the Marquis de Sade. Francisco (Arturo de Cordova), a wealthy Catholic, marries Gloria (Delia Garcés), and the symptoms begin on their honeymoon; imagining that her former fiancé is in the next room spying on them, he thrusts a knitting needle through the keyhole. As the symptoms mount in an absurd but frightening crescendo, Buñuel makes his own thrusts at the Church, and by carrying the Spanish male's obsession with female chastity to paranoia he exposes the insanity that's inherent in it. (One critic described the film as "an 'Othello' with the hero as his own Iago.") By the time Francisco takes needle and thread to his wife, one is still not convinced that the movie isn't ludicrous, but in the final scene, when Francisco has gone to a monastery and we see his crooked little steps (they are like the movements of his thoughts), Buñuel's daring is fully apparent. Except for the well-edited anti-clerical sequences, however, one must be prepared to enjoy his daring (which usually takes the form of bizarre jokes) despite the careless, cheaply made look of the film. In Spanish. (Thalia; March 10.)

Entre Nous—With Isabelle Huppert and Miou-Miou, directed by Diane Kurys. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema Studio.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (among them Stokowski, who did it voluntarily, and Stravinsky, who was brought in involuntarily), and this grab bag of ambitious animated shorts—an attempt to combine high art and mass culture—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. Disney's animators provided visual interpretations of Bach's "Toccata and Fugue in D Minor" (in Stokowski's transcription, which is a precursor of the musical processing in "2001") and of hyped-up excerpts from "The Nutcracker Suite," "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," "The Rite of Spring," the "Pastoral Symphony," "The Dance of the Hours," and "A Night on Bald Mountain" (which somehow leads into the "Ave Maria"). Volcanoes erupt and dinosaurs battle during "The Rite of Spring;" garlanded girl centaurs cavort during Beethoven's "Pastoral." Initially, the film was a box-office failure, but it proved successful in revivals, especially in the early seventies, when it became a popular head film because of such ingredients as the abstract first section, the mushroom dance during "The Nutcracker Suite" (one of the liveliest sequences), and the overly bright—somewhat psychedelic—color. "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," featuring Mickey Mouse, and parts of other sequences are first-rate Disney, but the total effect is grotesquely kitschy. (Ziegfeld.)

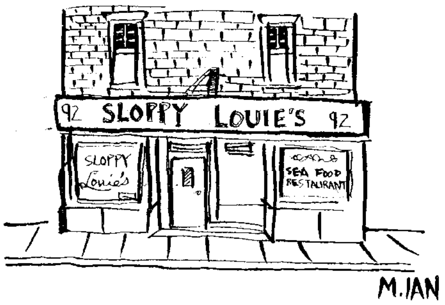
Footloose—With Kevin Bacon and Lori Singer, directed by Herbert Ross. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews State.)

The Glass Key (1942)—Alan Ladd, Veronica Lake, and Brian Donlevy in a not particularly memorable, though reasonably faithful, version of the Dashiell Hammett novel. Stuart Heisler directed, from Jonathan Latimer's screenplay. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 4.)

Gun Crazy (1949; originally called "Deadly Is the Female")—Peggy Cummins and John Dall in a tawdry version of the Bonnie and Clyde story. Cummins is a really mean broad, whose partner is her desperately eager victim. In its B-picture way, it has a fascinating crumminess. With Morris Carnovsky, Berry Kroeger, Annabel Shaw, and Don Beddoe. Directed by Joseph H. Lewis, from a screenplay based on MacKinlay Kantor's *SatEvePost* story, and credited to Kantor and Millard Kaufman. Dalton Trumbo, who was blacklisted at the time, later revealed that he wrote the script and persuaded Kaufman to let him use his name. (Film Forum; March 7-8.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. Their first film, and wonderful. Richard Lester directed, from Alun Owen's script. (Film Forum; March 9-10.)

Holiday (1938)—In the thirties, Katharine Hepburn's wit and nonconformity made ordinary heroines seem mushy, and her angular beauty made the round-faced ingénues look piggy and stupid. Here she is in her archetypal role, as the rich tomboy Linda in Philip Barry's romantic comedy. She had understudied the role in 1928 on Broadway and had used it for her screen test, and she was the moving force behind this graceful film version, which Donald Ogden Stewart and Sidney Buchman tailored for her and which George Cukor directed. In the pivotal role of a man who wants a holiday in order to discover his values, Cary Grant manages to make a likable and plausible character out of a dramatist's stratagem. With Edward Everett Horton and Jean Dixon as the man's friends; Lew Ayres as Linda's brother; Henry Kolker as her father; Doris Nolan as her stuffy, patrician sister; and Henry Daniell and Binnie Barnes among her obnoxious relatives. (A 1930 film version starred Ann Harding, with Mary Astor as her sister.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 7.)



The Last Laugh (1924)—Emil Jannings as the man whose self-esteem and position in society depend on his uniform, in F. W. Murnau's masterpiece of design and cinematography. A breathtaking achievement in silent-film technique. With added musical track. (Thalia, and Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 5.)

Never Cry Wolf—Adapted from Farley Mowat's autobiographical book, this Carroll Ballard film is about a young biologist (Charles Martin Smith) working for the Canadian government, who is sent to spend a year in the sub-Arctic North. His mission is to find a way to get rid of the wolves that have supposedly been devastating the caribou herds, but he learns that men, rather than wolves, are the predators. Visually (and aurally, too), the film is magnificent. It needed a more stirring script and a central actor with more range (and some depth). But there's a lot of free-floating transcendence, and though it doesn't serve the prosaic story, it certainly holds you. Everything that Ballard (working with Hiro Narita as the cinematographer) shoots seems new, and it has a distinctive, shimmering purity. (12/12/83) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through March 1. . . . ¶ U. A. 85th St. East; through March 8.)

The Night of the Iguana (1964)—Richard Burton is the defrocked clergyman working as a tour guide; Ava Gardner is the strumpety widow who operates the run-down Mexican hotel where the action centers; Deborah Kerr is the saintly, middle-aged spinster from Nantucket, travelling with her ninety-seven-year-old poet-grandfather (Cyril Delevanti); Sue Lyon is the teen-ager out to seduce the minister; and Grayson Hall is the head of the schoolteachers' tour group. The director, John Huston, brings some coarse melodramatic vitality to the Tennessee Williams play, but whatever poetry it had seems to have leaked out. And without that the movie is terribly obvious, sentimental, and plain dumb. It's also indifferently made. (Regency; March 8-10.)

The Night of the Shooting Stars (1983)—In its feeling and completeness, this film by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani may rank close to Jean Renoir's bafflingly beautiful "Grand Illusion;" and maybe, because it's about the Second World War and Renoir's film was about the First, at times it's like a more deracinated "Grand Illusion." The story is a woman's memories of her adventures as a six-year-old in a Tuscan village and its environs during the summer of 1944, when the American troops were rumored only days away, and the Germans who had held the area under occupation were preparing to clear out—preparations that included mining the houses so they could blow them up. Yet this setting is magical, like a Shakespearean forest, and the woman's account has the quality of folklore and legend, and even its most tragic moments can be dizzyingly comic. The full fresco treatment that the directors give to the events of that summer is based on their own wartime experiences as adolescents, and on the accounts of others; it's this teeming, fecund mixture, fermenting in their heads for almost forty years, that produces the film's giddy, hallucinated realism. With Omero Antonutti as the leader of the group of two or three dozen villagers who sneak away in the night to find the Americans. The script is by the Tavianis and the producer, Giuliani G. De Negri, with the collaboration of Tonino Guerra; the score is by Nicola Piovani; cinematography is by Franco di Giacomo. In Italian. (2/7/83) (68th St. Playhouse.)

El Norte—An independently made epic about the flight of two oppressed, terrorized young Guatemalans—Rosa (Zaide Silvia Gutierrez) and her brother Enrique (David Villalpando)—who travel from their Mayan village in the highlands, which probably hasn't changed much since pre-Columbian times, to modern Los Angeles, where they pass themselves off as Mexicans and become part of the Hispanic cheap-labor force. Within a matter of days, Rosa goes from carrying a large jug of water

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on her head to trying to operate an electronic washing machine in a Beverly Hills mansion. Written by the director, Gregory Nava, and his wife, Anna Thomas, who was the producer, the film tries to cover all the bases—the typical difficult, wrenching experiences of Central American refugees. It's uninspired, but the subject has so much resonance that the picture doesn't leave you feeling quite as empty as an ordinary mediocre movie does. With Stella Quan as Josefita, Trinidad Silva as the L.A. job broker, and Lupe Ontiveros as Nacha. In Spanish. (2/20/84) (72nd Street East. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through March 1. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century Art; starting March 2.)

Nosferatu (1922)—Directed by F. W. Murnau, the original, superbly loathsome German version of Bram Stoker's novel "Dracula" is a concentrated essay in horror fantasy, full of weird, macabre camera effects. Though ludicrous at times (every horror film seems to become absurd after the passage of years, and many before—yet the horror remains), this first important film of the vampire genre has more spectral atmosphere, more ingenuity, and more imaginative ghoulish ghastliness than any of its successors. The movie often seems more closely related to demonic painting than to the later, rather rigid vampire-movie genre. Because Murnau concentrated on scenes of suggestive and horrible beauty and didn't make the narrative line very clear, those who have had little contact with bloodsuckers may be helped by a bit of outline. Henrik Galeen's adaptation of the novel changes the setting from Victorian England to Bremen in 1838. A real-estate agent in Bremen sends his young, recently married clerk to the Carpathian woods to settle some property matters at the castle of Nosferatu (the Vampire). An emaciated skeleton of a man with a rodent face, Nosferatu spends his days in his coffin, his nights sucking blood. The clerk, though weakened by the nightly loss of blood, escapes and returns to his wife. But Nosferatu follows: he boards a sailing ship for Bremen and, incarnating and carrying pestilence, he infects the whole crew. The phantom ship reaches Bremen, and Nosferatu meets the wife, who, knowing that vampires cannot survive the dawn, surrenders herself to him. As the morning sun breaks into her bedroom, Nosferatu dissolves. The influence of this film can be seen in movies as disparate as Bergman's "The Magician" (the opening sequences of the coach) and Godard's "Alphaville" (the use of negative film). With Max Schreck as Nosferatu. (In 1978, Werner Herzog made "Nosferatu the Vampyre," in homage to Murnau's film.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 5.)

La Nuit de Varennes (1981)—Descended from a long line of "Gallic romps," this is a creakingly cultured historical pageant set in the time of Louis XVI. For diverse reasons, assorted historical and fictional personages are travelling by stagecoach to Varennes; the King, who has fled with the Queen, is also on the road, in a coach ahead of them. And what do the ladies and gentlemen who are trailing behind the King do? For two and a half hours, they look knowingly at each other and talk literately. As the decaying Casanova, Marcello Mastroianni (who is made to look toweringly tall) has a couple of superb moments—one with Laura Betti as a jolly touring opera singer, and one with Andrea Ferreol as a wealthy woman who declares her passion for him. Jean-Louis Barrault looks great as the scandalously popular, often pornographic writer Restif de la Bretonne, but the role has been written to make Restif a darling old reprobate, and Barrault just keeps smiling. Also with Hanna Schygulla as a royalist countess; Jean-Claude Brialy, who is almost a comic archetype as her devoted hairdresser; Harvey Keitel as Thomas Paine; and Daniel Gelin and Jean-Louis Trintignant. Written by the director, Ettore Scola, and Sergio Amidei. A French-Italian coproduction, in French. (3/21/83) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; March 6-7.)

Old Acquaintance (1943)—Trashy fun, on an unusually literate level. One of the rare dry-eyed "women's pictures," it features bitchery and keeps its passage of self-sacrifice fairly tart. Bette Davis is an admirably tough-minded, no-nonsense serious writer, and Miriam Hopkins is her flouncy, butterfly-brained friend, who, out of envy, becomes the author of slovenly big bestsellers. Adapted from John Van Druten's play, it spans eighteen years of their love-hate friendship, including a glorious scene in which Davis shakes the catty, hysterical Hopkins. John Loder is Hopkins' husband, who wants to leave her for Davis; Dolores Moran is Hopkins' rebellious daughter; Phillip Reed is a playboy seducer; and Gig Young is the young man who falls in love with the middle-aged Davis. With Esther Dale, Anne Revere, and Roscoe Karns. Directed by Vincent Sherman. (Remade in 1981, as "Rich and Famous.") (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 6.)

Los Olvidados (1950; "The Young and the Damned")—Set in Mexico, Luis Buñuel's ruthless—almost surgical—examination of how the poor prey on one another is the most horrifying of all films about juvenile crime. The one masterwork on this subject, it stands apart from the genre by its pitilessness, its controlled passion. Buñuel doesn't treat his characters as ideas but as morally responsible human beings; there is little of the familiar American-movie cant that makes everyone responsible for juvenile crimes except the juveniles. There's no pathos in this film; it's a squalid tragedy that causes the viewer to feel a moral terror. Buñuel, whose early work fascinated Freud, creates scenes that shock one psychologically. Among them here is the celebrated dream sequence—perhaps the greatest of all movie dream sequences; it is disturbing long after the lacerations of the more realistic material have healed. Buñuel had intended much more in this surreal vein, but he did not have a completely free hand. For example, in the scene in which one of the boys goes to beat up and kill another boy, the camera reveals in the distance a huge eleven-story building under construction; Buñuel had wanted to put an orchestra of a hundred musicians in the building. The cast includes Estela Inda and Roberto Cobo; cinematography by Gabriel Figueroa. In Spanish. (Thalia; March 10.)

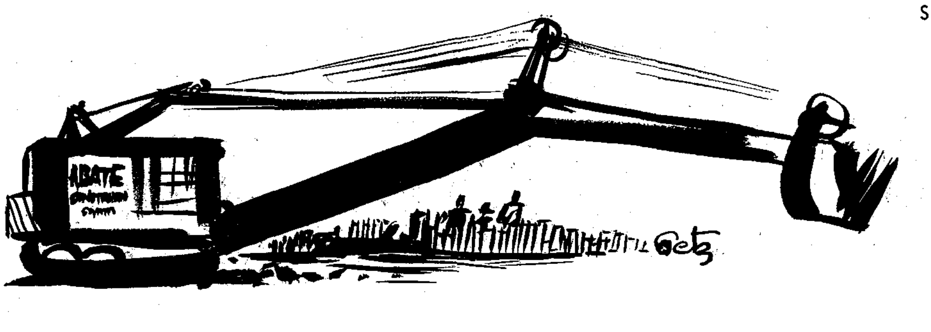
The Right Stuff—Based on Tom Wolfe's 1979 book, this often satirical epic—a reënactment of the early years of the space program (1947-63)—gives off a pleasurable hum. The writer-director Philip Kaufman is working on a broad canvas and it excites him. The movie contrasts Chuck Yeager (Sam Shepard) and the other early test pilots who risk their lives in secrecy with the seven publicly acclaimed astronauts who replace the chimps that were sent up in the first American space capsules. The movie is more than a little skewed: it's Kaufman's—and Tom Wolfe's—dreamy vision of the nonchalant Yeager and a past that never was, set against a comic view of the modern hype-bound world. With Dennis Quaid, Ed Harris, Fred Ward, Scott Glenn, Pamela Reed, Veronica Cartwright, Jeff Goldblum, Barbara Hershey, Mary Jo Deschanel, Kim Stanley, Brigadier General Chuck Yeager as a bartender, Donald Moffat as Lyndon Johnson, and Robert Beer as Eisenhower. Cinematography by Caleb Deschanel; special visual effects by Jordan Belson. (10/17/83) (Manhattan, Loews 83rd Quad, and 8th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Movieland; through March 8. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; starting March 9.)

Scarface—Directed by Brian De Palma from a script by Oliver Stone, this two-hour-and-forty-nine-minute remake of the 1932 "Scarface" has the length of an epic but not the texture of an epic. Al Pacino's Tony Montana, a Cuban who scrambles to the top of the Miami drug world, is just starting to learn the ropes and then, sated with wealth and dope, he's moldy. The picture is peddling macho primitivism and at the same time making it absurd. It's a druggy spectacle—manic yet exhausted, with De Palma entering into the derangement and trying to bring something larger than life out of Tony's debauchery. This may be the only action picture that turns into an allegory of impotence. With F. Murray Abraham, Steven Bauer, Robert Loggia, Michelle Pfeiffer, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Paul Shenar, Harris Yulin, Arnaldo Santana, Richard Belzer, and Miriam Colon. Cinematography by John A. Alonzo; the designer Ferdinando Scarfiotti served as visual consultant; the score is by Giorgio Moroder. (12/26/83) (86th St. East. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through March 1. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century National Twin; through March 8.)

Silkwood—An absorbing but cloudy and unfocussed account of Karen Silkwood's union activism, her contamination by plutonium, and her death in a single-car crash. Directed by Mike Nichols, this passive advocacy film is permeated with paranoia and hopelessness. As the heroine, Meryl Streep has the external details of "Okie bad girl" down pat, but she's like a replicant—all shtick. Kurt Russell, who plays Karen's lover, is used mostly for his bare chest and his dimples. Cher (as Karen's friend and roommate) has a lovely, dark-lady presence, but she's used as a lesbian Mona Lisa, all faraway smiles and shrugs. As a cosmetician in a mortuary, Diana Scarwid gets laughs out of her tight walk and line readings—she sounds like Jean Harlow as a Valley Girl. The cast includes Craig T. Nelson, Ron Silver, E. Katherine Kerr, Sudie Bond, Josef Sommer, and Fred Ward. The script is by Nora Ephron and Alice Arlen. (1/9/84) (Loews Tower East, and R.K.O. Century National Twin. . . . ¶ Baronet; starting March 9. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting March 9, tentative.)

Sudden Impact—Clint Eastwood as Dirty Harry Callahan of the San Francisco Police Department for the fourth time, and the picture is a slightly psychopathic version of an old Saturday-afternoon serial, with Harry sneering at the scum and cursing them before he shoots them. The murderer he's on the trail of is played by Sondra Locke, who, it turns out, is a saintly executioner, much like him; she's taking care of her quota of scum, and might just as well be called Dirty Harriet. The whole thing is so obvious that it might be mistaken for parody if the sledgehammer-slow pacing didn't tell you that the director (Eastwood) wasn't in on the joke. With Pat Hingle, Audrie J. Neenan, Bradford Dillman, Albert Popwell, Paul Drake, Jack Thibeau, Mara Corday, and Michael V. Gazzo. (1/23/84) (Criterion Theatres.)

Suddenly, Last Summer (1959)—One of Tennessee Williams' feverous fantasies, padded out by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, the director, and by Williams and Gore Vidal, who did the screenplay. They should never have allowed the audience so much time to think about what's going on: the short play turns into a ludicrous, lumbering horror movie. Katharine Hepburn is rather amusing as the Southern-belle dragon lady whose homosexual poet-son, Sebastian, was killed and partly eaten by the North African boys he'd preyed upon. Elizabeth Taylor is her distraught niece, whom she's trying to get lobotomized so that the girl won't be able to tell the story. Taylor



works hard at her big monologue, trying to give us the shudders, but Mankiewicz has delayed her revelations too long. Montgomery Clift, in possibly his worst performance, is the dim-witted neurosurgeon who can't seem to get anything into his eminent head. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 7.)

TARZAN AND HIS MATE (1934)—Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan in the carefully prepared follow-up to the 1932 hit, "Tarzan, the Ape Man." It's cheerful and outrageously preposterous. You are right in the heart of the craziest Africa ever contrived for your entertainment; no wild beast ever misses a cue. Tarzan's mate has adapted herself to her husband's mode of living with true Victorian propriety; snug in her tree houses, she has a devoted gorilla for her personal maid. Everything is idyllic, though some old Mayfair friends of hers turn up and make trouble for a while. With Neil Hamilton, Paul Cavanagh, and Forrester Harvey. Directed by Cedric Gibbons and Jack Conway, using location footage blended with a studio jungle; written by James K. McGuinness, Howard Emmett Rogers, and Leon Gordon. (Regency; March 4-5.)

TENDER MERCIES—This bare-bones "art" movie is about the healing of Mac Sledge (Robert Duvall), a legendary country-and-Western singer who has become an alcoholic wreck. The film is said to be honest and about real people, and it affects some viewers very powerfully; audiences are unusually still—almost reverent—as the born-again Mac is baptized at the church of the Vietnam widow (Tess Harper) whose frontier-woman steadfastness has made his redemption possible. The Australian director Bruce Beresford, making his American début with this inspirational film, has shot it in bright sunshine out in the middle of nowhere; the widow's motel—gas station is as isolated as the mansion in "Giant." (It's a mystery how she could ever make a living from it.) Mostly the picture consists of silences; long shots of the bleak, flat land, showing the horizon line (it gives the film integrity); and Duvall's determination to make you see that he's keeping his emotions to himself; and Tess Harper staring out of her cornflower-blue headlights. (These two have matching deep-sunk eyes.) The theme song—which Duvall sings in a dry, unmusical voice—is called "It Hurts to Face Reality." Written by Horton Foote, master of arid realism, the script recalls the alleged Golden Age of Television. With the fine young actress Ellen Barkin, whose few scenes as Mac's daughter by his first marriage are the film's high points, and Betty Buckley, who stirs things up a bit as the brassy, country-star first wife. (5/16/83) (Gramercy. . . . ¶ Loews Paramount. No performances on Wednesday, March 7. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through March 8.)

TERMS OF ENDEARMENT—Retro-forties virtue piled on the cartoon underpinnings of TV comedy shows. The movie is a Freudian story of role reversals between mother (Shirley MacLaine) and daughter (Debra Winger), told in a slap-happy style. Adapted (from Larry McMurtry's novel) and directed by James L. Brooks, this is the kind of bogus picture that gets people to say, "I saw myself in those characters." Of course they see themselves in it; Brooks guides the actors with both his eyes on the audience. The mother is a TV-museum piece, like the characters in "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman" or "Soap;" she's warped. And so is the pie-eyed lecher who's her next-door neighbor—a former astronaut, played by Jack Nicholson. At the end, the picture says, "You can go home now—you've laughed, you've cried." What's infuriating about it is its calculated humanity. What makes it tolerable are the performers. Debra Winger is incredibly vivid; Nicholson is alert and polished. And the cast includes John Lithgow, Jeff Daniels, Troy Bishop, and Huckleberry Fox. (12/12/83) (34th St. East, Coronet, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

THIS GUN FOR HIRE (1942)—Glossily amusing Paramount version of the Graham Greene spy-intrigue thriller "A Gun for Sale," the film's sentimentality has a satisfying underlayer of perversity. Alan Ladd is the nervous, gentle, and sensitive gunman without a trace of human kindliness; what heart he has he gives to the care of sad cats, mongrels, and such. Laird Cregar is the sinister stout villain with fussy habits; the proprietor of a night club, he hires Veronica Lake to entertain the patrons. This was Veronica Lake's first big starring role, and she is the most stylized

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THE GIN GAME. Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn star in this Pulitzer Prize-winning play by D.L. Coburn. This comedy/drama is a funny, perceptive and frightening picture of old age. Tues., March 6, 9 P.M.

HAUNTED. Brooke Adams, as a young divorcee trying to put the pieces of her life together, returns to the scene of her childhood after nine years, for a reunion with her adoptive parents and step-sister. Trish Van Devere and Jon DeVries also star. Tues., March 20, 9 P.M.

FOR US, THE LIVING. This powerful drama focuses on the final years of Medgar Evers, the black civil rights leader shot to death in front of his home in 1963. Howard Rollins, star of *Ragtime,* and Irene Cara, star of *Fame,* portray Evers and his wife. Tues., March 27, 9 P.M.

MISS LONELYHEARTS. Based on the novel by Nathanael West. A young newspaperman is assigned to write the popular advice-to-the-lovelorn column. In the process, he becomes entangled in personal lives as well. Starring Eric Roberts of *Star 80,* Conchata Ferrell and Arthur Hill. Tues., April 3, 9 P.M.

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character of all. Her face is so impeccably blank that when she smiles, as she does perhaps twice in the film, hearts can be heard to break—*smack*—in the theatre. With Robert Preston, Tully Marshall, Marc Lawrence, and Mikhail Rasumny. Directed by Frank Tuttle; adapted by Albert Maltz and W. R. Burnett. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 4.)

To Be or Not to Be (1942)—Some people have great affection for this anti-Nazi comedy-melodrama, with its knockabout seriousness. The stars are Carole Lombard and Jack Benny, bizarrely cast as a famous Polish actress and her actor husband; the plot involves the actors' disguising themselves as Nazis in order to foil the Nazis. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch, who starts off on the wrong foot and never gets his balance; the performers yowl their lines, and the burlesque of the Nazis, who cower before their superior officers, is so crudely gleeful it isn't funny. With Robert Stack, Lionel Atwill, Stanley Ridges, Felix Bressart, Tom Dugan (as Hitler), Sig Rumann, Maude Eburne, Halliwell Hobbes, and Miles Mander. The script was written by Edwin Justice Mayer, from a story conceived by Lubitsch and Melchior Lengyel. Photographed by Rudolph Maté. It was Lombard's last film; two weeks after completing it she was killed in a plane crash while on a tour to sell defense bonds. (Agee Room.)

To Be or Not to Be—This remake of the Lubitsch picture (see above) is a mild farce—benign but not really very funny. The roles once played by Benny and Lombard are now filled by Mel Brooks and Anne Bancroft. She's friendly and sexy, and she seems more at ease in the general silliness than Brooks does. He rushes around in one disguise after another, pretending to be a whole series of Nazis; he never cuts loose. The tall, dazed Christopher Lloyd has a good moment or two, and Charles Durning (as a Nazi colonel) keeps his energy up high enough to give the picture a boost. Others in the cast include José Ferrer, Jack Riley, Tim Matheson, George Gaynes, and James Haake. Directed by Alan Johnson, who doesn't seize his opportunities to work up a head of steam. The semi-new script is by Thomas Meehan and Ronny Graham. (1/9/84) (Olympia Quad; through March 1.)

Too Hot to Handle (1938)—A busy, forgettable Clark Gable–Myrna Loy screwball melodrama. He's a daredevil newsreel cameraman who fakes war stories and will do anything for a scoop, and she's a celebrated aviatrix. One of his dirty tricks wrecks her reputation, and they carry on a love-hate affair that jumps around from China to the Amazon jungle. The director, Jack Conway, flails about trying for laughs, and he settles for facetiousness. The movie looks as if it were made up of odds and ends of scrap footage, and it's crudely racist, in a casual, dumb-jokey way; in the jungle Gable projects a reel of disaster footage in order to frighten the natives, and he jeers at their response—he refers to them as "jitterbugs" and calls the medicine men "monkeys." This hero's cockiness and unscrupulousness seem intended to be likable, but Gable can't bring it off, though Myrna Loy, who is simply dressed and fairly quiet, manages to be very charming, despite the idiotic things she has to do. With Walter Pidgeon, Leo Carrillo, Walter Connolly (in perhaps his worst performance—as Gable's expostulating, dyspeptic boss), Marjorie Main (who has a nice, dry way with her few lines), Virginia Weidler, Willie Fung, Johnny Hines, Al Shean, Henry Kolker, Frank Faylen, and a couple of accomplished black actors whose names are not easy to come by. Laurence Stallings and John Lee Mahin wrote the script. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 8.)

Uncommon Valor—This realistic action fantasy, in which a group of seven former Marines get together for an expedition into Southeast Asia to bring out the missing-in-action men from their Vietnam unit who have been slave laborers for ten years, is right wing and racist, but the director, Ted Kotcheff, keeps the grandiosity in check and the movie is understated and surprisingly enjoyable. It moves on a strong emotional current. As their leader, Gene Hackman treats soldiering in a businesslike way, and he offers a range of held-in, adult emotion that you don't expect to see in an action movie. The cinematography by Steven H. Burum and Ric Waite and the smooth authority of the editing by Mark Melnick also help to undercut the cheap jingoism. With the heavyweight prize-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

fighter Randall (Tex) Cobb, and Fred Ward, Harold Sylvester, Reb Brown, Tim Thomerson, Patrick Swayze, and also Robert Stack, Alice Lau, Debi Parker, Kwan Hi Lim, and Gail Strickland. The script is by Joe Gayton. (1/23/84) (Embassy; through March 1.)

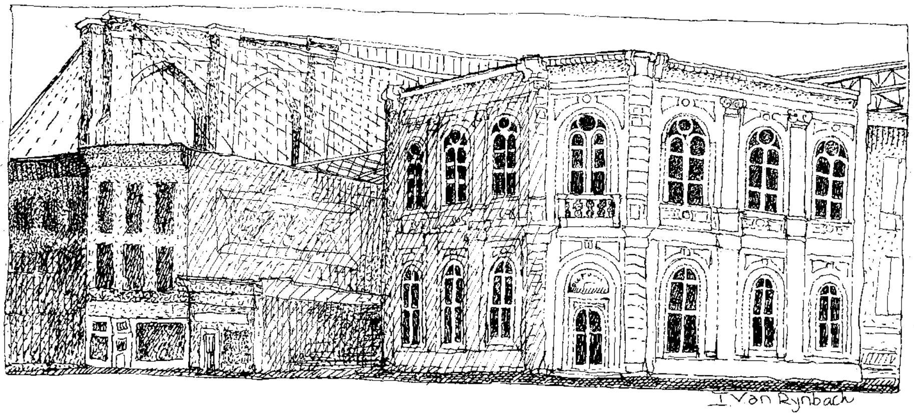
Under Fire—A beautiful piece of new-style classical moviemaking. Set in Nicaragua in 1979, during the last days of Somoza's dictatorship, the film is a little like Peter Weir's "The Year of Living Dangerously," but visually and in its romantic revolutionary spirit it's more like Pontecorvo's "The Battle of Algiers." The director, Roger Spottiswoode, brings the Nicaragua of countless news stories right to the center of our consciousness by showing us how three grownup Americans react to the Sandinist revolution. The stars are the unostentatiously fine actor Nick Nolte as the photojournalist hero—part artist, part automaton; Joanna Cassidy, strong and stunning as a radio reporter; and Gene Hackman in one of his wonderfully expansive performances as a jaunty, professionally likable war correspondent. With Jean-Louis Trintignant, Ed Harris, René Enriquez, and Richard Masur. The often edgy and maliciously smart script, by Ron Shelton (working from a first draft by Clayton Frohman), gives the actors some very knowing material. The cinematography is by John Alcott; the Jerry Goldsmith score, which features a bamboo flute from the Andes with a barely perceptible electronic shadow effect, is a beauty. Shot in Mexico. (10/31/83) (Olympia Quad; starting March 2.)

Variety (1925; also known as "Vaudeville")—A German classic of sadomasochism in a circus setting, with the master masochist actor Emil Jannings as an acrobat who leaves his wife for a foreign girl (plumply erotic, saucer-eyed Lya de Putti); he forms a trapeze act with the girl and a younger acrobat (Warwick Ward)—who inevitably seduces her. The enduring power of the movie, directed by E. A. Dupont and photographed by Karl Freund, is not in its far from original story but in the restless, subjective camera and the fast editing which make it an almost voluptuous experience. Von Sternberg's "The Blue Angel" and Ingmar Bergman's "The Naked Night" are both indebted to it. (A remake in 1935, with Hans Albers and Annabella, was negligible.) Silent. (Thalia; March 5.)

Wife Versus Secretary (1936)—Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, James Stewart, and Myrna Loy in the kind of hit picture that M-G-M was famous for. It's taken from one of the love-triangle magazine stories that Faith Baldwin ground out, and though Norman Krasna, John Lee Mahin, and Alice Duer Miller all worked on it, it's just glossy, contrived, and moralistic. There's no wisecracking here; it's a melodrama, a cautionary tale about temptation. What makes it so fundamentally dull is that Jean Harlow, who's the central character, is cast as a nice hardworking girl. Harlow talks nasal baby talk, her voice rises to a high rasp when she means to show stress, and she walks with a sexual swagger, but she's supposed to be the hyper-efficient executive secretary to Gable, a millionaire publisher. He's in love with his adoring wife, Myrna Loy, who is misled into thinking that he's having an affair with the secretary. Gable overacts rather fatuously and makes the publisher seem very stupid; Loy's role gives her no chance to do anything but fret graciously; and James Stewart, who plays the secretary's poor-boy fiancé, is a high-minded type, who wants her to quit her glamorous job when they get married. Whatever interest the movie has is in the secretary's role, because although innocent of any adulterous wrongdoing, she is half in love with her boss, and she's not happy about her prospects with the virtuous Stewart. Harlow has some moments, but, likably brassy as she is, Jean Harlow is nobody's secretary, and when she tries to seem natural and sincere she is a truly terrible actress. The hairdresser who did her up in rigid little platinum curls didn't help. Clarence Brown directed. With May Robson, Gilbert Emery, George Barbier, Hobart Cavanaugh, John Qualen, Marjorie Gateson, Tom Dugan, and, in a bit, Jack Mulhall. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 8.)

Yentl—Barbra Streisand directed, produced, co-wrote, and stars in this musical version of the Isaac Bashevis Singer story "Yentl the Yeshiva Boy," and it's funny, delicate, and intense—all at the same time. Set in the thriving Polish-Jewish communities of an imaginary, glowing past, it tells of a young woman with a passion for religious study who grows up in a tradition-bound society where women are excluded from scholarship; when her widower father (who has secretly taught her) dies, she dresses as a boy and goes off to enroll in a yeshiva in a distant town. Dressed as a boy, Yentl for the first time feels attracted to a man—the virile, bearded Avigdor, played by Mandy Patinkin, who can hardly wait for his wedding to Hadass, played by Amy Irving. When these three repressed characters become entangled, the movie (like Singer's story) brushes up against darkness on the one hand and sex farce on the other. The music by Michel Legrand isn't varied enough and the lyrics by Alan and Marilyn Bergman are tainted with feminist psychobabble and Broadway uplift, but Streisand sings with passionate conviction. The cast includes Nehemiah Persoff as Yentl's papa, and Steven Hill as Hadass's father. The diffuse, poetic lighting is by the cinematographer David Watkin. (11/28/83) (Embassy 1. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Greenwich Playhouse, and Loews 83rd Quad; through March 1. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; through March 8.)

Zelig—Woody Allen's intricately layered parody: a mock documentary about a celebrity of the twenties, the Human Chameleon, who takes on the characteristics of whatever strong personalities he comes in contact with. The film seems small, and there's a reason: there aren't any characters in it, not even Zelig. Allen shafts the almost universally accepted idea that everyone is someone. This is a fantasy about being famous for being nobody. The whole movie is an ingenious stunt: it has been thought out in terms of the film image, turning the American history we know from newsreels into slapstick by inserting the little lost sheep Zelig in a corner of the frame. Zelig's story couldn't have been told any other way—the pathos would have been crushing. The documentary fakery dries it out and keeps it light. Zelig is always just glimpsed and the movie darts on. It's made up of artful little touches. With Mia Farrow as Zelig's analyst. (8/8/83) (R.K.O. Century Art, and Gemini; through March 1. . . . ¶ Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; March 9-10.)



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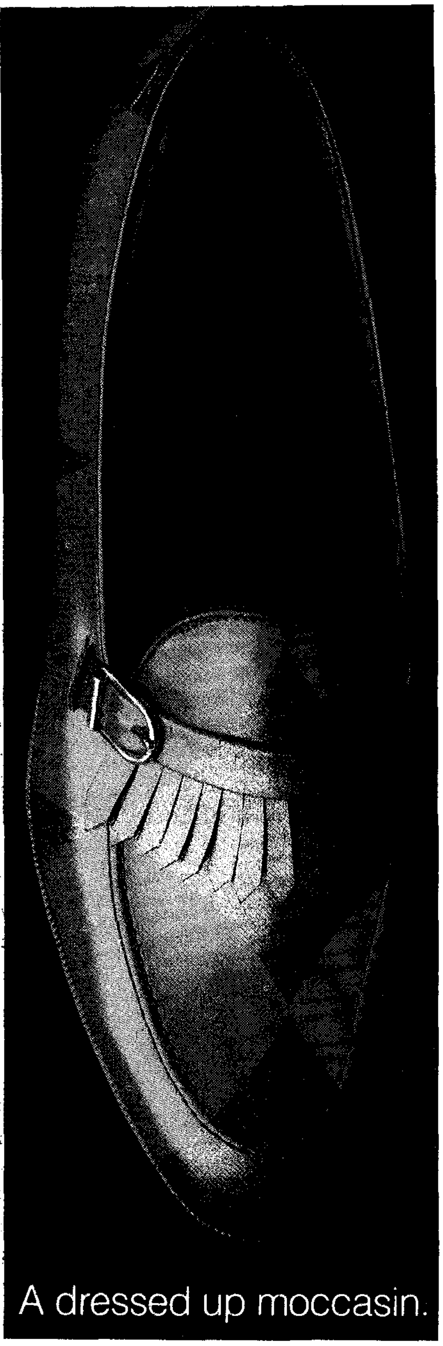

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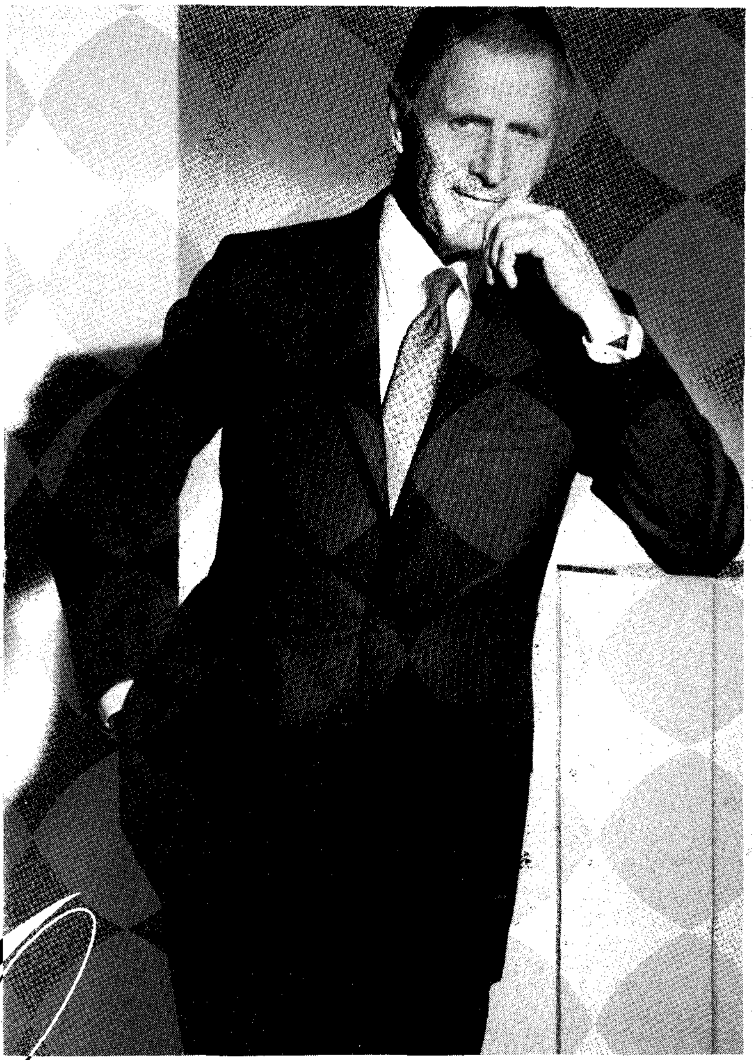

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN a single day, a gentleman of our acquaintance received in the mail four identical printed messages from Citibank. They read as follows:

> A deposit for $935.59 was credited to your account. The actual total of your deposit was $935.59. Because of the error in addition, a credit of $.00 has been made to your account. This will appear on your statement with the description "deposit error."

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Traffic

IN an endless stream of cars on, say, F.D.R. Drive, a novelist sees a million stories—that man visiting his girlfriend, this one looking for the exit to ennui. The salesman of whitewall tires or fuzzy dice sees opportunity. Small insects, probably, see a horrid cataract of windshields not to bash against. And Samuel I. Schwartz sees

$$(\text{Vehicle Miles Travelled})_{hr} = D_1 + D_2 + D_x + D_n = \sum_{x=1}^{n} D_x$$

where D is the distance that vehicle x travels in an hour, and n is the total number of vehicles in motion during that hour. Mr. Schwartz, a thirty-six-year-old man with a bushy reddish-brown beard, is deputy commissioner of transportation in charge of traffic for the City of New York, a former cabby, and the winner of an award from the national Institute of Transportation Engineers for his equations regarding VIM, or Vehicles in Motion, which made it possible to determine the maximum number of taxicabs (fifteen thousand six hundred and forty-four) that New York could license without slowing traffic down to whatever is below a crawl—perhaps a snail's pace. We heard Mr. Schwartz address the City Club last month, and we visited him a few days later in his office, and whereas we once knew only that traffic was slow we now know how slow. Some numbers: twenty-five per cent of all cars parked illegally in midtown Manhattan are limousines; delays at the entrance to the Holland Tunnel are peaking at thirty-seven minutes these days, up from sixteen minutes five years ago; if Veterans Day falls on a Friday, traffic is nine per cent above normal, but if it falls on a Monday, traffic is down six per cent; there is one car for every four people in New York City, compared with one for every 1.8 in the rest of the country; and so on.

The numbers show two big developments since the Second World War, Schwartz told the City Club—falling subway ridership and dramatic increases in auto volume. And in his office he told us, "More people were coming into the central business district in 1948, but they were arriving differently; the situation underground has become relatively intolerable, and this has made the situation aboveground relatively intolerable. Weekly, we flirt with gridlock." Schwartz is the Captain Ahab of gridlock, horrified and yet bewitched. He was in the room when the word—meaning traffic paralyzed past movement in all directions—was coined, in the early nineteen-seventies (he may have used it first; no one remembers); and when we raised the topic he buzzed on his intercom and said, "Rhonda, the gridlock file." We listened for the next twenty minutes as he sifted through the stack of clippings, each using the word in a different way: " 'Interest rate gridlock' . . . 'Football Talks Gridlocked' . . . 'Corporate gridlock'—that's where you stagnate in your job. It's everywhere!" But in the past few years stepped-up towing and new traffic-flow plans have helped some, he said. The average speed on the avenues has increased from eight miles per hour to nine and a half, and on crosstown streets from 4.7 to 5.9. On the East River bridges, Schwartz has installed a fleet of Minuteman tow trucks for instant response to disabled vehicles. "If we lose lanes on those bridges, we have a cattle-chute effect—it's like a cow stuck in a chute. So we have trucks at each, just waiting. As a result," he said, a grin spreading across his bearded face, "since November, 1982, there have been seven thousand one hundred and twenty-seven traffic jams that did not happen."

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"A WEATHERBEATEN sea captain, who made nothing of Atlantic storms, once declared he would rather double Cape Horn than cross Broadway in a jam." That quotation from a nineteenth-century issue of *Harper's Weekly* sets the tone for an exhibition of pictures of—well, traffic jams, which is currently on display at the Museum of the City of New York. The show is called "Gotham in Gridlock." There are pictures of the Cross Bronx Expressway and of Queens Plaza, of Forty-seventh Street, and of Surf Avenue in Brooklyn. There are wood engravings of South Ferry and—the oldest piece in the show—of the City Hall area clogged with traffic a half century before the opening of the Brooklyn Bridge. There are pictures of horses and carriages, of trolleys, of cars, of trucks and buses, and what all the vehicles have in common is that they are stuck in traffic. From every one of those pictures, a voice seems to say, "There must be an accident."

"I was doing a research project a few years ago—someone asked when Fifth Avenue was made one-way, and the answer turned out to be 1966—and I got generally fascinated with traffic," Nancy Kessler-Post, the curator of the exhibit, told us. "Horses were a big problem once. You can't really just put on the brakes with horses. Given the size of Manhattan and the number of vehicles that insist on coming here, I imagine that in a hundred years my successor will be able to do pretty much the same exhibit."

The exhibit, which will be open through April 1st, contains drawings illustrating a number of proposals of ways to cure the city's traffic problems, including Speer's Endless Railway Train, operating on a raised track that passes not only stations but also "Ladies Drawing Rooms," and a proposal for a new Manhattan street beginning at Fifth and Fifty-first and cutting east to the river at about Sixtieth. "King's Dream of New York," dated 1908, describes itself as "a weird thought of the frenzied heart of the world in later times . . . when the wonders of 1908—the Singer Building, six hundred and twelve feet high with offices on [the] forty-first floor, and the Metropolitan Life tower, six hundred and fifty eight feet high—will be far outdone," and the weird thought goes on, "Now nearly a million people do business here; by 1930, it is estimated the number will be doubled, necessitating tiers of sidewalks [and] bridges between the structural heights. Airships, too, may connect us with all the world. What will posterity develop?" In the entire gallery, there is one picture of an open road free of traffic, and that is a recent shot of the sun setting over a desolate abandoned stretch of the West Side Highway.

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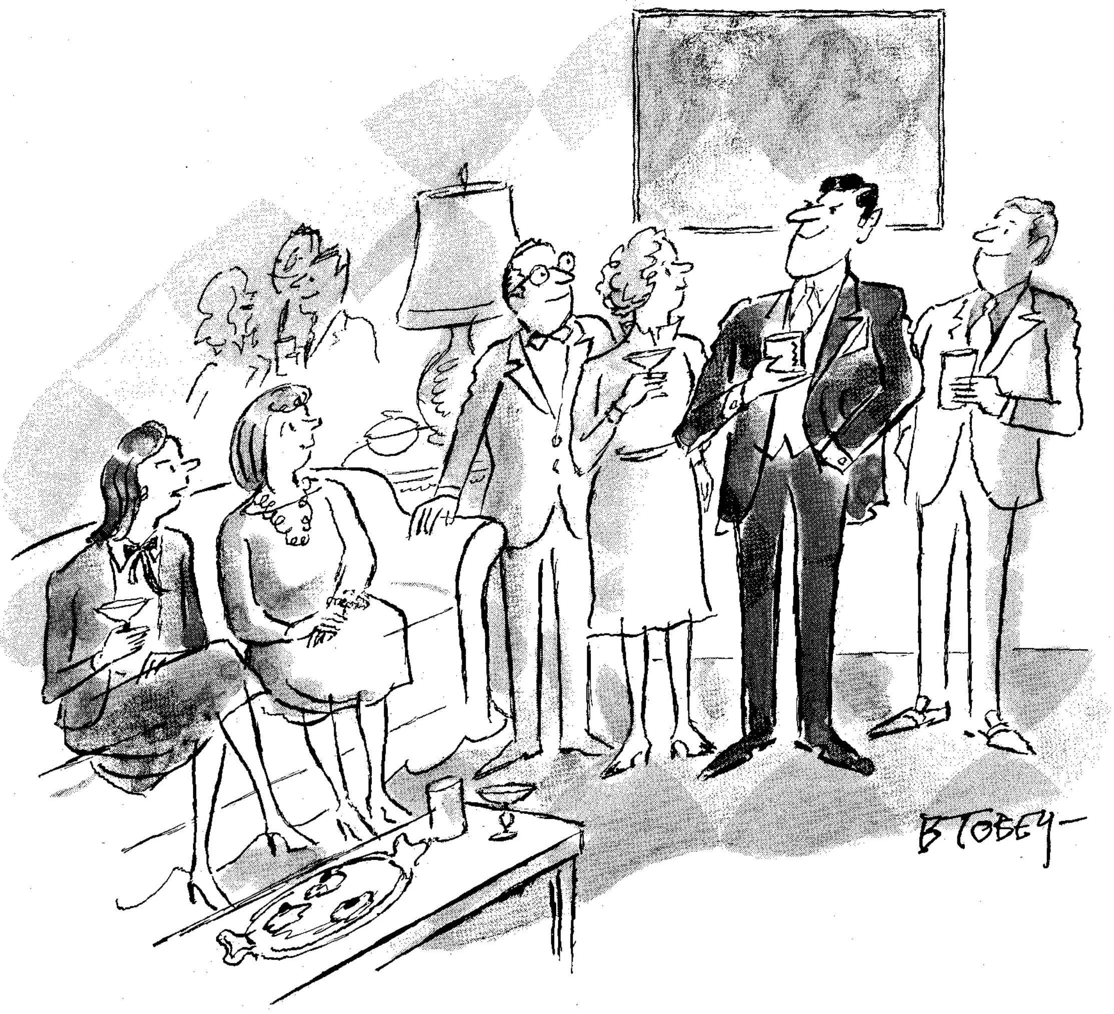
ONE thing that posterity developed, and pretty quickly, was the Holland Tunnel. Late one night last week, when the tunnel had been closed to all but construction workers, we found ourself up in, of all places, the exhaust duct—a space, perhaps five feet high at the center, between the tunnel ceiling and the concrete-lined outside iron ring that encases the tunnel and helps keep the water out. "The Hudson is a few yards from your head," Robert Richter, a construction consultant who is helping to design a new ceiling for the tunnel, told us merrily.

Hunched over, we walked down the dark attic of the tunnel and listened to Mr. Richter explain his project. "I started out in exterior-wall systems," he told us. "To me, a ceiling is just a wall turned ninety degrees. When people talk about our aging infrastructure, they're talking about things like the Holland Tunnel. In the nineteen-twenties, when it was built, it was state of the art. And the state of the art hasn't changed that much in the years since. But the tunnel has got almost sixty years old. It's reacted to that age; it's almost like a living thing. The temperature in the tunnel, for instance, changes radically with the outside weather, so the concrete and the iron expand and contract. There are cracks in the ceiling above the road—but not in the iron ring, which is structurally sound—and it's come time to think of putting in a new ceiling. The Port Authority wants it done right, so it hired the contractor I work for to test a bunch of different materials. As finishing materials, we have two kinds of tile—German and Swedish—and concrete, aggregate, and steel. The first step was to build cross-sections of the ceiling base—one a panel of pre-stressed concrete, the other a panel of pre-cast concrete—out in Pennsylvania and test them for strength. We piled concrete blocks on them for hours; they only had to support eighty-three pounds per square foot, and neither one had any trouble with eight hundred. Once we have the test panels installed in the tunnel, I have to design a test to simulate what will happen if a truck scrapes its top



"Herbert says everything without fear of contradiction."

along the ceiling. That should be fun."

Richter showed us, with the yellow beam of his flashlight, how the tunnel had been built originally: the concrete hauled up to form the ceiling, the arch carefully formed and shaped. "You have to give great thanks to the early engineers and builders," he told us. "Here's something that they built almost sixty years ago, and there's only a problem with one small part of it. And *they* were building it for the first time. It's incredible. And I'd just like to do as well—I really would."

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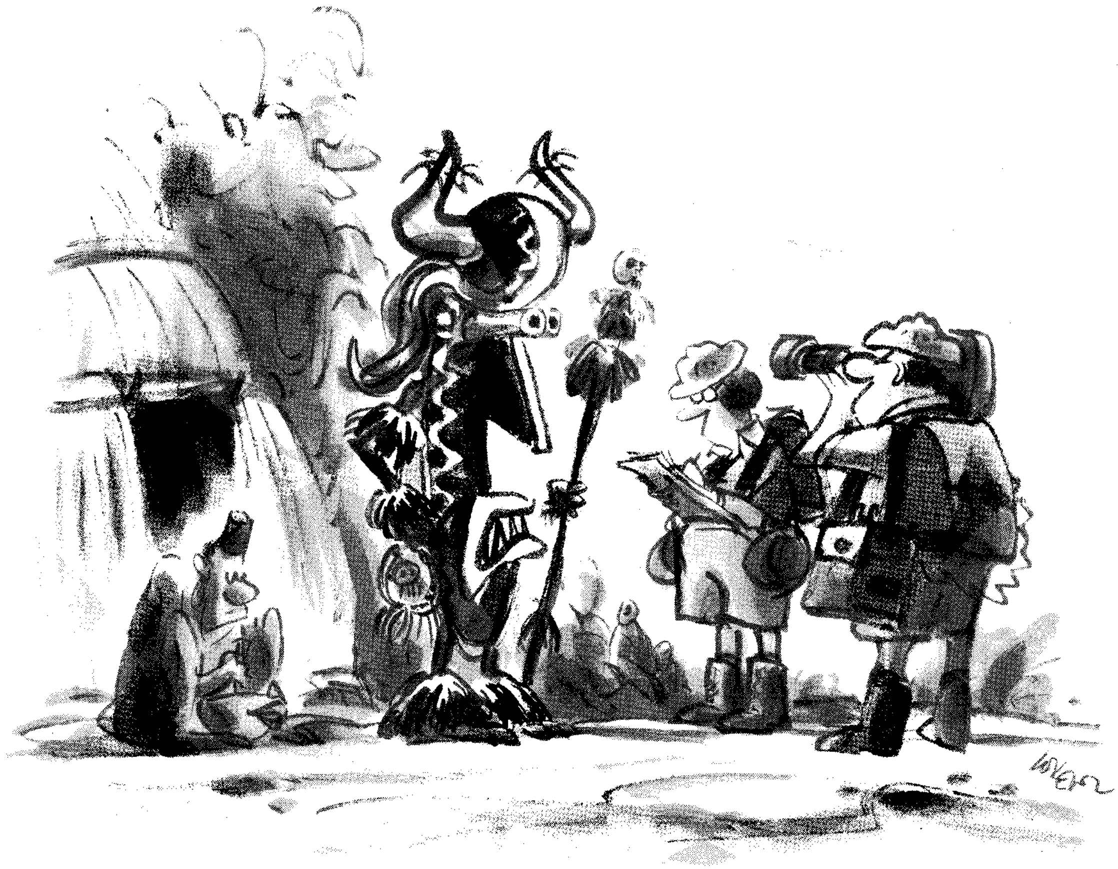

"I used to do just medicine, but lately I've been moving into economics."

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IT was 5 P.M., and a disabled tractor-trailer truck had the Major Deegan Expressway backed up to Yankee Stadium. A red Pinto was careering down the Gowanus Expressway, police in pursuit. Traffic was at a complete standstill on the Cross Island Parkway but moving pretty well down the L.I.E., now that that construction work at Woodhaven Boulevard had ended. And we were sitting in a small room in a house in Brooklyn's Park Slope section, watching Cyril J. Williams watch the city. "There's a lot of accidents this afternoon, which might surprise you, since it's a nice day outside, but it doesn't surprise me," Williams said. "A really cool, fine day like this, they feel great, they get in their cars, roll down the windows, and step on it. Maybe they turn on the radios real loud, listening to that rock and roll. We had that fog the other week, and everyone slowed down, paid attention, and we came through it fine."

Friendly and relaxed, Williams would be an easy man to talk to except for constant interruptions from a bank of radios and walkie-talkies surrounding him. Williams spends each rush hour monitoring all the Traffic Bureau radios, a police scanner, and the traffic reports of four different radio stations; every half hour, he compiles the information and radios it in to the city's traffic department headquarters, and the people there use the data to dispatch agents and tow trucks. Williams will be talking about, say, the places he has reached on his shortwave set and lighting his pipe and listening to his bank of radios all at once, with no apparent problem save for the pipe, which goes out two or three times a minute. Williams, who is blind and partly disabled, was the first radio operator that Traffic ever hired, more than twenty years ago. "There's no way I can get in the bad habit of goofing off, because control is depending on me. And that's the ultimate—when someone needs you. The worst thing you can do to a conscientious worker is put him off by himself, because then he'll work harder than ever," Williams told us, adding, "The Grand Central Parkway is starting to back up, out by Shea Stadium."

When the commercial-radio traffic reports come on, Williams listens carefully, though he already knows most of what they are reporting; it is the attentiveness of a critic. "He said nothing; it was just a rehash" was the verdict after one copter pilot delivered his spiel. "He only gives one spot—his reports are too focussed, so you don't get the broad picture," he said of another.

"We have our own standards in this business," Williams said. "For the last few weeks, they've been working on the Brooklyn Bridge, and sometimes that has stopped traffic all the way back to Staten Island. The first couple of days, we were calling it 'heavy,' but then it became 'normal,' and that's what we've been saying since. That's what this business is about sometimes—making normal out of a catastrophe."

Spinning and Mixing

MUSIC LESSON FOR OUR TIME. Most recent dance records have been coming out as twelve-inch singles—the same size as L.P.s. They are priced in the penny-less pattern of $3.49 or $3.99, which is meant to encourage the young and the broke, and they have been coming from between four and five hundred record companies in the United States, Canada, and Europe. The starting point, these days, for the popularity of a record is among the people who like to dance in discothèques. There are about a thousand discothèques in the metropolitan area alone. The spinners of the records in the discothèques are the present-day disc jockeys—about twenty-five hundred of *them* in our area. The radio-station people who talk and play records are no longer called disc jockeys, or d.j.s; they are now known in the music business as "airwave personalities." The way most disc jockeys get their records is via record "pools," of which there are about two dozen in the New York area. The record companies supply the pools with free records. Each pool has a roster of disc jockeys, who pay the pool a fee and pick up the new records from the pool once a week and inform the pool about how the records are doing with the dancers, and vice versa.

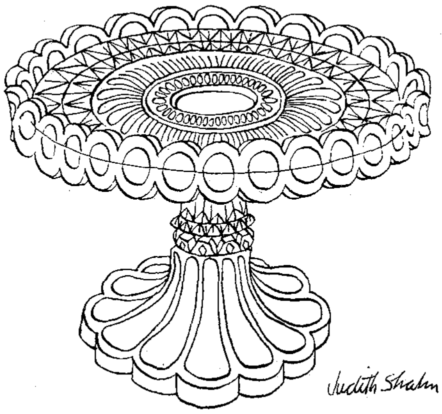
We were brought up to date on all this information, and more, during a chat with Bobby Davis, the president of a record pool named Spinners Unlimited Record Enterprises and usually called SURE. Davis, who has a delightfully hoarse voice and uses it with enormous patience, told us that he started SURE six years ago, when he was twenty-three. He is now ensconced, with his company, in an office over a beauty parlor at 1852 Westchester Avenue, in the Bronx, right next door to a discothèque called P.C.'s, which, he says, stands for Preferred Clientele but is open to one and all.

"D.j.s are a whole new society of creative individuals," Mr. Davis explained to us. "They are the guys who splice and play. They are the guys who create the club sound. They do not speak. They just use their talents. They work in the clubs, or in studios, or even at home, if they have two turntables, a mixer, headphones, amplifiers, and talent—your basic equipment. They are, you might say, custom mixers. They don't just put the records on turntables. They combine records, they repeat passages, they bring the sound up and down, they bring out the vocals or the instrumentals, they bring out the bass, they drop out instruments altogether, they play records backward—creative stuff like that. They also make tapes of their own mixes and give them to the radio stations. A professional d.j. is a guy who knows the old and is eager to know everything that's new. In the clubs, he can take a crowd from the lowest point and make them scream and yell. He's the one who gets them to bark."

In the background we could hear a solid, loud drumbeat, a lot of bass, and considerable high-spirited conversation, none of which seemed to distract Mr. Davis. "Before a d.j. reaches the expertise that enables him to elicit barks, he must research the good new hot records," Mr. Davis said. "We are very selective about the new d.j.s we let into SURE, because we want to maintain very high standards of both research and expertise. So far, we've kept our membership limited to a hundred and twenty-five. They pay us fifty dollars a month each, for which they get the records and our research. We are now an established and valuable part of the music industry. D.j.s are allowed to belong to only one pool. That's the unwritten rule. Our d.j.s are at the Cotton Club, in Harlem, and at the Silver Shadow, Laces Roller Skating, Club Zanzibar, the Roxy, the Roof Top, 2001 Odyssey, the Casbah, Valentine's, Les Mouches, Empire Roller Disco, Chicago, Ozone Layer, Adam's Apple, Peachtree, Melody Lounge, Streets, Skate City, Limelight, Players, Friends, Trixx, Crystal Lounge, Broadway International, Tantrum—"

We interrupted Mr. Davis to ask for a brief rundown on how SURE got started.

"It was a way of bringing the new music—the street music—to the industry," Mr. Davis replied. "We're now used by all the big record companies, but the new music was, and still is, put out mostly by the small, independent companies. They set the trends. They still put out the most creative records. A lot of the most popular dance records are put out by the independents. Companies like Prelude, West End, Emergency, Streetwise, Prism, Factory, Sugar Hill, Cutting, Tuff City. Time on the radio stations is still the most important key to a hit. But the d.j.s in the clubs are the ones who report the most danceable records to the pool, and they also give the airwave personalities their feedback. Now fifteen of our d.j.s are at clubs that have videos, so we're getting into that, too. Finding new hot records is an important part of our work. We're the trendsetters. Our d.j.s were behind Afrika Bambaataa's rap record 'Planet Rock.' SURE helped it get going. It made a gold record—a half-million copies. The twelve-inch single was created because of the club d.j.s, you know. It's an extended mix. Some d.j.s make the singles for the record companies, because the d.j.s are the ones who know how to get to the crowd. Some of their studio mixes, or re-mixes, are works of art. The d.j.s take the basic tapes, overdub them, drop out some instruments, but usually not the drums, keep the voice, and scratch—which means rotate the record backward to the beat with your finger. They can kick it, which means boost up the bass lines. People go crazy for that. Re-mix extends the playing time of a record. When dancers are getting into it, they don't want it to end. Thanks to the d.j.s, the seven-inch single is now almost obsolete. I won't give up d.j.ing myself. Last night, I had a gig at a disco where they *start* at 3 A.M. Everybody goes there after they leave the other places."



Judith Shahn

Mr. Davis told us that he also took time to do mixes for various artists. "I started half my life ago, when I was fifteen, as a mobile d.j., which is where you travel around with your own equipment that I already told you about," Mr. Davis said. "I'd work the weddings, the bar mitzvahs, all like that. It was cool. I'd make four, five hundred dollars a night. But there was too much work to do, so I switched over to the clubs, which paid much less. At that time, I was under the influence of the Zulu Nation, Afrika Bambaataa's youth movement, which Afrika Bambaataa led toward his love of music, and so a lot of us, thank God, got deflected from violence. Music soothes the savage beast, you know. Music brings us together. White people can come uptown now and go to Disco Fever, clubs like that, while our street music is accepted downtown. What we call our hit men visit the clubs regularly, and they report back to the pool on what the crowds are going for."

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OUR next step under Mr. Davis's tutelage was to make contact with a SURE hit man: Nick Felicione, twenty-four, who has been a d.j. for five years, at Marco's, now called Starbucks, on Forty-fifth between Lexington and Third, and at Jo-Jo's, in Westchester, still called Jo-Jo's. We arranged to accompany him while he checked on Les Mouches, on Eleventh Avenue at Twenty-sixth Street. Mr. Felicione, who has a full and bouncy head of light-brown hair combed straight back, met us wearing Jordache jeans and a silky-looking black jacket bearing designations in yellow letters which identified his purpose:

S.U.R.E.
Spinners
Unlimited
Record
Enterprises
The Music Force
Home of the Professional D.J.s

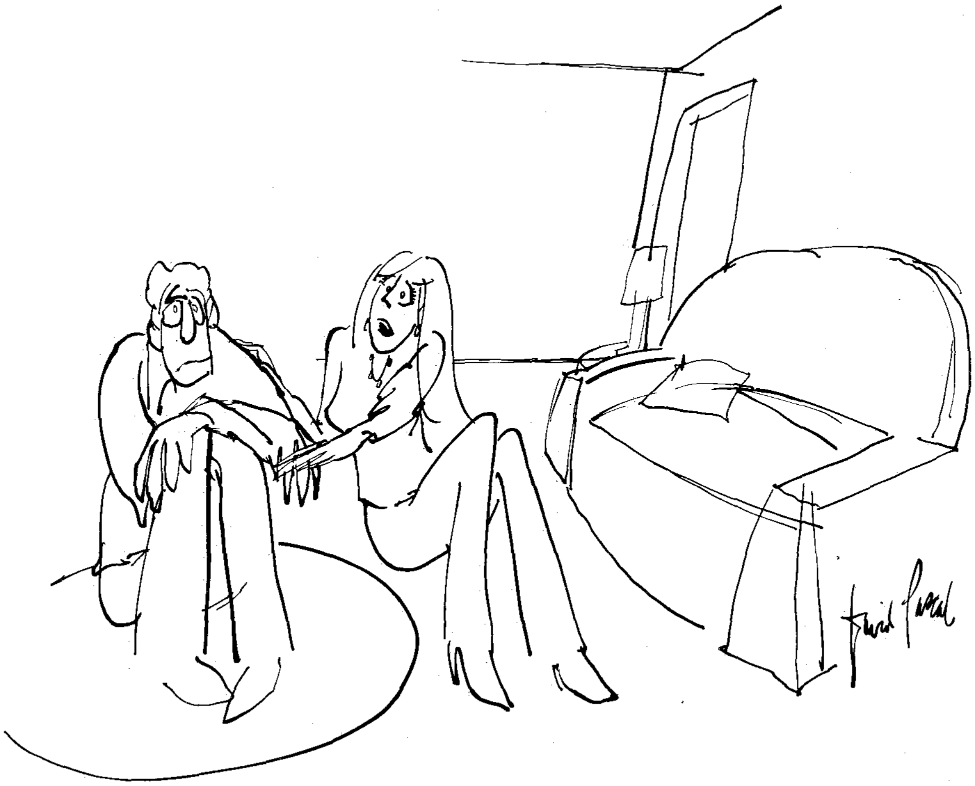
"My dedication is to the pool," Mr. Felicione told us. "I have a professionalism about me. I can tell when a d.j. is trying to get a sound together—his creativity, his dedication to the sound. I report to the pool, but as a d.j. I also report to seven New York radio stations—all three disco channels, which are WKTU-FM 92.3, WRKS-FM 98.7 (known as KISS), WBLS-FM 107.5, and the four major rock channels, which are WLIR, WPLJ, WNEW-FM, and WAPP—because the airwave personalities like to get feedback from many sources. At Les Mouches, I'll be looking for O.D.O.R.—that's our classification in our pool publication, *S.U.R.E. Shot*, for Only Dance-Oriented Rock records—and how the d.j. gets the flow reaction from the crowd. I'm looking for the d.j.'s spinning technique, his crowd control, whether he's spinning without breaking the flow and energy of the crowd. I'm looking to hear not only what the d.j. is playing—whether it's the Top Forty or progressive new stuff—but what format he is using, what his sound is, and then I'm looking to see the nature of the crowd participation."

It was a little after midnight when we got to Les Mouches, on the fourth floor of a large loft building. (Admission: ten dollars.) The lights were going full force and the music was loud, but the dance floor was sparsely populated, with dancers who seemed to be going through obligatory, uncommitted gestures, without much energy. The resident d.j., a happy-looking, gum-chewing young man named Eddie Diaz, who was wearing a lavender sweatshirt bearing the notation "Paradise Garage," permitted a substitute to spin while he greeted Mr. Felicione and informed us that we had come too early.

"People here don't want to be first on the floor," Mr. Diaz said. "They don't want the others to think they have the keys to the club. In a little while, I'll start spinning and mixing, working the lights, getting the crowd to dream, to see the colors. I'll lift their mood. I'll start them all barking. I'll be orchestrating the whole night, flowing with the people. If I play something with a hundred and twenty beats a minute, I'll go into something else with the same type of beat. Or I'll play two records at the same time or back-spin it, making it scratch."

"Every borough has a different style," Mr. Felicione said. "The Bronx is very bebop—street music, with a heavy, funky bass beat—which is good for electric boogie and break-dancing. They like a choppy sound. In Brooklyn, they go for the bebop sound, but basically they go for the Top Forty—commercial. In Queens, they want anything with a faster beat. But Manhattan wants the progressive city sound. They like the records before anybody hears them on the radio."

Mr. Diaz went to work, earphones on, behind his turntables, on a raised platform at one side of the dance floor. He worked the lights and spun and mixed a lot of records that Mr. Felicione told us were hot, both old and new—"We All Are One," "No Man Is an Island," "Talk to Me," "Din Daa Daa," "Let the Music Play," "White Lines," and "Communication." By 2:30 A.M., life at Les Mouches seemed to be going full blast, with nobody afraid to be thought of as possessing the keys to the club. Mr. Diaz looked happier than ever, and Mr. Felicione filled out a SURE Inc. Club Review Survey Sheet, noting that the Sound System Quality was "Intense;" the Music Format was "Funky, with a lot of bass;" the Music Creativity was "Expanding with scratching to Be-Bop sound;" the DJ Mixing Ability was "Greatly creative;" the Lighting System had "Strobes, Flashes, and Mirrors;" the Clientele was "Black, Latin, and White;" the Average Age was "25;" the New Music Played was "DJ creating new music format, new product in urban contemporary Top 40." Under "Comments," Mr. Felicione wrote, "High bass. 'Cavern' by Liquid Liquid into 'White Lines' by Grand Master Flash seemed to be a big hit. Full participation of crowd. Fine mix on dj's part. Mixed into 'Let the Music Play' by Shannon. This cut absolutely made them bark."



"Is there a yearning with the churning, or is it mostly just churning?"

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DEAR FREQUENT TRAVELLER

Global Airlines is once again happy to bring you its monthly update on the most innovative Frequent Traveller Program in existence. It's been three years since we first introduced our Frequent Traveller Program for a limited period of time, and two years since we extended the limited period of time for an additional limited period of time, and a year since we decided to do it forever. Many of you Frequent Travellers have already flown enough miles to qualify for discount fares all over the globe, and have been part of our program long enough to have witnessed some of our most exciting changes, such as the decision to lower the number of miles between New York and Chicago from 946 to 713. From the beginning we've been proud to be the first to bring you special awards for more than airplane travel—for rental cars, hotels, cruises, and almost any item purchased in St. Louis. Last month we announced that Kingspark Hotels would join the FTP next month, and this month it's our pleasure to announce that they probably won't after all! And we have many other exciting changes to let you in on in the months ahead.

FLY GLOBAL TO EUROPE AND BACK AND WIN A FREE ROUND-TRIP TICKET ANYWHERE IN THE U.S. EXCEPT NEW YORK, LOS ANGELES, CHICAGO, MIAMI, DETROIT, AND SAN FRANCISCO

From March 26 through April 2, 1984,* fly three round-trips to Europe** on First Class and you will receive a certificate entitling you to a free round-trip ticket to any number of cities that it probably never occurred to you to visit! The certificate may be used at any time.***

ANNOUNCING GLOBAL'S NEW SERVICE TO ABILENE

Beginning April 3, 1984, Global will offer new direct service between Abilene, Tex., and Denver, Colo., stopping briefly in Midland/Odessa and for quite a while in Oklahoma City. Fly from Abilene to Denver on our new service—or from Abilene to any city that rhymes with Abilene****—and you can earn double-mileage credits. This offer expires April 4, 1984.

INCREASED GLOBAL/TRANS YUKON AIRLINES INTERCHANGE SERVICE

On April 15, 1984, Global and Trans Yukon Airlines will introduce a new interchange program that will give you even more choices between northern Canada and the U.S. and will continue to bolster Trans Yukon Airlines' illusion that it is an airline ALTHOUGH IT HAS NO AIRPLANES. The new flight***** will originate in St. Louis, stop in Phoenix/Scottsdale, then continue on to Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, via Portland. With our new interchange program, you do not have to leave the plane. In Phoenix/Scottsdale, Global Airlines personnel will depart and be replaced by Trans Yukon personnel; your luggage will also depart in Phoenix/Scottsdale, where it will be routed to Whitehorse by Federal Express AND WILL ARRIVE LONG BEFORE YOU DO BECAUSE FEDERAL EXPRESS DOESN'T HAVE TO STOP IN PORTLAND! From April 15 through May 15, you will receive double-mileage coupons for taking this flight OR ANY SEGMENT OF IT****** if you can explain to our personnel or to Trans Yukon Airlines personnel what a flight segment is.

CONTEST UPDATE

Global's FTP is happy to announce an indefinite extension of its Write a New Footnote for the FTP and Win a Free Night******* at a Hotel Contest. Previous winners have included: *Offer not good in most places; *Stopping in St. Louis; *Wednesdays only; *A flight segment is defined as all travel taken with the same flight number between any points, etc.; and, of course, *Except New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, Miami, Detroit, and San Francisco, which this month has been upgraded *from a footnote* to a headline in this very bulletin.

MORE MORE MORE

Frequent Travellers, there are more reasons than ever to stick with Global! In the months ahead, we will be offering bonus mileage credits any time you buy a loaf of Pepperidge Farm raisin bread, a major appliance you already own one of, or ten thousand shares or more of stock in any Fortune 500 corporation. We are also in the initial stages of planning the most exciting innovation in the FTP's brief history. Future months will bring news of special bonus awards for a short hospital stay, a fight with your spouse in public, and the successful return of a bathing suit to a major department store. And next year we will be announcing, for a limited time only, our jackpot bonus awards for separation, divorce, and remarriage, any one of which will entitle members of our Frequent Traveller Program to an automatic upgrade from Coach to Diplomat class on all flights originating in Jacksonville. So stay tuned. Even reading this bulletin may someday turn out to be worth something, though not nearly as much as you deserve.

—Nora Ephron

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*Subject to foreign government approval.

**Stopping in Dallas/Ft. Worth, Seattle/Tacoma, or any other airport with/in its name.

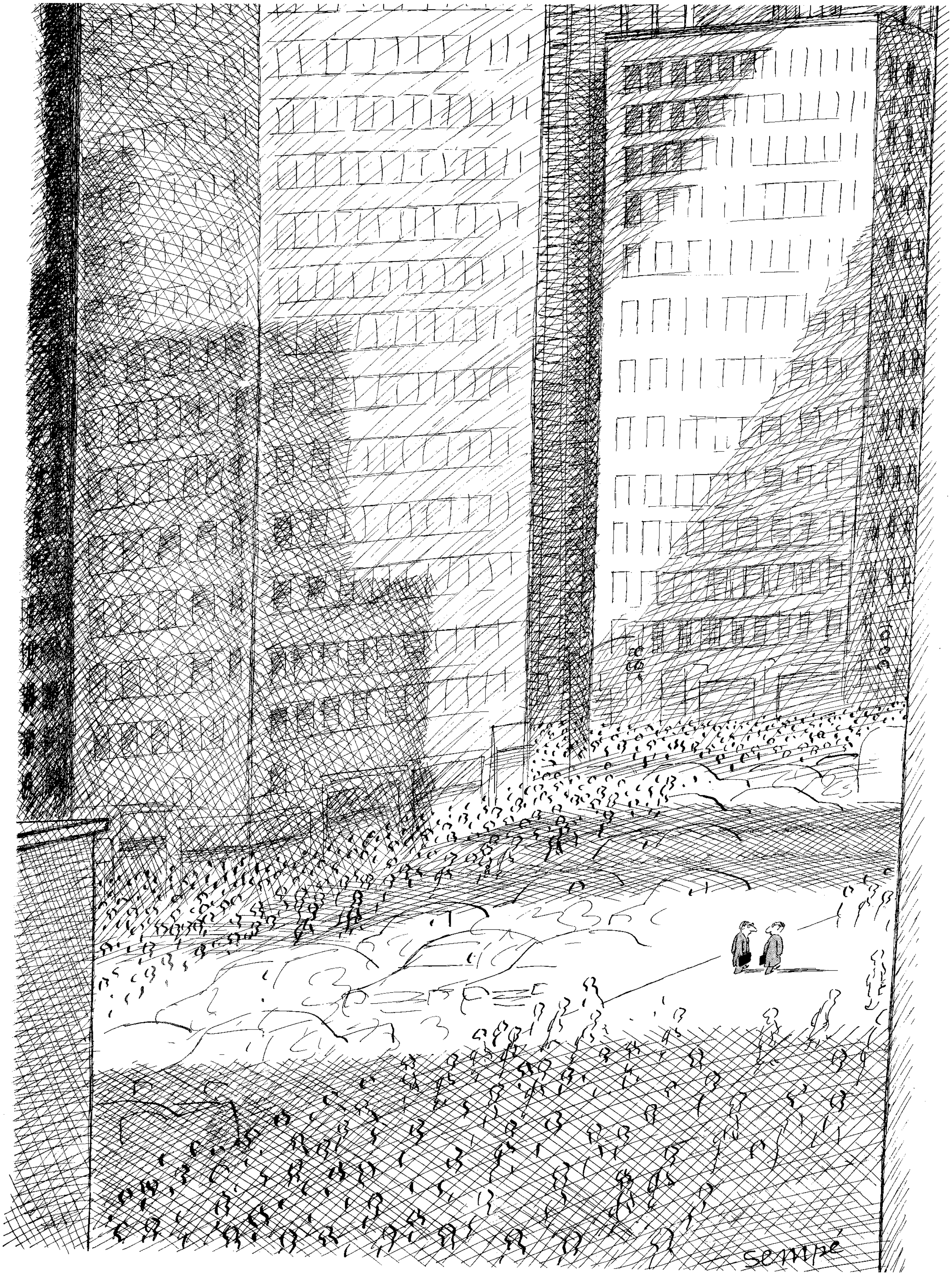
***Not really.

****Except Moline.

*****Schedule subject to change without notice.

******A flight segment is defined as all travel taken with the same flight number between any points. Single-plane service constitutes a single flight segment.

*******Wednesdays only.



"It's just my little fantasy. A stranger comes up to me on the street, shakes my hand, smiles, and says, 'Thanks for being here. Without you the world would be a poorer place.'"

NONIE

I

"ISN'T it a pretty world?" He said that. "Pretty world. Pretty world. Cat got your tongue still? Look who's here."

I'm here. I lived.

"Hello, hello, hello."

"I'll just sit here with my precious idiot."

"Oh."

"He *is* precious."

"Isn't he *ador*able?"

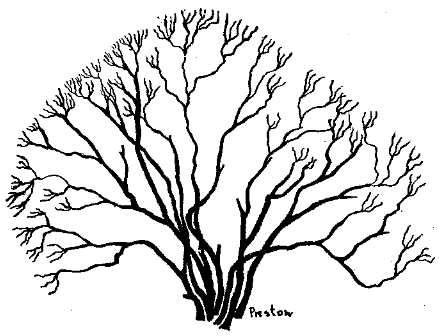
He is adorable.

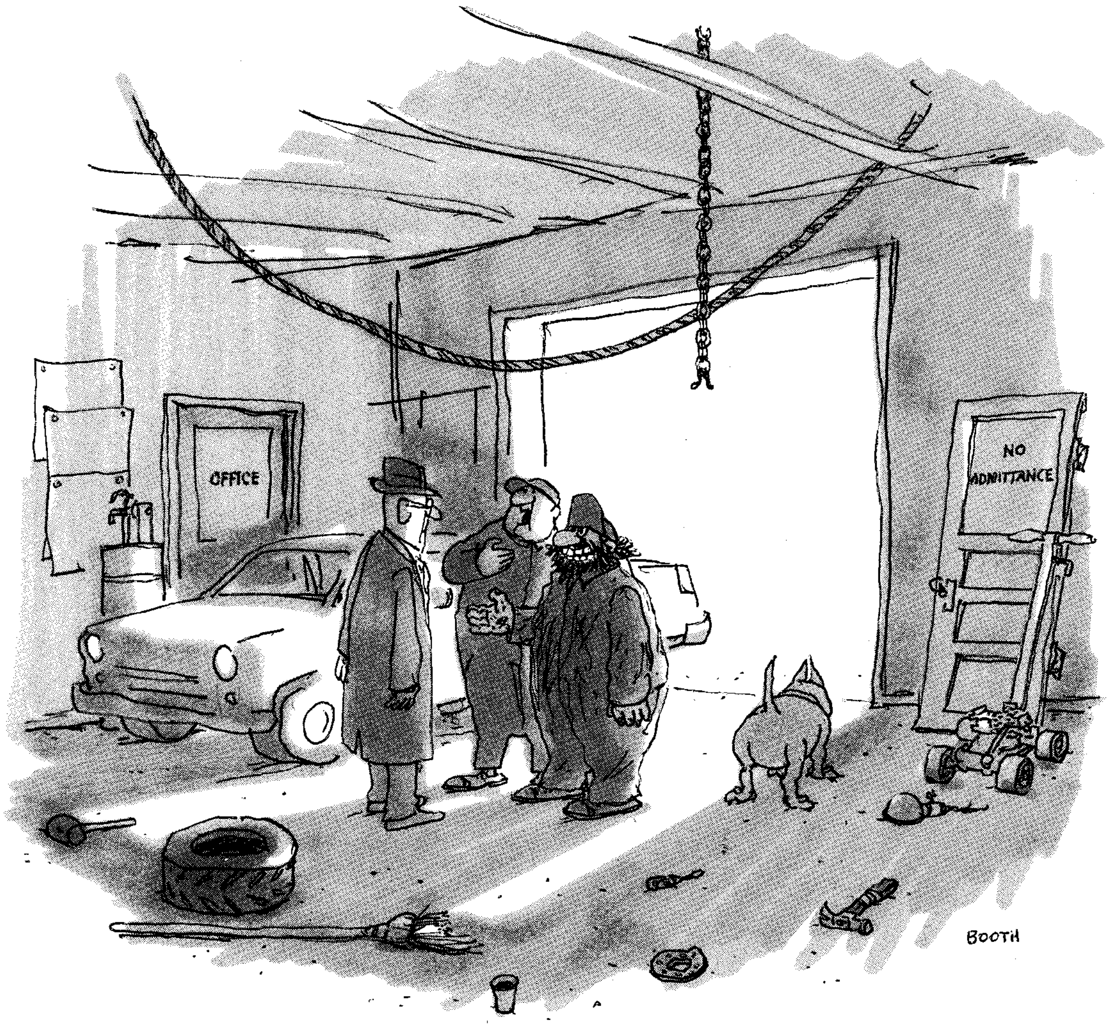
"The rain has the right idea," S.L. said, "it falls on the adorable and the not-so-adorable alike. That's the way to do it."

Momma said, "I'll answer your question, Dorothy. I'll say first that I'm aware that not everyone concerned, and ones who it isn't their business, approve of what S.L. and I have done. What I want to ask is, we've always paid our own way, and we've done our share of good around here, believe me, and I will say it, although I shouldn't, who gives us the credit we deserve? Who says our character's beyond reproach? Who comes right out and says we're *good* people? Ask yourself why don't people applaud when a woman like me takes a sick child into her house?"

Her voice has a fine-drawn, melodious edge of willed, almost not overruled reluctance to be loud—this shows what a mannerly person she is. The risingly insistent noise of the rain lies under her voice: a ticking and dripping and ringing of walls and leaves and the sounds of wet rushing on the sodden lawn: this echo fattens the watery musics of her company voice.

"We went to six adoption agencies, religious, unreligious, Jewish, Gentile; we even went to the Catholic one. No one would give us a child; they didn't approve of S.L.—don't ask me why. Maybe they didn't like me, but I had pull and they were afraid to tell me I wasn't to their taste. I made scenes; they couldn't stop me from getting a child—maybe they thought we had too much on the ball. We weren't like a picture book, or maybe we were, the *wrong* picture book. I can joke now; I was upset then. Who knows what they thought? I'm not home enough. I'm not homely enough, if you ask me. S.L.'s too opinionated; he didn't finish college. Who knows why people think the things they think? The world is full of crazy people, and the worst are bureaucrats—they want us all dead. Well, they're only human. People want everyone to be like them; they have to feel important—I don't want to take that away from anybody, God knows. They don't care about people's feelings; we just didn't make a good impression, but, if you ask me, they were very small people who judged us. . . ." The rain hisses steadily. "Who knows? Maybe they didn't mean any harm, but they upset S.L., who blamed me, he always blames me. I've had more than my share of blame, believe me, and he left me. I'll be honest: the story's out and around: he left me and Nonie; he went to live with some woman, some trashy woman. She's left town now: it's always that kind. I admit I took in a crippled child so S.L. would see I had a good heart. He hasn't turned out to be crippled but who'd have known that then? Give me credit. I'll tell you the real truth even if it does do me credit—I always wanted that child; I could tell that he was unusual. People said it wasn't right to ask his mother for him—but she died. Listen, even then people said it wouldn't work out, he's a different blood, blood can be too different even in a *little* child; they thought I wouldn't be a good parent for a child. I had Nonie; she was thirteen, and no one admired *her;* S.L. wouldn't stay with me for her sake. We'd had two little boys who'd died, as infants: crib deaths: I was good and scared: no one gave me credit, but I was trying—I'd had two babies that died. I didn't look very far ahead, I don't approve of worrying something to death before I do it; with me, it's a case of strike while the iron is hot—I have to, or I won't do anything. I'm decisive, I'm an executive type, I make up my mind and I move, I move at once or I won't move at all. I live with the consequences: I know myself: I'm good at human nature. Listen, what was I saying? I'll tell you something—I expect the worst, but that doesn't keep me from doing my best. I'd seen that child with his mother, I knew it would work with S.L. When S.L. came to see me—'Just once,' he said—to see the child I'd taken, I asked S.L. to come and see; I knew what made him tick; a woman has to live by her wits; the child was so sad and even looked a little like him and the child was barely alive—S.L. never had real charity, you know; he helped people, but he would get tired of them. S.L. was selfish, but he needed charity, and there I was, there *it* was. Listen: Wiley was a very pretty, half-dead child, maybe even a cripple, all marked up from a beating; the woman taking care of him was a drunk; his mother was dying; it isn't a pretty story, but what is? I'm a realist. You had to feel sorry for that child; S.L. did. He stayed. I'm not a fool. I don't think you can tell you did the right thing. I was very good-looking, and I like to get my own way—what's wrong with that? We bought this house; it cost too much money; all these houses are overpriced; people want to live on the bluff, that's one thing, and these places have good workmanship, that's another, but if it makes you happy, that's something else, then something's cheap, no matter what it costs: it's a bargain if it makes life worthwhile; then it's a big bargain, I'll tell you: I know. I wanted a nursemaid and a nice house, I knew I wasn't good with children—I can make myself cry if I go on about that. But I don't like to cry, I'm not a crier, not many people ever will see me cry, no matter what happens to me. My mother pays for the nurse. We live very well, but we owe a lot of money, we owe a lot of people; we're typical that way. Annemarie is wonderful to us; we'd be nowhere, we'd be nothing, without her. I know about some things: I can manage some things. We have to put on the dog for Annemarie, because she doesn't want to work for penny-pinchers, she doesn't want to give her life away for a song—I don't blame her. She's a wonderful person, even if she does lack imagination. We do a lot of entertaining—some women won't do that anymore; I do it every day; I run myself ragged. I'm the one who knows people. I had some wonder-





"Mr. Ferguson, I want you to meet Turgut Oyleet. Turgut made the most repairs on your car this year."

ful opportunities while S.L. and I were separated: I'm probably a fool to say it, but some people think I'm an outstanding person. Well, I'm not as vain as I sound. But I am vain. S.L.'s not a calculating person, but don't worry—I can be smart enough for two. Never underrate a woman like me. But the thing about being good-looking is that you can face things; it's not easy to get people to keep investing in *you* if you're a woman. I admit I can't do things on my own: I'm not the type. S.L.'s a help. Annemarie helps. Some days, I'm not afraid of anything. I have to encourage S.L. to spend money; you have to keep your nerve: if we look good, then it's easier to make money. He can make good money if he keeps his head; I have a good business head, I'm a good wife for him—not if you're talking about the—you know, the Ideal, but who's ideal? I'm a good wife if you're being realistic about what he can get on the open market. He says money costs him his life's blood. We're good people; we're good citizens, I hope that's clear. Well, are you a well-wisher—I know you are. If you're a well-wisher, wish me luck."

Something in me booms and bangs—a childish heart. It's louder in a childish chest than a grownup's heart in a grownup.

"Or don't wish me luck—just don't talk cheap about what I do," Momma says. "If you sneer at me, I'll sneer right back at you, I'll say ha-ha and then some."

Outside the window, occupying a damp niche of dripping leaves in the implicit roll call of the rain, is a colored cloud. I don't know how to see. S.L. extends above me—as if he were in leaf. The mute child is a field of attention in his increasingly imperial wish to live. The noticeable heat of childhood is present, therefore, but guided, as if formally, and if guided, or focussed, it seems restrained or courteous—perhaps brilliantly so.

The facts of spectacle include the frail facial shadowing of S.L. in the window glass. The child shakes his head so that distractions run out—the child can see not any real thing but only the attributes of a moment, so to speak.

Lila—Momma—said, "The world won't come to an end if I say I'm optimistic now that we've stepped in. I'll tell you something—I will never say to him, '*Watch out, you might kill somebody.*' I think that's the wrong training for a Jew."

A multitude of grownups are shadow-tumults vaguely. Three girls sit cross-legged on the floor: a separate sect.

The man near me says, "You like looking out the window? You don't want to talk yet? What are you looking at? You looking at a robin? That's a robin come to see you."

A woman, a tall-ghost voice: "I think it's a cardinal, S.L.—it's an all-red bird."

S.L. said, "I'm not that crazy about birds, Katherine. I don't want to know all their names—why make an issue of it? Who needs the strain? Maybe big birds are a different matter, but little birds are just sweet, aren't they?"

Enough ghosts are present in the rainy air that I'm a pressured rationalist struggling with the questions of vision and evading my superstitions, my forms of incapacitating blindness. An abundance of moments of failed vision as I stare now become a single smudged anatomy of inability, of a generalized and uncomprehending stare—I remember, I remember not seeing very well.

If I consider the smudged sight as so many events, as so many superimpositions and associations from other lives, and houses, and mornings, and as uncompleted in a certain way, a specific way, with me nuzzling and sniffing, ocularly, around the boundaries—at the living and smelly limits of my vision—my blindness, my inability, may be in part a confusion of my names and lives.

But perhaps it is real ignorance and not the result of a story. My memory does not give me a real moment, a singular one; usually, I'm given a great bunch of moments, a smudge, a summary of things I know at this moment and at others to compare everything present to, so that I can know what I see now. I am always somewhat ignorant in a present moment but in those days no explanations at all worked for a while—one way and another, I was blind with ignorance.

"S.L., honey, here let me show you —it was all red, wasn't it, the bird outside?" She has fetched something —a book—from her purse.

"Spare me, Katherine—don't you know a robin a day keeps the doctor away?" His tone of jocularity somewhat meanly, somewhat generously announces itself as a provision of charity toward a woman like her.

I knew very little about pictures except in the nervous kingdoms of my dreams. Picture books, in their deathly stillness, do not yet entertain me. They were, indeed, often entirely unrecognizable, such books—the volumes themselves and what was in them, divorced from movement, unless the movements of someone's hands and voice were present.

My periods of madness, of catatonia, instruct me. Perversely sane, I mimic what others do—but ineptly. Mimicry is judged a repetition: why, when it is so different or so poor a version of the other? In happiness, or simple well-being, I found that some errors hardly mattered but that others did; and that everything of the mind and body—my mind, my body—was a leap through the doubled medium of wakefulness and sleep in the moment, the wakefulness and sleep of the mind and the senses: eyeblinks and rattling ears toward saying or doing or knowing something. I did not like the interruption of actual sleep. I never slept—I was locked up, smothered, clubbed. Someone new always came to release me. Someone new woke and began what was called a return to the day, but that seemed to occur on a fresh layer of moral sediment or silt of history deposited on and obscuring what had been there and supplying a new flooring for the senses.

With especial attentiveness and fear, peculiar to me, the day's child watched the woman's hands push, shuffle, catch at pages, and straighten one particular page. Such suggestiveness accompanied the postures of her hands, the rustling pages, and her fingers had such dreamlike authority, that the sense of I-am-here was very strong; and on the pages the myriad strange colors, not much like nature, and the blacks and whites, which seemed more accurately to be real in being light and dark, as in a corner of a room in yet a further corner of the day, were gifted with hovering and with a moving presence, too.

The pictures began to address me with the actuality of a dimensional creature—a dog or cat stalking in and compelling attention because it can spill surprises on you, and bearing a freight of worry, pleasure, jealousy, astonishment. Animals are not common even in my unremembered dreams, I would bet on that. Those pages, these pages, Daddy's breath, the ghost woman's, my own. My absurd safety at this time, at this very moment: I am safer from unwanted surprises than I am even in the after all awkward passages of my own dreams at their most flattering and consoling egocentricity. I am awake to others and extraordinarily safe from suffering and intrusion.

LOCAL DELIVERY
dagdart

One studies best the less true, the falsified, the model. The real is a rainy blur. In dreams, mine, the creatures are sometimes plausible shadows and only sometimes are people, not fully sensed but as if fully sensed, or as fully sensed as in laboring wakefulness, and dimensional, and examples of purpose toward me—purposes and tones concerned with me, and named in the dream by the mood, by my sense of the mood: a mood is everything I know about this, whatever this is. A name holds other information, holds things I might know if I thought to ask someone—but I don't speak. In a single moment, a name is merely a contract, an obligation to have an identity. My own name is an alternately abstract and real focus of moral indignation having to do with information

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BLACK SILK

She was cleaning—there is always
that to do—when she found,
at the top of the closet, his old
silk vest. She called me
to look at it, unrolling it carefully
like something live
might fall out. Then we spread it
on the kitchen table and smoothed
the wrinkles down, making our hands
heavy until its shape against Formica
came back and the little tips
that would have pointed to his pockets
lay flat. The buttons were all there.
I held my arms out
and she looped the wide armholes over
them. "That's one thing I never
wanted to be," she said, "a man."
I went into the bathroom to see
how I looked in the sheen and
sadness. Wind chimes
in the alcove. Then her crying . . .
so I stood back in the sink-light
where the porcelain had been staring. Time
to go to her, I thought, with that
other mind, and stood still.

—Tess Gallagher

• •

and being balked—a right to comfort, a need of others.

A rush of feeling, then a silence of feeling, announces the clarification of the intentions of the large bodies around me. Love and fear say the stuff on the page is honorably a bird—this is a more ideal presence than I am used to. I press one hand on the picture of a cardinal. More ideal? It depends on where one is in one's story of the cardinal-in-the-rain.

The light on the page of the book makes a glare through which I see representations now, half drowned, almost as in recollection but it is a discovery, I see a bird—but in my mind. The real bird is gone.

Daddy says, "Do you see? What do you see? Look at the little *shicker*-drunk; look at the scholarly little pisser. He's a scholar and a gentleman right off the bat—a real *Yiddisher kop*. Look at him."

He's joking.

Daddy used Yiddish as another—wittier, sourer—form of country-and-Western, a rural American poetics, a medium of sentiment and irony about life around here.

The summer rain tumbles weightily outside. Rain ribbons, shadows, fallen, lie and wriggle on the shadow-striped glare-porcelain of S.L.'s face. The party of travellers in the room share the shelter of the room with me. Faces, voices, mouths, syllables make a foam of practiced and ambitious good-fellowship, the calculated vivacity here at what is *a party*.

Lila asked, "Do you think *that* child's unhappy?"

"Look at cutie pie here, he's got eyes like auditoriums—hey, you playing basketball inside there? He may be a little slow but he's ours—that's enough for us—"

S.L. and I live here. I see him—clearly, so to speak. S.L.'s face, S.L.'s nose and eyes, as proposed by the glare, have the spectacular wobble of being alive. *I* see his nose and eyes, his *face*, in the spectacular wobble of being young, and in a particular mood, and not smudged in the usual summary bunch of moments with which my memory gives him to me—not a moody average of a number of later years, not S.L. in the mask of my opinion of him when I was older. That familiar blurry and sad face, that other S.L., is lonelier than this one. This one's domestically voluptuous, more confiding physically—this publicly young S.L., opinionated, morally safe for the moment, starkly glamorous. Phallic.

This S.L. has bits of a lionlike and sealike eighteen-year-old S.L. in him, too—when he was first socially admired. And some of the thicker presence of S.L. at twenty-five is here—sort of radiant—loosely energetic, young and moneyed, surprisingly affluent. And some of the more shadowy and porous and cavernous S.L.s of this Sunday and of a few years from now and more years than that from now—but mostly it is only S.L. at this one time with his adopted son at the party.

At the party, he talks in a variety of tones, of ages—he has no *always-talks*. He says in a mixture of styles—moral styles, too—"Is this something, or is this something? Ittle Wiley-poopsie. Look at how many people came out in the rain—just to see what there is about you that might be inter-

ELECTRONICS
OUR FOUNDER

esting. Well, you'll just have to grin and bear it like a little gentleman; you have to smile—a little king has to keep smiling till the cows come home: can you keep it up? Are you one of those matinée idols can keep it up till the cows come home?"

"This is a swell turnout, this is the *crème de la* cream—" a pleased and self-conscious woman says in a flushed and anxious way: she wants to have a good time and not be jealous of anyone for a while.

"Well, look who's here," someone says.

"Hello there, hello, and hello, and more hello," someone else says.

"Be nice to this one; this one does favors." That's Momma introducing a newcomer to the pleased and self-conscious woman.

No one in the room admits to being angry.

An eerie, gray-white light appears at the window and displaces the rainy light there briefly; and then a segmented noise, a thunder, splits my head open; and my eyes go rolling and banging everywhere.

"Wow."

"Who are the sinners in *this* neighborhood?"

"Ronnie Metcalfe, Sue Baker the bitch."

"Oh, God, that's funny—don't be funny about this—it's serious. Ha-ha."

"We've got the best around here and we've got the worst, the *very* worst."

"Oh, I believe it—believe me, I believe it."

"You know, it's just the most horrible thing I can think of, being struck by lightning—if you're in a recreation area, it's such a terrible time to have it happen—and it's so public; everyone *knows*. Oh, I don't know, it's just so awful, you just sizzle and broil instantaneously—I think it's the worst, just absolutely the worst."

"The odds against it are in your favor."

"Let's change the subject. We're not talking about things that are my favorite subject; getting hit by lightning is not a thing I look forward to."

My parents' daughter Nonie enters the room. She is not quite a child, not really small—I assumed for a long time that being victimized was a matter of size.

Nonie is pudgy. A pink weight of haunch settles on the couch, pushes me: a haunch touches Daddy, his daughter's. She stares; her eyes are set in the small bones of a pretty and oval face, clay-bright. She's thirteen but seems younger. In this light, it is as if a lynx mask of yellow glass rode askew on the upper part of her face.

She greets people in the room with high-pressured, uncentered, and impersonal and loud friendliness, cheerleaderish but in an eccentric way and juvenile: "Oh, hi . . . Hi . . . Oh, hi."

Each time she says "Hi" she adopts and discards a strenuously open look, a display of mental health, and a demand that she be seen as highly normal, a very high—or even the highest—form of normal; and as pleasing: she's bringing brightness into the room; she's a happy girl, a friendly greeter. She smiles—and smiles—she resmiles to the full width of her face each time she looks at someone.

Her skin is clammy. She wraps one arm over and then under my legs. She's S.L. and Lila's real daughter. She's breastless, barely literate—unmenstrual. She flunks school; she's been put back a year and a half: she takes after S.L.'s family—*they're not bright; they've done all right in the world, though; they're California-nice types*. (Lila.)

Nonie in answer to someone says, "I'm eleven now."

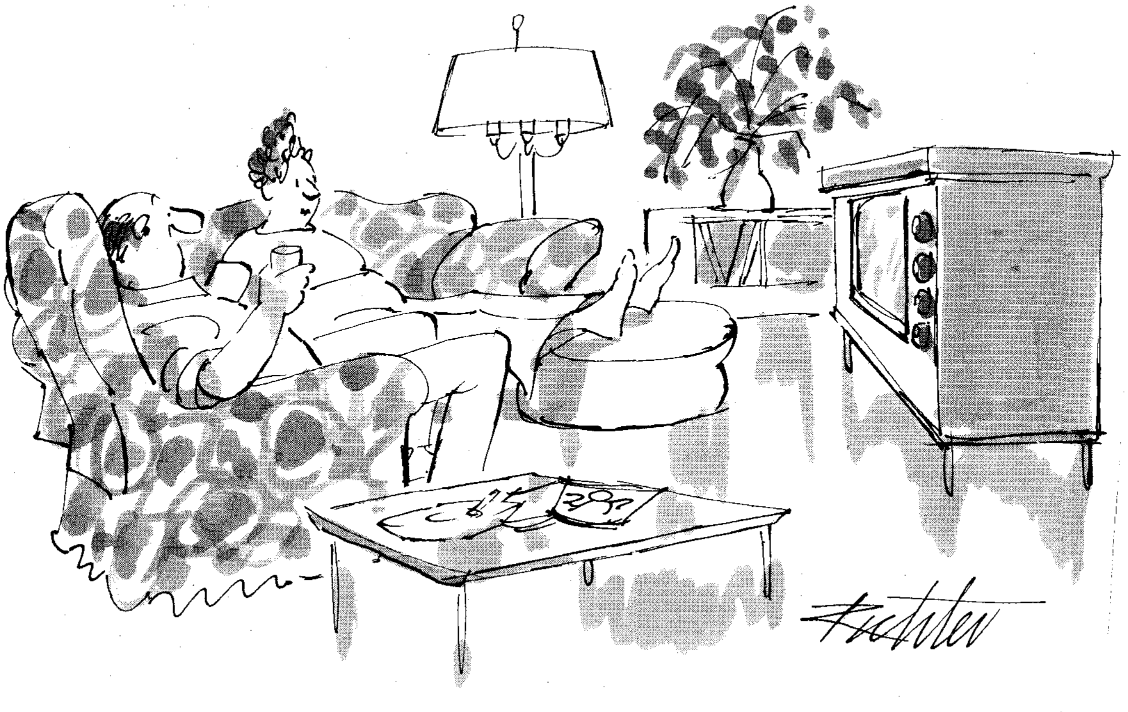
It was Lila's notion that it would be a smart move to lie about Nonie's age: *People think they know a child's age, but they forget—believe me, you can get away with it.* Nonie had been worried about being cheated of something she couldn't guess at by this notion of Lila's. Daddy said, *That lie hurts no one, and if it makes you feel good—why not?* That is, he'd as soon she lied and freed him from the embarrassment of her loathing for school and her being behind a grade and a half.

S.L. whispers to her, "Do up your shirt, honey—you have too many buttons undone."

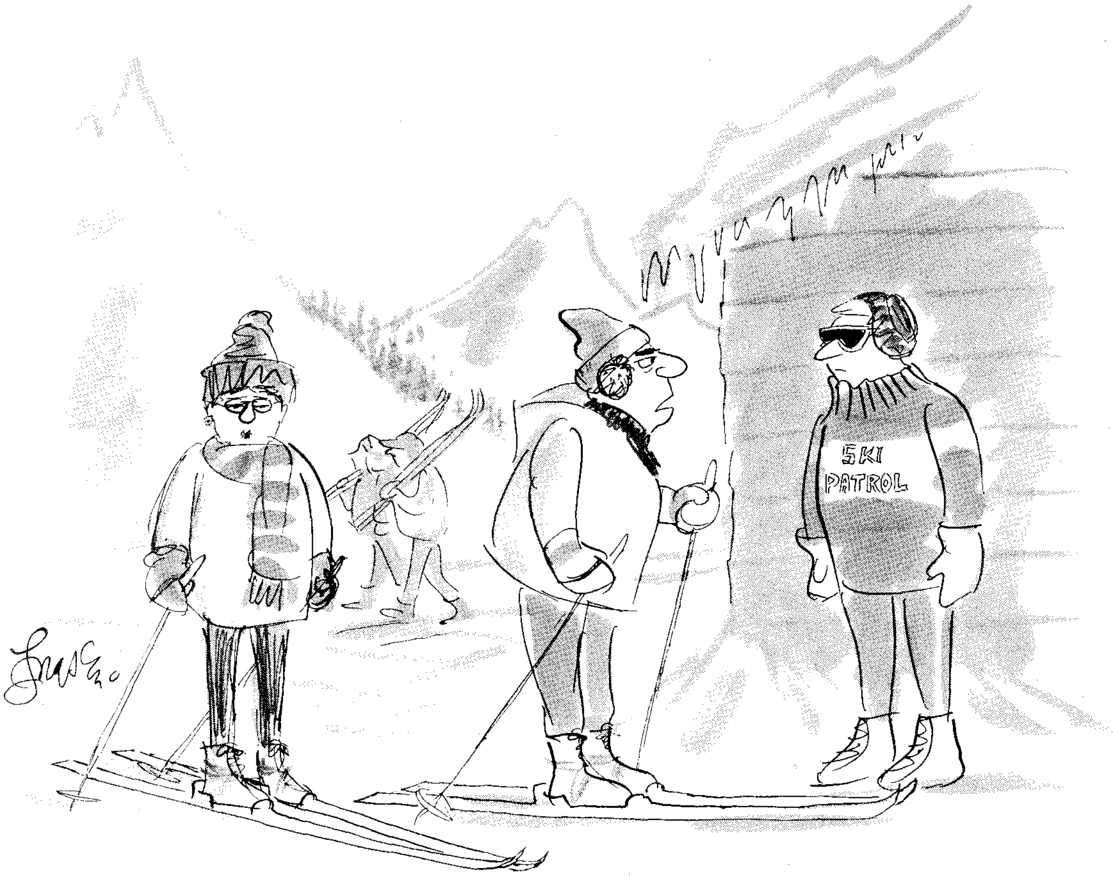
Anger at being corrected makes her go rigid. The veins in her temples show and tremble. Her mouth dies with hurt, then stiffens into toughness, a sinuous obstinacy. She is engaged in surviving the cruelty to her in any correction or disapproval shown her—any at all.

Nonie's griefs, her determined jollity, her victories over tragedy are part of a comedy. Perhaps not.

The self-conscious woman asks Nonie with bitterness, "How is school? Is the male



"Ladies and gentlemen, the charming President of the United States."



"Did anyone happen to find an earring on the beginners' slope?"

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bias as bad *there* as it ever was?"

Nonie's eyes grow nobly unfixed. At moments, they glance fixedly, however, at the grown woman's breasts. Nonie's pink-yellow face, Nonie's legs-tied-together, coquettish, scratching-at-you, I-have-to-pee voice: "I can't stay awake in school; it's dull—I don't know who can like that stuff. It's all dumb and foolish. You know what it is. They don't like Jews at my school, either. They show movies, but *their* movies put me to sleep. Daddy has to carry me home sometimes from real movies, even. I guess I just like to sleep, that's all."

An interview with the host and hostess's daughter—a celebrity, on this occasion.

Nonie's an athlete. She is someone of monosyllabic calculations, and of a quick shieldedness of those calculations, and then she has a knowingness in action, and there is the absurd, enormous elegance of her childish coloring—shades of peach and roan—and all in all she is a particular sort of creature; she would like a boy's education: the femaleness of school is what evades her.

Daddy says, "When she sleeps, she really sleeps. This is someone who likes to sleep. She's my Sleeping Beauty."

"I'm the best sleeper Daddy knows."

"She's sensitive, whether she looks it or not." This is Lila preparing to explain Nonie's style as coming from feminine sensitivity.

Nonie immediately scowls, comprehending, athletically, at once elements of oppression and chance in her life, even if obscure, in what Lila said.

Nonie, in a weirdly biting voice from inside her warm weight, says, "You be quiet."

At once, a number of women smilingly break into speech:

"I envy that girl her skin."

"She's so pretty I can't believe it."

Nonie's forearms are damp. She observes the women concealing her outburst, her public display of temper. A terse boy, and quick and shielded—but she's not a boy—she reaches for, she grabs, the child: me. From behind me, then, she stares at Lila, at the guests. It's noticeable that this one's undaunted: her mixture of the defiant and the conventional, the conventional being a general principle of defense, of justice rather than manners, a claim that she's typical, she's good—it is a matter of personal style.

A nearer flare of lightning theatrically whitens, then blackens our front lawn. Nonie states in an *immoderate* voice, "I don't mind the lightning!"

The child on her lap is a pillow, a muffling device, a fleshy shield against electrical bolts and the storm if God rips off our roof soon. Nature does not have Nonie's survival at its heart as its first principle but it has her bravery, her comedy in it. Her survival as *her* first principle is part of nature as I know it. She feels her own life as the moral given, and large—larger than any other moral given. She's less subsidiary in her view of the drama than anyone else; everyone is servant to her vastness—the vastness of her mind, her consciousness of things, her sense of things; she ought not to be let die.

It's Nonie's world; she knows what it's like to be in it; she's been a child in it now for a long time, she's lived this long, she's experienced (in her own view, she's expert) and not innocent, not stupid. I say this as a description of her moral style and of the sort of protection she craves.

She's maybe the spirit of darkness, and of nothing-special, to boot. If I love my accidental sister enough, perhaps the world of darkness and of nothing-special will be given to me, too.

Her breath is unquiet and present. She is small compared to Daddy, tiny-boned—not so much lately, but it used to be he called her a little bird and told her to take shelter under his arm and he would hide her from the rain and thunder and so on. He used to say, "*Can you tweet like a little bird, can you whistle like a little bird, can you do it for me, can you sing like a little bird for your dad?*"

Like a canary, or like a child, fastidious and frail, she is sensitive to the presence of *Evil*, the possibility of Evil, the approach of nightmare, the nightmare asphyxiation of her pride—the terrible onslaught of the horror of that—and she registers the approach, the presence of Evil, and is discolored by it when it approaches, as now in the lightning. . . . If I try to be her, to know her, I sense the darkness and enraged exasperation of her mind—it is an unlimited exasperation. Her mind cries, *It's wrong*. The lightning is. It's an impropriety and Evil; she will be upended. She directs Evil away from her.

She's fierce. Maybe she's sort of the way everyone is, maybe she is the spirit of not being a subsidiary character which is in everyone who is proud—maybe she is the spirit named I-am-the-chief-story, I-am-the-BEST-point-of-view.

She is a spirit caroming like a swarm of molecules in a quickening hysteria of the application of heat. The passage of lightning toward her, the streaks become sheets of light at the windows; the great white skyey burning becomes weird light flung whirling through our windows and filling the room with interrogatory glare that pinions her in the stormy attention of the sky—perhaps Nonie is Evil Incarnate—perhaps Nonie is being visited by judgment. She squints. I feel she is Evil in the way she puts her life, her feelings above mine—mine and everyone's. Maybe she is the Angry and Indomitable Secular. She says, "I love Wiley so much. Lightning doesn't strike the same person twice. I used to be afraid of lightning. I'm not a conceited person, I'm a nice person—the lightning isn't interested in me. I had science in school—it's really silly. People think very silly things *all the time*—not me—" She laughs. She says, "I know what a lightning rod is—I can't explain science, but science is *good*."

The things Nonie said stood in relation to what she felt and knew as a calculated poem, an artificial thing in relation to secret matters. She had an air as of anything-could-be-said-but-it-had-to-be-*sane*—but she wasn't honest about that; Nonie was the Primal Sanity, sort of—or lunacy attempting to pass itself off as sane. Anything she accepted as a standard for herself she became priestess of, sort of; her interpretations were a little startling: she had no patience for other people's motives, or perhaps even for their existences. She had an air of jollity and discipline and yet of undisciplined threat: *Don't doubt me, don't question me*. This wasn't exactly boyish but was an inversion of a heated, womanly, and sensual thing of you-want-to-question-a-woman-and-know-my-secrets-I-know-all-about-it-and-I-will-be-evasive: well, she was not evasive so much as a real liar, and violent. . . .

So it wasn't amusing to ask explanations of Nonie. She did have some gift for being an example of skepticism; she was as cynical, then, as a ten-year-old boy waiting for puberty—and knowing all about it but not from experience, and so feeling cheated. Her temper came from her being proud, which was an aspect of her prettiness, and there was a sweetness she sometimes had—a spring-and-tall-grasses kind of sweetness, maybe temporary but piercing all the same when she felt experienced in things and not cheated.

"A lightning rod carries the lightning to the ground and dumps it there. See, I know," Nonie said. "I'm not afraid." A much-privileged, much-spared girl, an American girl—that was her tone. "Lightning is stupid,

WAVING GOODBYE

The world bends us to its purpose.
In the public gardens, we found
a "gazing globe" balanced
on a waist-high pedestal,
a silver ball a foot in circumference
reflecting sky and ground,
ourselves as we stood above it.
We stared into its depths,
as in a crystal ball,
our faces large and wild,
arms and legs unnaturally small,
as if a spell were on the world
or, finally, we clearly saw the world
for what it was: too brightly
shining, circular, unadorned.

Trees bent toward us, mere shadows
of themselves, their shadows
more substantial than the trees themselves.
The sky at one o'clock
a milky white, light-filled,
yet without sun or cloud. And beds
of tulips rising from the ground swell,
each one a little mouth.
I knelt beside you on one knee,
caught up in walls of air
I couldn't touch or see, the outer world
around me wavering, as on a hot summer day.

We looked out to the future. Our future
selves. You stood dead center
in the globe and raised your hand to stop
the scene, your palm enlarging
until it dwarfed the tallest trees.
Then, waving goodbye, we walked,
as a joke, backward and away,
farther and farther away—
the globe still gazing on us—
leaving ourselves behind
to live forever in that silver room,
to watch and spy on lovers like ourselves.

—ELIZABETH SPIRES

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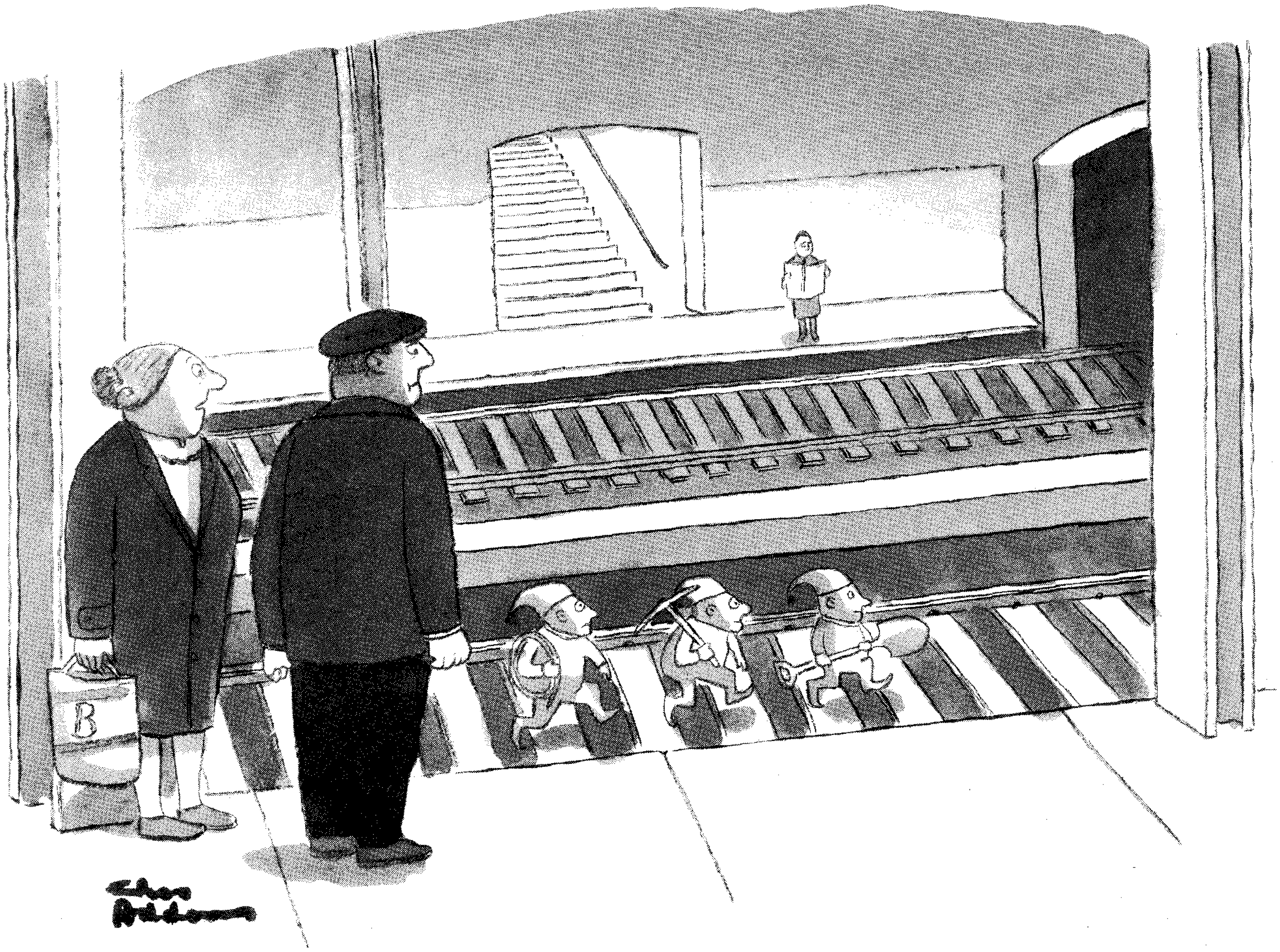

"The M.T.A. keeps trying, God knows."

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thunder is stupid. Thunder is the noise —thunder is a stupid noise." She quotes—and adopts and adapts—then she owns the thought, the thought is hers, the priestess's; she alters it, she announces it: it's a law.

Doubt is criminal, an impropriety: AN EVIL THING.

From the doorway to the sunroom —from which come voices and television noises—a cousin of Nonie's (and mine) stares at the clayey girl. "Nonie, we're looking at TV—do you want to come be with us?" Then: "With me?"

Nonie's face, as it often is for me, is as if lit by the overhead light in her bedroom or bathroom. That is, I don't see her freshly. I remember her face when it was clearest to me, when it had a star's illumination. Hers is an important face to me.

That is to say, to me Nonie is as if undressing and washing while sitting in the front room. But the hovering cone of whiteness for those acts is nowhere in the rainlit room—it is just that I know her that way; I have some knowledge of the variety of sounds of her clothes; her smell; her roughly bitten, torn fingernails.

"I'm busy; I'm with Daddy and Wiley now."

The cousin's face is hurt and doting, is an upright fish, shiny in the air, long, smooth, scaly with rain shadows.

Nonie is a specialist in fearlessness: this catches her in the boastfulness and fatefulness of an epic: she is a girl Achilles. But now a televisiony light appears at the window: the light extends into the room silently and then recedes without sound, rapidly. Visible outside is a corridor of wet trees and then they are rain-blurred and half hidden, obscure again. Nonie's head is yanked. Her face hardens and gets thin. Then it fattens and is yanked again. The thunder comes bowling jerkily into the room. The thunder gets loud and then louder and then passes credibility. It is so loud my sense of separation from it is erased; I am inside it, swallowed. After I return to myself from my sojourn in the noise, my mind and lots of the parts of my body go on being startled for a while.

Daddy says, "What did you think of that?"

Nonie angrily recites, "Sticks and stones—STICKS AND STONES."

That is, the lightning is defamation, and no such defamation can touch her—she is from a good family.

The lightning tried to expel her from the Iliad into a different poem, not sunny but one mostly about the spirit and squalor, defeat and complaint, and only one hero, not her, someone pure, not Nonie.

"It's time Wiley had a little rest. Nonie—will you take him upstairs? S.L., do you want to go chaperon the fearless duo?"

Damp rises from a blue, oval rug.

Some pee trickles down Nonie's leg.

Our housekeeper, my nurse—she

has been keeping trays of little sandwiches filled—has a dish towel over her arm. She moves toward Nonie. She dabs—she knows what to do. She says, "The Devil's banging skulls." She's partly sorrowful, duplicitous. She has a German accent. She doesn't like Nonie—she wants to scare her. Maybe not.

A lightning flash moves in tree branches outside the front door—its flare touches us in here. What it is this time is that the light balls up not far from our lawn, a cloud of glare runs toward us, it's around us: in the glare, walls and windows visibly quiver; and there's a ringing and hum from the rush and flow in house gutters and on the walls—the sounds of water streaming sharper in the moment of eerie light.

Nonie yells, "IT'S BAD." Then she's quiet and she pees some more.

Daddy says, "You're not a child, you're not scared." He says it sweetly—the untruth, the consolation. The hint. "It's some storm, I'll tell the world." Then he says, "Annemarie, no Devil business; Devil business is monkey business; this neighborhood—it's too expensive for Old Nick; we get only nice people and Republicans around here; that's what we have and that's enough to keep the Devil away from our door. . . ."

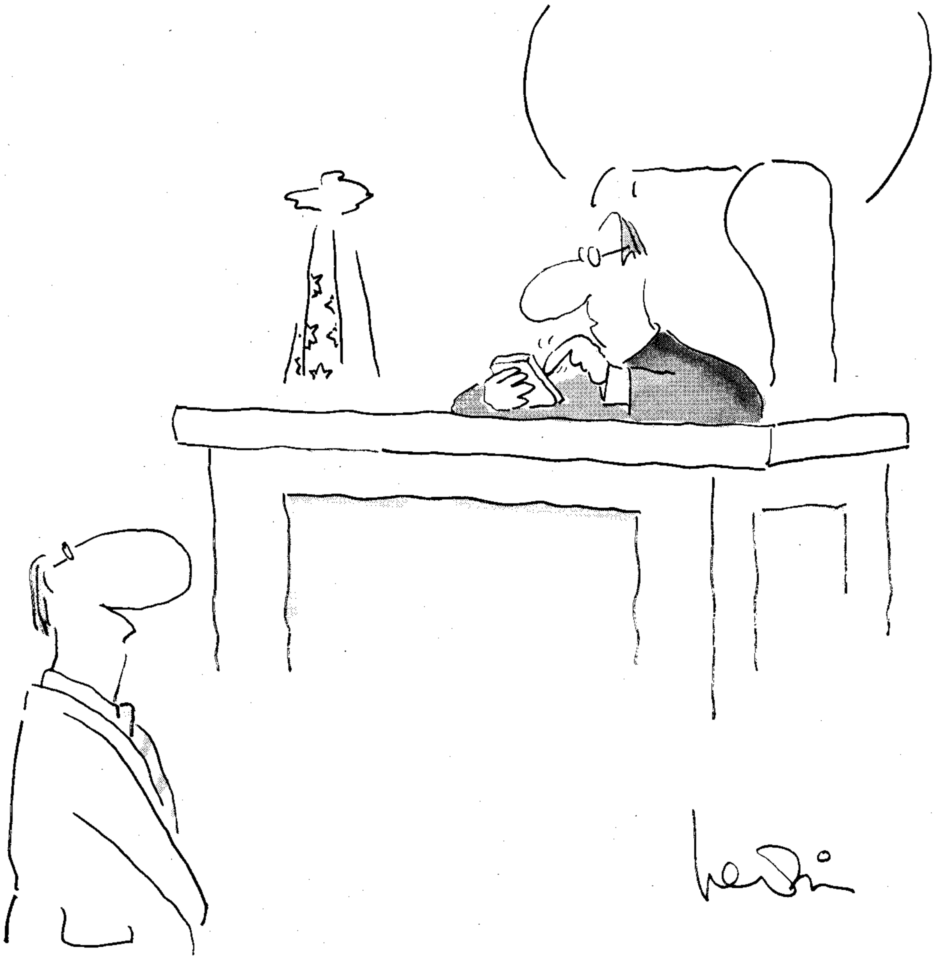
He doesn't touch Nonie; he smiles (to show that this isn't an emergency for his emotions yet); complications of voice and intent make rosebushes, thornbushes, and paths, a park, a site of something made into a public sweetness. Annemarie mops Nonie.

Daddy's a guard, a reinforcement, a plural: he's reinforcements, he's so big. He shepherds us—we're on the stairs, Annemarie, the towel, me, the pale, reciting girl, saying, "I'm not frightened—sticks and stones can break my bones—" The ammoniac smell, her spraddled legs as she walks.

In an eerie balloon of white light, her face seems to sail outward: bleached pottery with black lips.

The air smells burned.

"The Devil stinks," Daddy says, partly during, partly after the thunder. Then: "That's why he can't live around here."



"Let me see, that's two perjury at three each, plus two obstruction of justice at two each, plus . . ."

He now admits, sort of idly, that the Devil exists—at least, as far as Nonie is concerned.

Outside the white-sashed midstairs window are waving branches, swooshing and askew. It's semi-dark in the deluge out there. The wind dies, the branches droop, are bent in affecting, water-weighted postures, and the rain takes on a hard, harsh, cracking sound. Everything is moist and odorous.

"Don't let it get you down, honey," Daddy says.

She stares toward the window, where a nervous river of skinny light runs in the domelike, temporarily lighted sky.

She shouts, "YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO." She has an athlete's comprehension of danger, of tactics. A series of blurred ripples of weird light are rising and sinking in wet clouds. Something hisses in my ears—it's abominable: it's her breath—her fearful breath.

Daddy says, holding her shoulder, "Well, it's not the end of the world, but it's a real siege. God, it never rains but it pours."

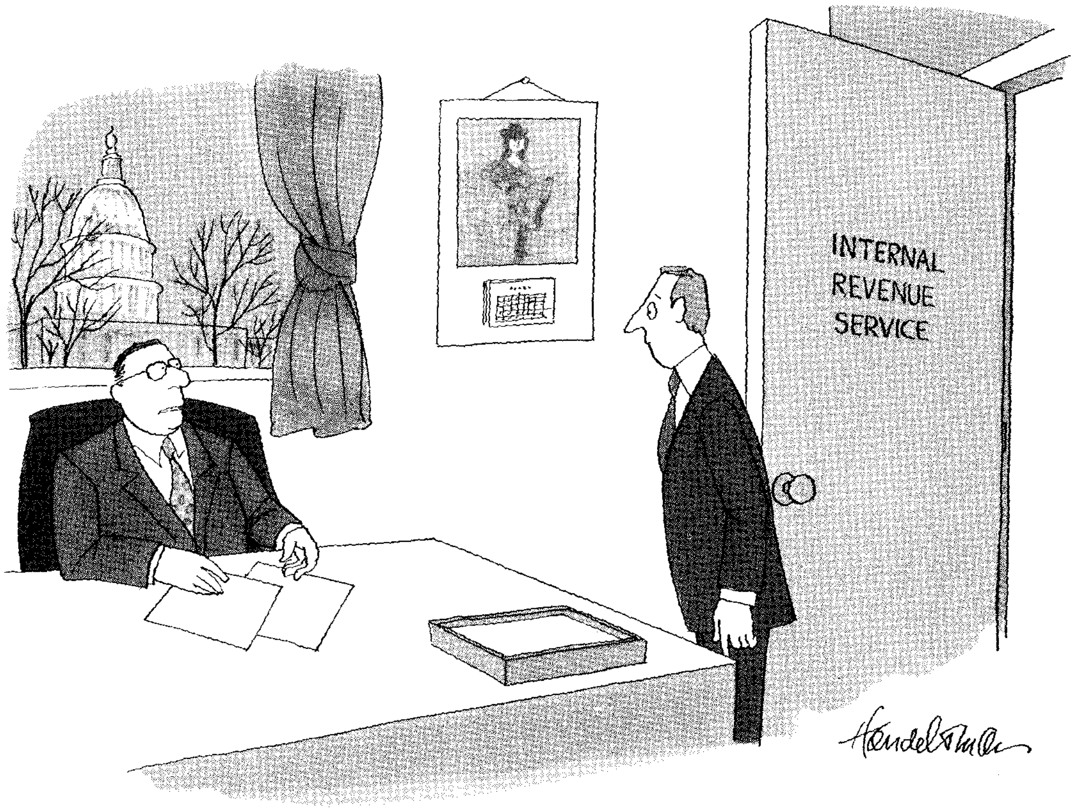
In Nonie is an inverted rapture of exploding pulse: giant doors boom and slam in her. It is a god-awful filth: she feels it as that: "I HATE THE GOD-DAMNED LIGHTNING . . . I HATE THE GOD-DAMNED LIGHTNING . . . MAKE IT STOP . . . DADDY." Then: "THE LIGHTNING WANTS YOU, DADDY . . . GO OUTSIDE AND LET THE LIGHTNING GET YOU . . . DADDY . . . THE LIGHTNING'S MAD AT YOU . . . DADDY."

He won't obey her today—with company here: it never has calmed her for long. He's not very brave in her cause anymore anyway. But he laughs courageously: he's brave in another way, denying her while knowing her temper, her gift for outrage.

A glare, milky, has the effect that we and the stairs are completely without shadow. That flattens the planes and curves of our faces and irons out the folds of wood and of carpet. Nonie shouts, "YOU BASTARD. I KNOW YOU. I KNOW WHAT IT IS. YOU BASTARD."

"Nonie, sweetie. God. Oh, Nonie—God damn it—what's the matter? Sweetie, what's *wrong*?"

"IT'S IN THE HOUSE, YOU GO STAND ON THE LAWN, YOU GO LET



"Hutchins, what on earth gave you the notion that we want the rich to get poorer and the poor to get richer?"

IT BURN YOU, LET IT BURN YOU UP—DADDY."

I hold Nonie's hands. Her bones are loose in nets of muscle. The noise of tambourining leaves disappears in a bass halloo. A rod of wood is swiftly rolled shakingly along my spine. Nonie's mouth opens; she's forced to swallow noise.

When you see someone at an absolute physical limit, it does suggest the passing over a line to deity.

Nonie wants to shout, but we have company in the house downstairs.

Big-bodied Daddy and Annemarie—the big-bodied characters here—haul and hustle Nonie along the upstairs hall; she's howling and growling. Nonie breaks loose, Nonie is leaning at the waist, sideways, a little backward in the half-dark, in the noise. Now we push her. Now we have her in the bathroom. Annemarie has gotten Nonie's pants half off and in the flexing and wriggling of Nonie's buttocks, big and pink-gray-brown in the muddy light, is the proof of the abject sincerity of her terror, even though her finely shaped head is stiffly erect—terror is discouraged by assertions of the nothingness of the humiliation.

A point of white light across a bedroom at a window speeds and blooms. Faces float. The rending and clatter spread Nonie's face: it's painful to see—people sometimes remark, *That girl's painfully pretty.*

She says in a really crazed way, "THE LIGHTNING DOESN'T WANT ME—IT WANTS YOU, YOU MEAN PIECE OF CRAP."

Daddy's cheeks are scored with effort, with dry tiredness. Daddy says, "Nonie, Nonie, stop it—what is it? Tell me. Listen to me. What are you scared of? It's only some rain and a little noise and some electricity like a—a flashlight—in the sky."

She stares at him: the complexities of his logic are walled spirals, which she is too canny to admire even in her state of crazed, involuntary terror. "GO AWAY. I DON'T WANT YOU NEXT TO ME. IT WANTS YOU. YOU GO. LEAVE ME ALONE."

Daddy gets tired of the slyness and temper and selfishness in this sort of *women's heroism,* so to speak. He holds her arm firmly and gives her a very little shake: "You try to get hold of yourself, Nonie. You be a lady, now."

Nonie doesn't listen; she almost never listens: she eavesdrops face to face. It's her tactic to believe women are what's moral: the unreligious part: a measure (they're soft flesh—solace and amusement; they make up for God's being what he is). The woman says, *I'm more than God—Daddy, go meet your death and Maker and say Howjado.*

And: *Do you love me? Are you my father?*

Daddy is tired of both those things. Daddy looks into her eyes; he has a jutting, determined posture of his face, a set of postures that slide finally into an obliquity of address: he often speaks before her and not to her, which seems a witch's triumph that she has—it's an odd privilege or rank with him that she has; but now he's talking to her, except, ultimately, he's sure of her because she's a female: "Listen to me. No one's hurting you."

"I KNOW WHO I AM." That is, she knows what's going on and she would like to call on certain facts of biography and of social reality: *I'm Nora Silenowicz, aged eleven* (thirteen); *I live at home with my parents: home is 4 Vista Drive; you leave me alone. Don't you know who I am? I just told you—are you too dumb to catch on? I'm not exactly a big-brain type of person, I'm not real booky, but I get the point and you don't seem to. I'm not a creep. I love sports, do you? Don't get too funny. Just maybe my family can handle you. We can get you thrown in prison.*

"HELP ME, DADDY, I'M A GOOD GIRL."

"I know you are, sweetie."

She yells, "OH, AH, YAH-AH;" that is, she argues for a moment sheerly as a girl yelling—if she was that noisy and that upset, then something was wrong; you were supposed to help her—this was a serious argument, an earnest one.

Her eyes are screwed into being

"No, I haven't seen 'The Real Thing,' but I did see and enjoy 'The Right Stuff.'"

• •

maybe three-quarters shut, and yet they're peering; she's not totally defeated; her eyes have nutty angles of vision; they're also twitching and angry; but they function still; they have a childish obstinacy of function. In her terror, this terror.

"I DON'T HATE MYSELF, DADDY!" she screams.

She's been in treatment with psychologists, who try to help her be happy.

Her warm thighs, stickily pressed together, tremble syncopatedly.

Daddy says, "Nonie, it's like a knife in my God-damned heart. My heart is *breaking*. Oh, honey, can't you get hold of yourself?"

He's not thinking, he's being uncalculating, it's on purpose: he's being warm; he's not judging or guessing or seeing through her—it's an effort. His face gets a little pudgy, cloudlike with warm *foolishness*—it's for her sake, for everyone's. She sees, she partly grasps it—*Be-foolish-for-me*—his story isn't congruent with hers, with Nonie's story. She stares at him. Daddy says, "Here, honey, want some love out of my pocket? I have a whole lot of love right here. Just put your hand in and dig it out. It's all just waiting for you."

Love rests on illusion, they say—that's one of Lila's remarks. *I can face it*, Lila said; *can you?*

Nonie's jumping around, wincing, agonized.

"YOU GO TO HELL. YOU HAVE TO GO TO HELL." It's not clear what she means, why he has to, for her sake or because of his vices, or his having failed her, or in order to save her, or what. She shouts, "THE DEVIL WANTS YOU RIGHT NOW!"

Annemarie tells me, "Don't look, *Liebchen*." *The sin*, the being *an animal*, a *little* animal, and ashamed and disliked by everyone—well, don't look, except medically: to exorcise or to quarantine or to help.

Annemarie is pious.

Daddy's sad look of affection says that Nonie is crazy now. Nonie, alert, shouts, "I'M A GOOD GIRL, I'M NICE!" She shouts it *accusingly*.

Knots of nerves in her skull skitter shrilly: in the prepubescent, pudgy, pink-thighed girl are facts of nightmare trafficked in, compromised—compromised but not a joke. Her intensity is the size of the warning, of the emergency. Such meaning won't condense, won't distill. She shouts: the effect she wants is to reproduce in you what's in her: but in a family *what does she mean by that?*

"I know it," he says; "I know it, *honey*." What does *he* mean?

Her consciousness dives and races along; it's not big, her consciousness; it's mostly eyesight and speed—see how she squints and wiggles: ferocity of endeavor is her emblem. She flies along, flat-out and pure—without pain in this sense: pure indomitability—and complaint: *that's a system*. She shouts, "I HAVE GOOD INSTINCTS, DADDY." Is she advertising herself? No; yes. But she also means, *Listen to me*. And: *I will win*—or is it: *I will win if you help me?*

She's in a rush.

Is it English she speaks, Nonie-dialect? In this tribe, you have to have a split and blobbing tongue. Other people say the same words as Nonie but they mean something else, so it's not the *same words*.

Nonie shouts, "I'M A GOOD GIRL."

II

HUGGING me, whispering in my ear; we're on the porch: another time: it is four o'clock, a summer day —*"I'm a good girl,"* someone *pure*—*a good girl*—the meaning-of-this in the sunshine is that something pure doesn't hurt you, she's pure, and whatever she does to you, whatever you think about it, you're not hurt.

The whisper in my ear partly means her feelings weren't hurt by Katie Rogers or by Ida Nicholson Gray—a grownup—or by Momma; and that Nonie *hates* Ida and Momma and Ka-

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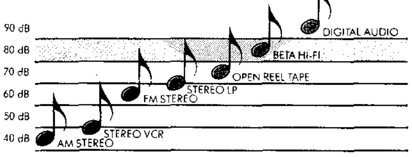

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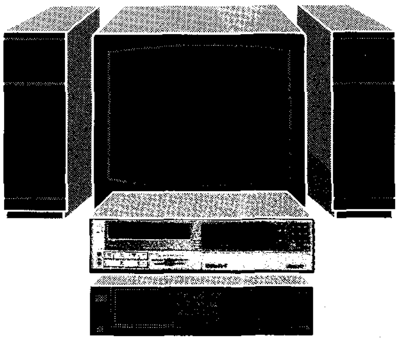

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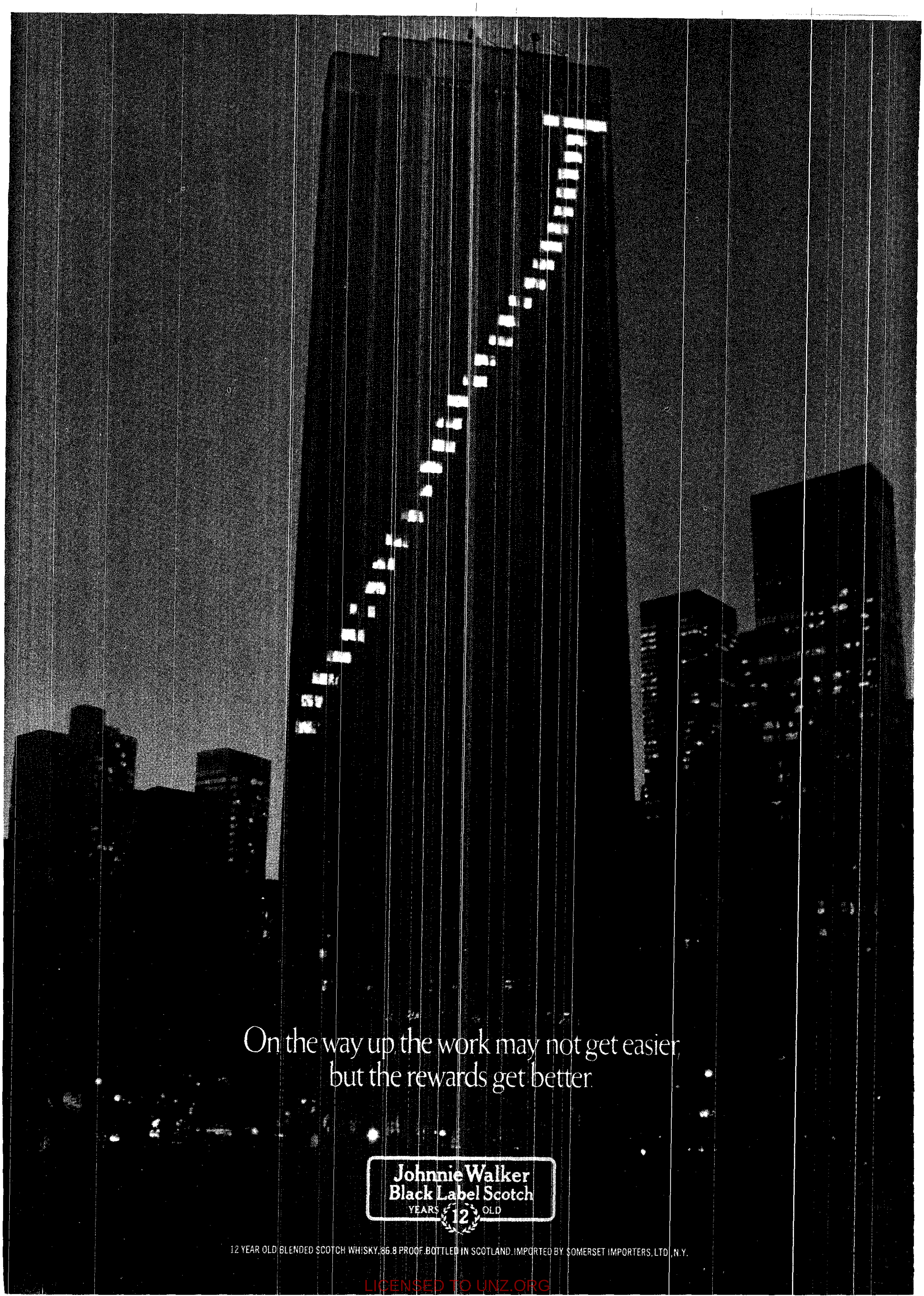
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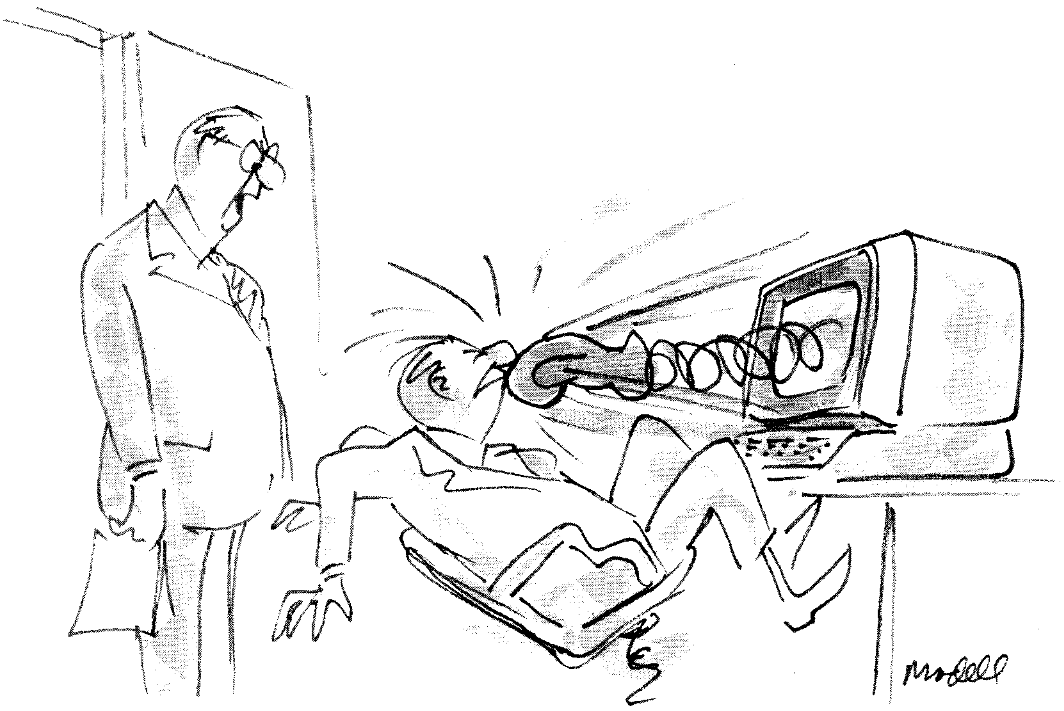


"It must be you. The computer, it so happens, is user-friendly."

tie because they make the world impure one way or another. She's not like them: she's blameless, she's perfect—if you don't agree, she has a right to hurt you for hurting her. . . . Perhaps she is daydreaming, pretending. She vaguely intends to make you wise in regard to her purity.

"I'm nice." She's pure and unhurt and unhurtable, she means. Nonie pinches me—a hieroglyph, an ideogram, an idiocy, a poem on this subject: if I cry out, I'm not pure, I'm hurt; she has hurt me because I distrusted her; and the proof of my treachery is that I am hurt. She will hug and stroke me, and make me pure now. She's redeeming me. She's recruiting me. Purity is smoothness, invulnerability (inviolability), and conceit toward others. Also, it is sweetness—in some cases, in me, for instance, it is turning the other cheek. In her, purity is satisfaction, is satisfied appetite.

She kisses me, she kisses the kid, and holds him at arm's length and won't let me move successfully—getting what you want, and no one can get even with you for it, or be jealous, that's purity, that's being good—and middle-class. You are a person who's pure, and, therefore, are unpunished for what you do.

If I want something from Nonie, if I wriggle and try to escape, I—*I*—am impure by definition: it's an appetite in me: see her startled and seeing-through-me eyes as I do this, her fluttering scorn that I expect something of her. We're on the porch; Annemarie is at work in the kitchen. Nonie looks at me that way (with moral scorn). *Being fond of people is a good discipline,* Lila's said more than once. Lila has said, *S.L. lies to Nonie, and you know what they say the outcome of lies is. What does he expect to happen? She has to figure out everything for herself. A young girl's life is terrible one way or the other, but no one pays attention. Well, she won't listen to me—I'm not to her tastes lately. It's a phase.* No: it was lifelong. *If she wants a stay-at-home, plain-Jane mother—and she won't settle for what the cat dragged in (which is me)—then I guess she'll just have to suffer, take it or leave it. I'm the only mother she has.*

We have a local form of childhood.

A dog scampers sidelong, crazy-jawed, across the lawn. "Look at that crazy dog," Nonie says. Nonie likes praise that is extreme, that is enthusiasm plus a loud silence in regard to any qualifications of the praise: *It was great, it was really great, it was perfect, you're perfect, you know that, you're just absolutely perfect.*

"You're perfectly lovely," she says to the child, and regards him. "*Want a glass of milk? I think that dog belongs to poor people.*"

Poor people are cowards and bullies toward people like us—everyone knows that.

Ipso dipso facto ficto.

Daddy wants Nonie to be happy: *Stay away from grownups, darling; you can't tell about them; sometimes they like to make you feel bad.*

Nonie says, *Momma's like that.*

Nonie is *well bred, high-strung* (Momma says). *She doesn't get along with popular children; she can't hold her own with them; no one likes being overshadowed. Wiley, listen to me; I give good advice: no one likes to be outshone—they'll kill you if it bothers them enough.*

Nonie likes nervous, soft-mannered kids with some social glamour: she'll pick a girl or boy with a noticeably behindhand, peripheral social beauty. *Doesn't she know any better? Nonie only likes people who can't possibly like her once they get to know her. Once their luck changes, they turn on her, and she deserves it, she asks for it, and the fat is in the fire and I have to pay the piper.* Momma often sighs; she has a repertoire of good sighs—very different kinds. This one is pigeony, cooish. *Doesn't Nonie know who she is?*

Nonie learns little from the passive kids she likes; she imitates them badly. Momma says, *We have an ordinary middle-class household.* A portrait. Nonie doesn't like to listen to what anyone says—she evades the intentions of speech; as stated before, she eavesdrops face to face as a general rule. She's maybe *ordinary* morally—Momma has said that's the best possible claim for Nonie: *she's ordinary and like everyone else, so good-and-normal it hurts.*

(*I'm shouting in a vacuum; no one listens to me,* Momma said. *Only Wiley—sometimes.*)

Nonie's happiness is universally desired by theoreticians, by decent people. *Universally.*

When she's *crushed, if she's shattered*—Momma's words and Nonie's—Nonie says, in an agonized and angry tone, "I'M ALL RIGHT." That may mean she's given up or is about to. When she is defeated, she says, if asked, "I'm fine, thank you," and blinks and turns away if she doesn't want you to notice and she stares at you if she does want you to notice—she makes you be quiet, though. You notice, but you have to be quiet.

If she's hurt badly enough, honesty sets in.

Then something in her widens—her consciousness maybe—and she's private and soft, even if a little shrill in pitch but sometimes not even that: she's vulnerable, out of control: not evil: defeated—gentle: not lyingly—maybe as an emblem or result of *Evil*, but she seems to be good then . . .

When I'm drawn to Nonie when she's in that state, in some version of it, she sometimes turns on me to show I'm a sucker and she's stronger, she's getting strong again.

When she's defeated or hurt, half nice or the whole thing, she is sexual, private, human, not shrewd—knowing about it in her, feeling it in her, the sound of it while it's happening near me, the feeling in my head of being near a secret part of Nonie, her weird self in this moment, I like her a lot. She knows it. She holds my hand moistly. Her hurt causes a ripe propriety of soul and demeanor in her. This is one reason she's interested in hurt, because of what happens to her then—the sort of grace that comes to her. Similarly, she wants to see *the finest part* of someone. A theory. Her physical sense of the world, of herself, is stronger than her mental sense of herself and of things, despite the way her hands don't know the feel of the world as well as her wits do. She lives between the round folds of her thighs; she is physically aware, she is caught in the fleshy constrictions and awarenesses of the inside of her mouth and throat—she drinks water with elaborate and, to me, ornamental gluttony. Flesh overlaps flesh and forms pockets, companionable, not clanking but noisy in a way for her. And then there's the reality of her toes down there. The physical is familiar to her, a place of automatic diversion. Hurt is always partly physical; it infiltrates her flesh, the pockets—places of registry of herself—in real life, waking life. The *inside-the-oyster pearl-and-pink* hind end, in your clothes or naked, is the *exposed heart of flesh*—the key to attentiveness: to confession; one is driven to touch the finest part: a thrill.

Look: here's something: she's fallen asleep while hugging me. I step, I move, tinily, into another realm of observation: sleep covers her pink face with a smooth look like doors; Nonie is ELSEWHERE. Her eyelids are skin with no fleshy stuff under them—but animal noses twitch and sniff at dead eyes there. Little snores, bleached delphiniums of breath rise from her mouth, stalks and bells above the small vortex at the insuck of her lips. Giant girl—her ribs are muffled spans, the handles of ladles, big, big spoons, faintly vibrant. All this lies against me: she's hugging me. She is—ELSEWHERE. She is in the mysterious horn of sleep, running inside a rolling egg. I struggle to get free, I push at her arms, I tug, I rub and wiggle against her—chest—I put my mouth on her chin and I bite her. I suck her breath, the bits of private air, the private delphiniums, scratchy grasses. Suddenly she awakes—she looks at me.

It's Nonie. Nonie's eyes.

A form of speech—do you *understand*? This *is* like any look, this is in every look that she gave me—we have years in which we don't look into each other's eyes: it's pointless; but it's not like that yet.

Her being wakeful, like every quality of THIS GIRL, has a foreign tonality, often silvery and thin—elf traits; ghost droppings; animal acts; leaf noises in a wood which can't be identified, which signify an unknown life. Her breath doesn't have the weight of Daddy's or Momma's speechy murmurousness, of their pale groans or sighs that tip suddenly like seesaws into shadows, into the nighttime and me eavesdropping without the hope of understanding anything. Nonie's face is complex because Nonie's here—hands, pink body, moods, these multiply and are the opposite of isolation, are implication, a tangle of possibilities, snakes or shrews in a thicket, cottonmouth or a hunting cat, the proximity of Evil from the beginning. Her presence is rhetorical in a spare language. The five public senses are façades breathing mood, an architecture of seduction, of menace. This isn't play, this isn't just play, it's real: *Hey, were you lonely? Did you dream of a playmate?* Look, this is a dream come true, this is for real. *I'm the boss —I'm the older sister. . . . A deal. Is it a deal?* Her hug, her clayey arms, her tenderness, her ribs, her head, her tickling, finely pretty hair, her affection are a limited speech, opening onto a large-scale babble: common sense. Her eyes and mine are as if in a piazza. The locked gazes form a piazza of apparent and mutual consciousness; awareness is echoing and returned, amplified—a proper blackmail: her size and physical power—Nonie's being Nonie here—the world has a sudden fluttering tenderness, foulness, Nonie style. I have no choice: the child's drowning. His face is parkland, grass, airy vistas; or a flock of pigeons; or a house; or bells, slim fires; secrets expressed as films of wordlessness—a landscape of altered and fluctuating noises of response, attachment; a listening: perhaps the child is noticeably male for Nonie, a weight of foreignness, a genetic glistening. She moves; she grips me in the unfinished, barely begun web of her arms—a species of passion? Ho! Or minor rape—I turn and twist, I subside against her puffed chest; she lifts her prisoner—*Her Prisoner*. We go sit creakingly in a white wicker chair among the columns and screens of a wooden porch. We are in a drifting light; the chair creaks, a plunging elephant; Nonie swings her legs: a game: I drop through her legs: I yell: Nonie grips me between her thighs, then between her calves—I grunt—I lean backward, and the bones of her ankles bongle-thagg my ribs. I drop to the floor. I'm free—she grips my wrist—her hair hangs ticklingly, brightly. Is she bored? It's hot; a fly is caught in the girl's other hand, a curled fist; the buzzing is constant, it grows louder, swifter—I twitch. Nonie says, "*Die, fly—die-ee-ee.*" Her fist is at my ear, shaken, a gourd, an instruction: I hear an insect skeleton snap. Nonie puts the snapped bug on my shoulder. "*I'm your mother; you have to do what I say; wear this*"—funeral epaulet—"*you have to wear that.*" I push it off. Her lips touch my nose, she bites me swiftly, in a flush of rosied hate, an eagerness. I stiffen; my soft fists clench; I hunch over and she stops; she lifts me; we go down some steps to the grass; we sit on the grass in silence, among midges and yellow discs: "*Those are butter.*" Then Nonie pushes my face toward the dandelions: "*Lick the butter, Wileykins.*" I twist my head, wriggle, get free: I stare at her. She leans closer to me—I bat her nose—she places her firm, fat leg over my folded legs to hold me while she makes a dandelion wreath. "*You're just a wild man, you're just so bad we don't know what to do with you.*" I don't have to listen to her. I don't have to hear the tones. I don't have to know hers to be now an exploratory malice. No one else here speaks to me with this immediacy of Evil. The promise of having a separate soul, responsibility, my own life lies in Evil—which is secret. "*You're a bad little prince.*" And: "Here." She bestows the diadem, and then, after a while, yanks it over my eyes—I am inside the wreath, inside the act: I don't know what's happened, what's happening. Here is yellow light, here are yellow shadows. I sit. I'm naked in this part of the day; the child is naked, dusted with faithful suburban light.

"What a pretty pair of children!"

I'm hugged; my head is forced to a weird angle.

Locked into her affections, the prey of some sentience of hers about what is real, I fight. See the kid push at her unfurry, slidey, technically fond arms. She pulls me close: "Wiley adores me. See, he *loves* me."

"Don't hurt her feelings, kiddo. Stay with Nonie."

"You've made a conquest, Wiley. She's crazy about you."

The mysterious potencies of what I am, which include the way I look, lie like cut flowers in the baskets of her head, her chest. Jesus: the mad and silent child ("He's a beauty; he's a real winner"). The child's sombreness and force are lunatic, noiseless. Here come her arms: I'm between her legs: her eyes, nostrils, mouth—and mine—apertures, heat, childhood.

I saw her beat a dog to death. Like a farm woman. A heroine.

This is the way I am: I play dumb, or sleepy, or waitful. If I'm too knowing, someone says, *He's mischie-vi-ous*, or *He's a tease; he's teasing her; he's teasing you, hon.* Her eyes do a Nonie thing: curiosity, pain are mixed: curiosity starts as part of a deficiency; it is an extension of an ache. Nonie will squeeze me so hard that I go airless and briefly shameless, limp; she will lie on me while I struggle to breathe and to get free until my struggling tapers off, and then we gasp, almost in unison. Is this an uncorrected foulness or is this a merely human thing? Her face is reluctant, obtuse. She has a smell of wakefulness, a stench. Is this A TORTURE? I'm clutched in her smelly arms near her childlike breath. Nonie interprets the world to me.

I have a sense of union with her, an odd form of transport, a childhood pleasure. "*Are you happy?*" she asks me in a dry, earnest, menacing way. "*I want us to be happy.*"

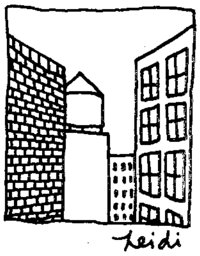
Nonie says, "*I want everyone to be happy—I want everyone to be happy so they'll be nice.*"

She is politically serious when she says this. Her politics govern many of the ways in which we are lovers.

I feel the wind at my ear. Nonie's over there in the sunlight on the tennis court under the blue sky, with two dibbie clouds in it and two sour crows ashriek. Her shoulders are hiked up; she holds her racquet stiffly; she crouches; her legs swell and bend and she runs sidlingly: *Look at the dear thing run—she's quite a good* little *competitor.* She has the rapid postures of physical concentration that are possible for her when she *competes*, when she is *revved up*, when she is playing with her full will. But she's not good enough—the sports talk is *Poor Thing, she's dying on her feet, Nonie's being just slaughtered out there, she's in over her head. . . .*

Sweat lies in the folds of her skin. The intricate wind guides and deflects, raises and stymies and presses on the flight of the ball. *Nonie is not in her league here*—this is a serious matter.

LOOK: The Silenowiczes don't have and can't get—they'll try, but they can't do it—a similar commitment to Wiley as a conduit of genetics, let's say, traits of his passed along, a family line expanded and multiplied, as they do, willy-nilly, to Nonie. It is possible that they "love" me, and more, far more, than their daughter or anyone else, "love" here as feeling—amusement and also wanting-to-be-with—but not love as the power and full strangeness of alliance, of competition, of serious blackness. The Silenowiczes were told again and again and again and again that they can't care what becomes of me as someone can who's of the same blood. Blood? Do we have to see some blood soon? Whose child am I? I am there for the sake of these people's happiness (so to speak), not their or my or my real mother's lineage; they are not loyal to what's found in me: why the hell should they be? They love me passionately—*Our life was you, our whole life, off and on, and for a while you liked that.* No matter how feelingly they care, I will never exist in certain ways for them—and nothing is compensated for: it is a convenience to say this balances that: it has nothing to do with it to say that otherwise the child would not have lived—*perhaps.* I had my audience early; they were attached to what I meant to them—in actual moments, always *a now*, a romance. I am expendable to them in a way a son of theirs could not have been—my lovers: not my family. I don't know that a family sense is much different: it's less clear, certainly. I have no family sense. This gives a glitter to everything I know—and feel.



NONIE is closed in, as it were, on three sides, or two, and open only on one, and I am open all around.

Nonie has sweaty, slightly spread legs; her thighs, her crotch—she's aware of heat in them.

Wiley, I don't ever want to think you're jealous of her.

I can't *as a general rule* locate my cruelty toward others; it tends to lie in my acting on acknowledgments of superiority in me. *If I'm smarter than you, why don't you* listen *to me?* I tend to display virtues rather than to take on obligations—a child, a younger one, adopted, piratic, unrooted. I ran out on the court. "GET HIM AWAY! I DON'T WANT HIM NOW! GET HIM AWAY FROM ME!"

"*Wiley, don't do that!*"

I hit Nonie a number of times in childhood—never with male embarrassment or a boy's regret or that vile remorse of what-have-I-done. I felt satisfaction, a sense of order—a sense of symmetry sated by a feeling of decency at hitting her—*this is a truth:* I admit it. Nonie disgusts me. Nonie, when she strikes at someone, feels it to be JUSTICE. I'm below and behind and ahead and high above her in a dark space, a black sky—without team spirit, contemplating her sense of JUSTICE.

She runs inside the airy globe of my sight at this minute. She is on the tennis court. She will never know about this representation of herself as something in nature both immediate and recalled. "Whee!" she says. Her speech does not represent the life in her except as a contradiction of what she hides inside herself. She shouts, even so. I dislike or hate her because she hit me on the arm with her tennis racquet while Daddy dragged me off the tennis court. I must sit here and watch her play. The pockets of her flesh move me. The ball in one flight has ninety-nine positions of ghost readiness and then an arc of accusation: *You better hit me*—an accusation means itself plus, unspoken, *Hit me*, since everyone fights back or falls to one side. Nonie hears time's soon-to-be-changed sportive accusation and test questions and score in her head. *She hears*, she feels the heat of the afternoon. She sees and hears and feels the flight-of-the-ball—the ghost-tails, cherubic ghost-heads of the arcing ball fill her sight—her foresight, her powers of prediction. Look: Without enmity, she has no edge; she's not solid in her game; she's cloudy, overweight—strange. *Do you forgive her? Why can't you forgive her?* She's slowed in the weird geometric set pieces of her emotions and of her faith in things, as in a dream in which motion is recalcitrant and her screaming is interdicted and her only safety is in rescue by something outside the machinery of this particular episode. By justice, or luck in a disguise. Let her fight back. Let me. Her sense of the court, the battleground—my sense of ecstasy—form a sunshiny, heat-struck outdoors rhythm. Is it the game, the remembered game? She speeds, quickened, deadened in consciousness, narrowed to the game: she escapes me. I want her, Nonie, for my own purposes: my feelings want her to sit still now.

She proceeds in the unforgiving indignation of her art in sports. Her mind is on top of—a healthy body. Her dearest treasure, her weapon, her soul, her prize of competition and rivalry, is her body below: her mind is no trophy: it's hers: her admiration is loathsome: her mind rises on the flailing arms, pivoting torso, chuffing and then braced and then scuttling legs, like a perched dragonfly on a brick colossus, in a space of great ice, great cold. Inside a sheltered dome, a brainpan mosaicked with visions, the motto, the point is lodged: *Wiley can't hurt me, things can't hurt me*. A victory is to the girl's wakefulness as a dream is to her consciousness asleep. Life is explained in an intensely theatrical (a directed) light.

4–2, Lisa—it's not credible that Nonie should lose, and be without meaning. She will be an ordinariness—a matter only of sentimental report.

Nonie is trying. But Lisa finds it apparently easy to tip Nonie into a rubbish heap of miscalculations, the frenzied clumsiness of someone who does not matter as a force but who will not give in yet. Such contradiction between will and result lays bare the presence of meaning—usually unwanted. Unprepared for. *So this is what it is to end up badly. Help, help.*

Daddy says under his breath, "Our girl ain't lookin' too good. Well, there's other things in life besides winning."

In the text I have failed to supply here—Nonie's Book of Pity for Herself, Nonie's Sadness, Nonie's Charities Toward Her Will, Her Life—among the victories she does not gain, Nonie's mind is described as an agency of discipline beating with mad persistence at a single point, beating herself into a single point, then that single point against the adamancy of being eighth-rate, against odds and defeat, perpetually turning its sharpest side outward.

All her truths are *secret*—all. When she killed the dog, the boys and the other girl egged each other on to strike; one boy was dogmatic, exasperated: "*It's probably* DISEASED." Nonie, mostly silent, spoke twice as if she were the leader. "Here we go." Then, during the execution: "*It just has to be done.*" She struck *firmly* with a half-clutched half brick; her eyelids were lowered partway, they fluttered; she peered and didn't look, both; her nose was wrinkled at first. A rope had been wound around and around the dog's legs and then around a tree trunk and then under the dog's belly and over its ribs and its back haunches and around its neck so that its head was held, loosely, against the rough hide of the tree skin. The sounds of breath—the dog didn't bark—the sounds of the blows: a childhood thing. The squish of the pelt: struck bone. As if politely, Nonie struck the dog on its ribs first, far from the center points of the senses, but she saw that that was a girl thing, as in *Watch out for its eyes*—or *ears*. She's concentrating; she's goddesslike. Her temperament, her uncertain temperament, rests uneasily in these areas of life and death from which girls are *unfairly* excluded, excluded from open and from secret discussions of this stuff. She held her neck stiffly, her head back as if to mimic and understand the musculature and terror and courage of the dog: she goes berserk over ideas of good-and-evil, of justice, of I-like-it-and-I-don't-like-it—the permitted idioms—sometimes with phony innocence, or ignorance, girlish, useful, a cover story for a bloodied agent. She struck at the forehead, at the squelchy fur and bone. She struck at the jellied eye and called out, "Oh," and then she boasted, "I hit it *in the eye*." Nonie, when she was young, was afraid of being buried alive. Nonie advances in her classroom-and-chapel study of DEATH: the real thing—not a word, not a word for a state of quiet, for an intervention in life's time, but for a finality of one's will, one's citizenship, one's role in the epic of the world.

The kid, *he* plays unmeanly—well, I'm adopted, gentle (ha-ha): I'm welcome here: *he's a little king*.

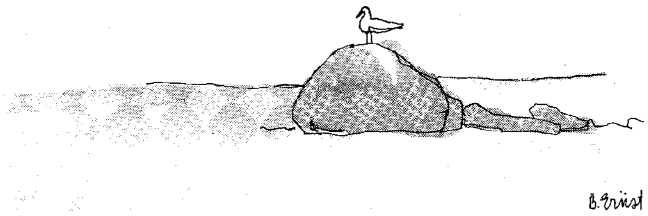
Do you hate her, Wiley?

Yes. I'm sorry.

"*I'm so normal it's awful. I'm not like Wiley.*"

Go slow, pace yourself, turn yourself inside out. I went for the kill—I went for the killing shot, but I just didn't have it. Lisa's mouth is set; it shakes from time to time; her eyes hold intention, unnegotiably—she is prepared for winning—she is defeating *Our Little Sister of Tennis*. Nonie says, "*I got too eager; I was just too hot to trot. Coach Bill says you have to be a tiger, not a pig. I got silly in the second set. You have to know that a game takes a long time, you have to just be patient and stick to your game strategy—and your strategy will stick by you. . . .*" A strategy unfolds—it is a form of obtuseness toward others, it is a cancellation of accident, it magnifies parts of oneself. She holds me between her legs and tightens the barrette in her hair: "*I learned my lesson. I'm just going to be a ti-ti-tiger, like Coach Bill says, and never a pig. Hold still, Wileykins.*"

Her sense of her own knowledge gives her a sense of beauty—something that represents what she knows is *beautiful, just perfectly beautiful.* When she feels knowledgeable, she is nearly beautiful; her intelligence about the world shows as such in her posture and in her face. Not in her words: "*I know how to win—you have to have spirit and you just keep hitting the ball back more times than the other person.*" Nonie liked unarguability in speech; that is, for her the world of the mind, no matter how public it is, is not in the open air where things are



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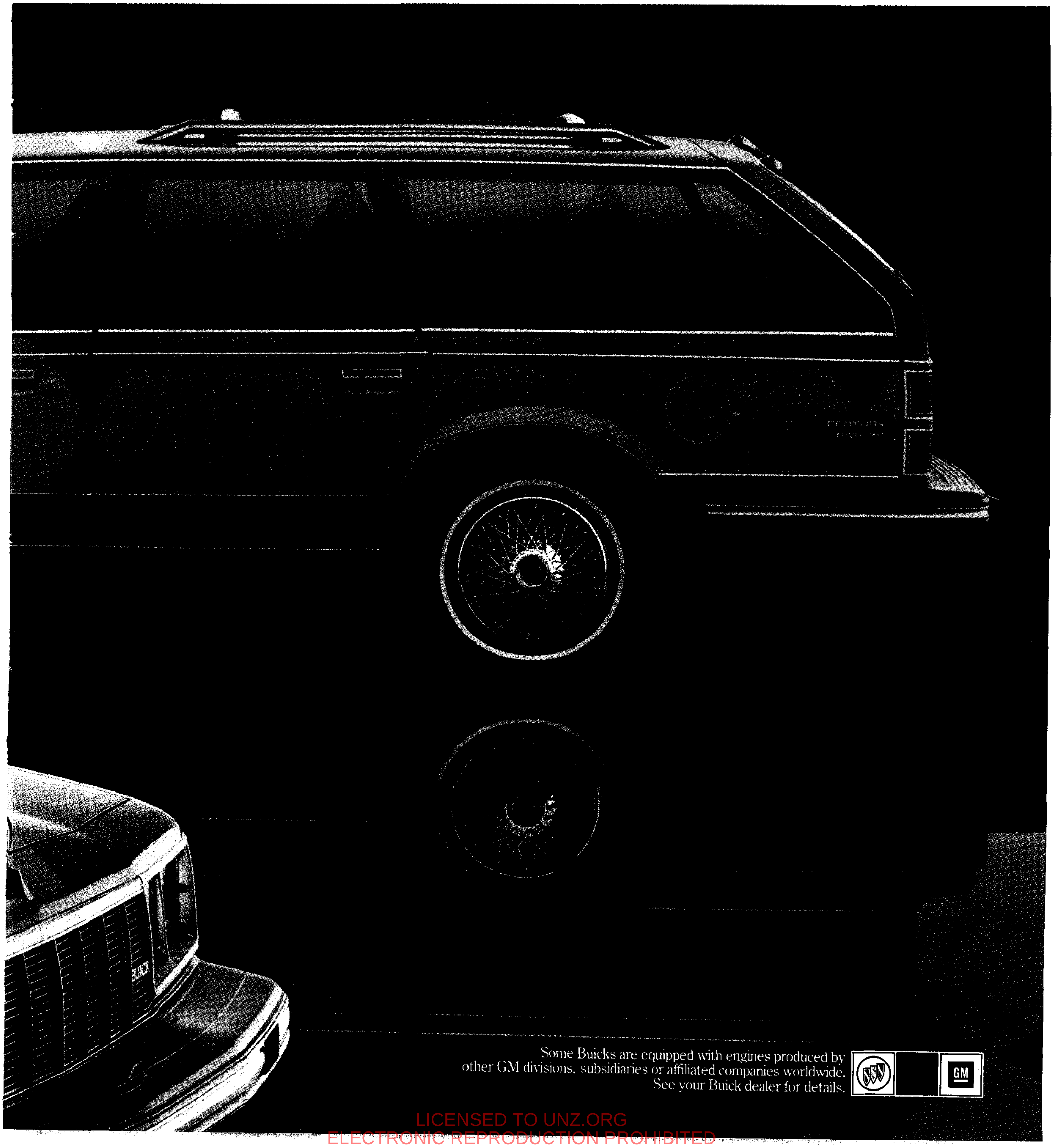

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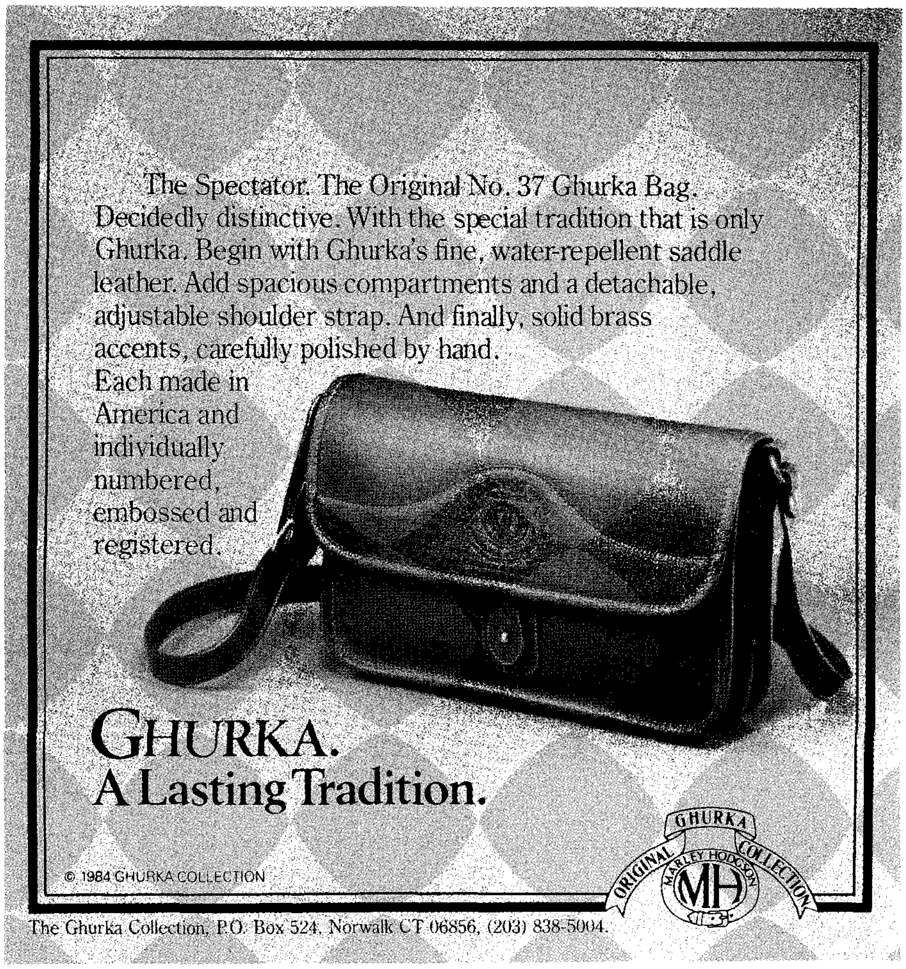
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contested—it's in houses, it's more like the talk in houses: it's more certain—it's subject to control by a woman. (Momma said, "*You never liked her from the beginning—I'm glad you never went after me.*")

Bits of the real day cling to her. She holds me between her legs, and my jealousy included a blaze of longing to experience the world that seemed to live, fresh but logical, grand, adumbrated, in Nonie's speeches: it was real to me, that ecstatically calculated world: I thought she knew a lot; I thought she went from our house into that reality; I thought her talk adequately, directly, honestly spoke of it: and I wanted it. Nonie liked a certain flatness of speech which was like driving a ball: she swatted the Local World in her talk. Jealousy is an openness of attention. A brilliant disorder of attention. Of deduction. Nonie half knows what to say if she wants *me* to listen. Nonie's courage is not experimental: it's acquisitive. Grief, for her, is a thing of being poisoned and helpless, boiled in humiliation. A fever of *it's unbearable—it's unbelievable it's so bad.* Her eyes get funny. She wants to shrink the world to a matter of inherited laws, set rivalries, modes of peace and of alliance—a burst of girl's common sense, above all of privilege separate from character and from freshly interpreted adventure. Separate from one's own pained learning. ("*His people are trash, but you'd never know it to look at him.*") What do I inherit? An underdog has the simpler will of existent hurt, of no victory so far, no victory as yet. Nonie has won twice on her way up the ladder in a tournament: she's never won a tournament—but she tries. She gets to the quarter-finals. Why do we have to take *her* seriously? We go outside in the dark after dinner onto the back lawn—she wants to dance. She's not a holy or mad angel of movement, she's not God's pantomiming sweetie; she sways, she's bunches of limber sticks; she's been taught; her physical intelligence produces pale musicality: glides, sweet turns. She is slenderly visible in the local dark—perhaps everyone will come to desire her now. The kid dances, too—well, he runs, he spins, he does interpretations of what she does, of the prettiness of what she does. He is mad. He is a mad angel of movement. He does half cartwheels, rollovers, runs and leaps, somersaults.

"*Look at angel pie—ain't he wonderful?*"

"Wiley, *you're in the way.*" She kicks at the child.

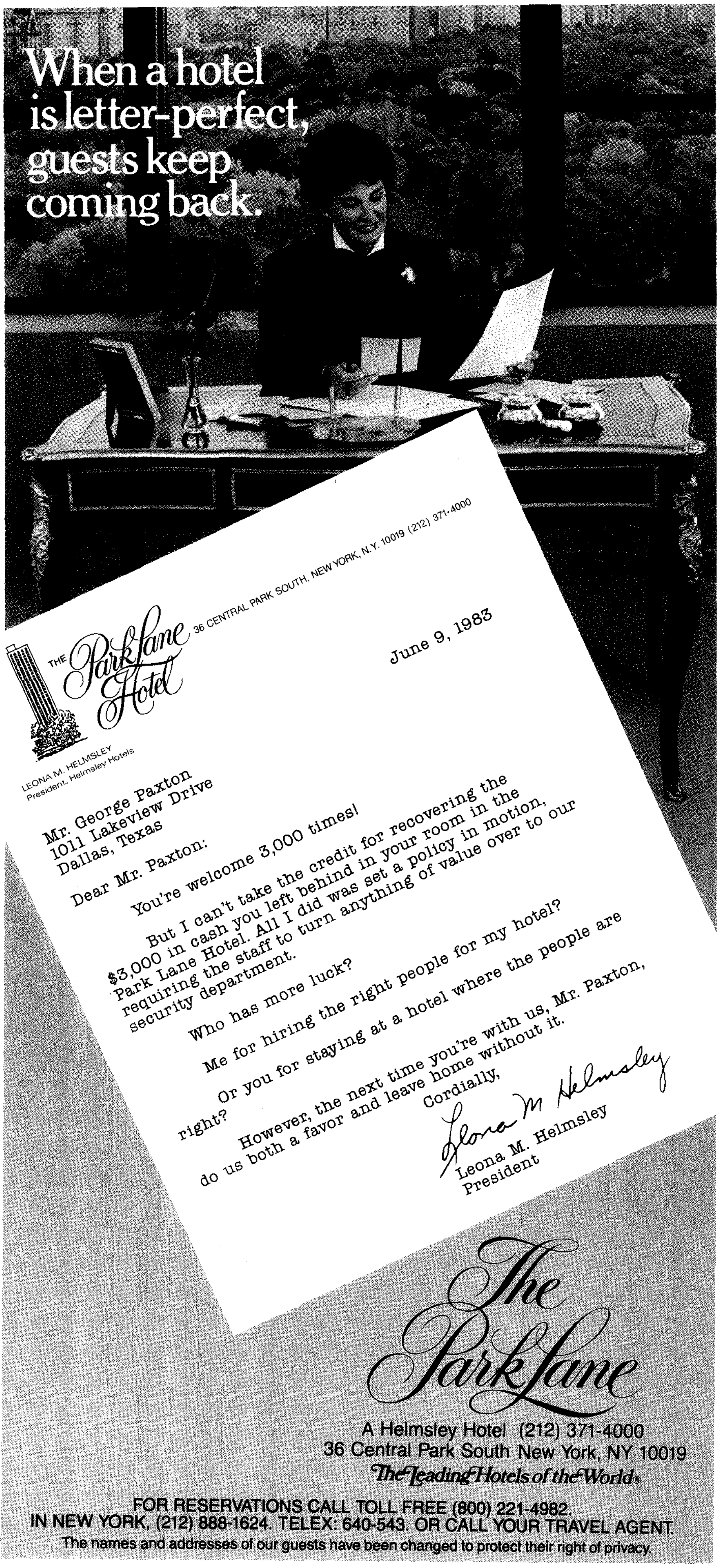
"*Nonie, don't do that. It's ugly. Kids are a pain in the ass—you know that—but you just put up with him now.*"

Nonie tore up handfuls of grass, she dropped grass on the kid in rapid quantities, she threw or dropped handfuls of dirt until he couldn't see or breathe: he's stained: he stops: she pushes him: she trips him: his shin is bleeding: "*I'm not sorry; he interferes.*" She won't dance or be present if he dances. "*I don't blame her. The littlest ones always get all the credit—when they're young, like that, they're all heart, and he's learned he's adorable; he makes himself look adorable compared to her.*" The child stands quietly. Nonie is in a state of displeasure, suspicion—extreme, and with funny admixtures of thwarted pleasure, terrible pleasure, frustration, longing; she has silenced him; she wants to dance again; she dances formally on the site of his nutty exhibition to test her powers and to erase his performance. "*Don't, Nonie—that's silly, what you're doing,*" Lila says. Nonie turns to me. "*You're silly, you're terrible, you need lessons. You ought to be like me. I'd be ashamed to be like you. You're a little sissy.*" And: "*Lessons would be wasted on you. He's too crazy, Momma. You should be worried about him.*" A girl's mode of argument. One time, she ran at him and hit him while he was in midair: "*Nonie! Wiley! O.K., we'll have none of this. No dancing if you can't be peaceful.*"

I didn't speak yet, but I looked at her with contempt on the dark lawn—a version of disdain, anyway. She tried to grab me from S.L.'s arms when he lifted me. He held me away from her. "*I'm not mad at him, Daddy,*" she said. "*Let me hold him.*" She dribbled at the mouth with the vigor of her insistence that her anger, her blows, her jealousy were not serious, not an issue. Momma said, "*If you ask me, children go too far—it doesn't make any sense.*"

Daddy said, "*They're all little wonders—I've read that they are.*"

In the matter of emotions, here's a sample: Nonie likes Katie Rogers. Sometimes if Katie is available Nonie snoots me: it hurts, it burns. "*Momma, I have to go see Katie—she wants me to come over and be with her.*" Nonie is infatuated; and tough about having attention paid to her as someone afflicted with intense (and



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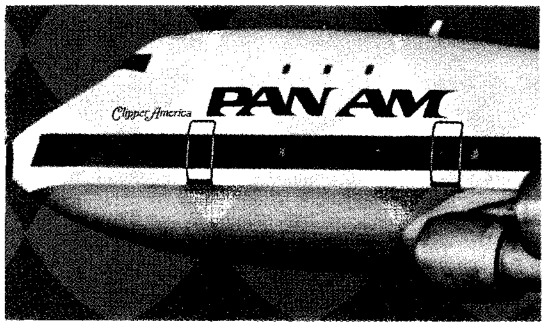

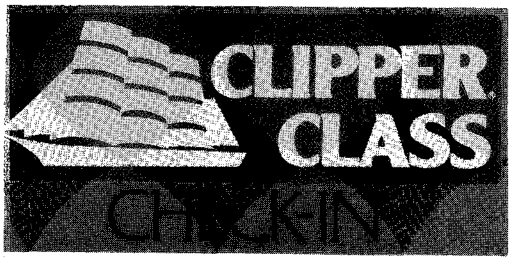

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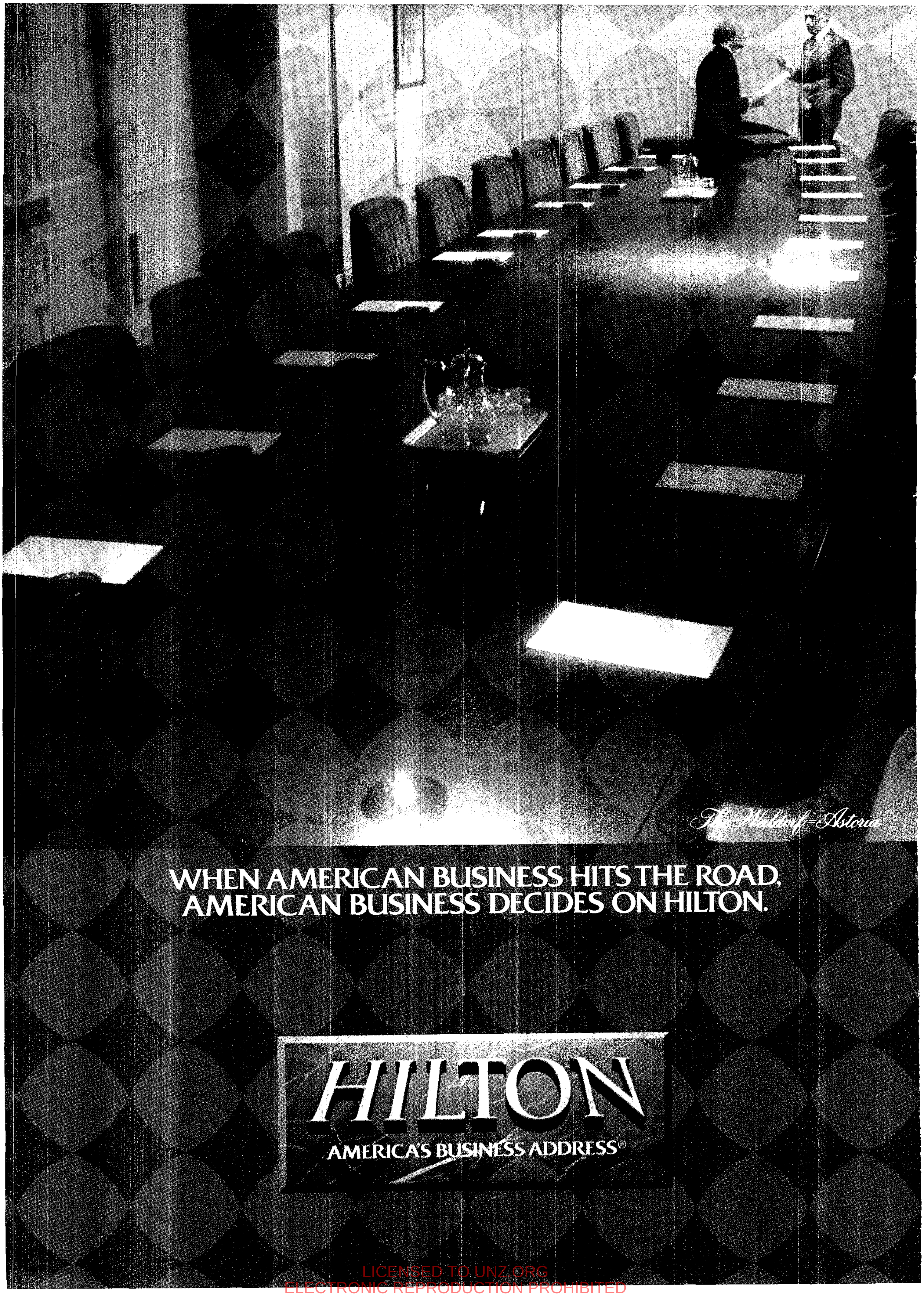
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O.K.) feelings, as the wooer of the other girl; then, too, she makes a point of demeaning whomever she woos. "*She's just someone I like, she's not special, she's not a ath-a-lete.*" And overpraising her: "*She's so nice, she comes from a very distinguished family, she's just so A-1 smart, it scares me.*" And she practices outgrowing that-which-infatuates-her: "*Momma, Katie's not real smart—she doesn't know anything about clothes.*" She tries to make whomever she woos into an immediate servant, a dependent, someone to be used: "*Katie, you're my hostess. I get to go first in everything, I pick the game. You better do as I say. I don't like people who don't act right. Be careful or you'll make me laugh at you.*" Momma says that everyone does a version of this: she calls it breaking-your-spirit, or breaking-you-in, or trying-to-get-hold-of-you-by-putting-a-ring-in-your-nose or a ring-a-ring-in-your-*heart*. *Getting you where they want you.* Momma says Nonie's stupid in "*how she goes about it.*"

Nonie believes that servants and dependents don't have to compete: winning is Nonie's job, she's the flag, the young woman. She says often to Annemarie, "YOU BE QUIET AND JUST HELP ME." You don't have to think, you don't have to live: I do.

Her bravery carries so bureaucratic a charge of emotion about herself that it is serviceable in attracting the devotion of some frightened and uneasy and uncomfortably cautious people. Not Lila, though, or S.L. She is rarely in their terms in a state of grace. In a sense, no one loves her—or ever did or ever will.

She charges the net, a pudgy, pink-thighed girl, small muscles taut. The other girl is amazingly thin but thick-thighed; she is freckle-cheeked, and she wears glasses that cloud over. She's already at the net, where she jerkily intercepts Nonie's floppy drive with a sort of half-remarkable *lurch* and interposition. Her tightly gripped racquet shudders but stays mostly forward. The ball's flight reverses abruptly, arrhythmically—Nonie raises her racquet; the ball is sailing past. I look at Nonie's face, the scene goes so fast that I only think I see Nonie's face, Nonie's racquet. The ball bangs on the side of Nonie's racquet, Nonie's racquet comes down and strikes the wrist of the big-thighed girl at the net. Nonie's tender-boned wrist and hand, with the puffed fingertips and pink and puffy palm, some fingers roughened, and the bitten fingernails, is a familiar sight, a commonplace memory of mine.

The court—the tennis court: if I put in sunlight, real light, not painted, not any construct of the mind but drenching and hot and much larger than me, and then if I grant peculiarities of curvature and of vividness to the air, if I stick to the real light of that real day, I see a child's foot in a child's sandals: *mine*. Daddy's bulgy shadow is a semi-cavern in the drenching light; my white-hatted head is near his ribs. Both girls are at the net. I see the ghost-tail, ghost-cherub face of the ball go past Nonie. A pause. Nonie's racquet moves. That is all I see. And the big-legged girl screams—I see because I hear the very loud scream. Her head went back, her eyes bulged. What has happened? What has been done to her? Nonie's motion was that of trying to slam the ball—nothing held back—the motion was full. Was Lisa's wrist broken? Bruised? Was it a bone bruise?

It is a local and seedy reality, the afternoon's blast of heat and light, the real air lionlike and aroar.

The big-legged girl screamed, "YOU HIT ME!" Then she stared at Nonie. She yelled, "YOU DID THAT ON PURPOSE—YOU'RE TERRIBLE." A sort of convulsion took her as she tried to speak, tried to fit a name to her thought. "NONIE!" she said in a deep, racked voice. Lisa chopped at Nonie, slung her racquet sideways—at Nonie—she wanted to hit Nonie. Then she clutched her own wrist. I can rerun this part of the memory. The girl wears white, like a boy's undershirt. *She's overdoing it to get Nonie in trouble.* Nonie rears back, away from the whirling racquet; she moves *minimally*, staringly—too much evidence lies in that calm movement: the dreamily contemptuous movement of evasion. The scene grows gray-toned as if at twilight—half clear, half uncertain. Lisa sinks—her legs out straight; she holds her hurt wrist like a dog's paw. She howls, sort of: "*Help me; it hurts.*" She stares at Nonie; her look has the aim and anger of how much she wants Nonie harmed. Her head sinks forward. No one screams or anything. The event is left unsettled—we're peaceful here.

Nonie: "*I didn't hit her*—" A blunder can't be called a hit—it's to be considered a *miss*.

What's in Lisa's eyes is more negotiable now than what was in them before.

III

It is somehow in the quality of the mind to conceive of *goodness* as complete, as absolute and unchanging, and of evil as cloudy, interpretable, changeable, capable of redemption, but that is the mind's doing and neither feeling matches the actuality. One sees that one cannot, without taking sides, judge Nonie as being someone who goes too far. Without *taking sides* against her.

I remember the taste of fear in my mouth—a scaly snake. Because of Nonie.

Lisa's mother is shouting at Nonie. Daddy says, "Here, here, let's close the books on this one." We don't examine in any detail the actions of girls. A notion of a definition of evil as a state of will and hurt in a girl, a sister, is a joke.

The limits are funny.

"*Don't ask me—I wasn't looking. But Nonie's all right—she wouldn't harm a fly.*"

Hey, what happened, what was that, did you see it?

I saw something—it looked bad.

I must've missed it—did you see it? What was that all about?

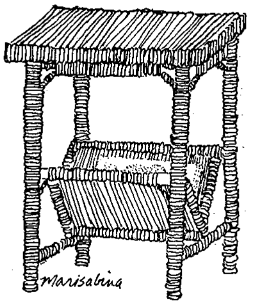
After all, what the conscious mind does chiefly is calculate and remember—and what the mind chiefly remembers is itself, not physical reality, so that testimony is almost always an odd and conceited thing. I, Wiley, I think my mind is trained primarily by my dreams and by things that imitate my dreams, and the structures and purposes of my dreams—I know that my mind sees mostly only its thoughts about things. I am trained in the exigencies of nightmare. I have studied meaning-that-cannot-be-finally-interpreted. Moments are explained over and over in my dreams, then in my thoughts, but nothing I know is in actuality more certain than a legal truth is—that is to say, no final explanation arrives.

In front of the grownups, Nonie *symbolically* shouts, "*Oh, Lisa! Don't* *say such things about* me!" She swacks her racquet against her own leg as if dismay and despair power her arm. The sound makes Lisa wince—a reminder, a threat, a tic of the reality that has Nonie in it.

Girls grow up to sexual reality from their side, not starting from the reality of men—from our kinds of good and evil. We specialize in kinds of good and evil by sex and by individual souls. No one human being deals with all kinds of good and bad stuff. Nonie had daydreams of violence, of willful assertion—is it the false innocence of women, their permitted (and unexamined) violence of soul and act that make many men envy women so passionately?

That pale and careless and unjudged power of theirs?

Some men absorb and imitate that.



I'm a lot kinder in talking about myself than I am when I talk about Nonie. Sight has shadowy areas where wide and untrained vision spreads out from the narrower, schooled registry of conscious inspection. Coherence is a serious matter—it is not part of the ordinary nature of things: *Hey, it's all in your head, buddy-boy. I guess that's how* you *see things, like a crazy man. . . .*

We'll wait and see who's right; we'll see how it comes out.

I am a confessed dream self, a translator of night murmurs into public statements—somewhat. I peer out of my dream of knowledge at her—at Nonie; I'm in a burrow of assumed comprehension.

Take me, for example, at age thirteen. I was party to my puberty, quarrelsome, sometimes cruel, un-Edenish, expelled—the age Nonie was at the time the lightning frightened her. I was known to have a temper, to be grudging. *You can kill, Wiley,* I was assured by an admiring friend. And the football coach told me, *You're O.K. in a pinch. You're rough.* He meant I was tricky and sometimes relentless—admirably merciless. That's right. I was someone to go up against; I was big; I could be rough. Nonie's slanders were different in kind and spirit from my roughness. She said of Lisa, for instance, that she was a bedwetter, which wasn't true. I don't think I ever *lied* to do harm to someone. Lila said, *It's terrible when you tell the truth—it makes me sick when you tell Nonie you don't love her, you can't stand her. . . .*

Lila differentiated between me and Nonie this way: *You're the killer; she's just a troublemaker—she's only a woman. You make some sacrifices for people; she never does. When you stop and think about things, you're not so selfish. You mean well sometimes—she doesn't care—she doesn't care about anyone. . . . Neither one of you is generous. I don't like her as much as I like you—you're more likable. She's not interesting; I think you're interesting, Wiley.* A family secret. *It's not livable around her—I like being with you.* Well, then, she's *the killer,* isn't she? I'm the sucker. The thing about being interesting to Lila is that then her forbearance and her wish to cheat you and sometimes smash you—those become built in. In the real world, I often forget who I am, that I have any worldly attributes—I turn pale and transparent in my own mind, changeable. I am a lot of characters in my own mind, maybe unconvincingly. Still, if someone's watching and listening to you, you get a chance to live through a day with roughly the same baggage of identity.

When memory tries to draw on this stuff, then the stuff of futurity in every single actual moment makes memory stagger and stammer around as the mind did at the time. The abrupt truth of reality remembered is ignorance all over again. This absence of finality can make me hunger for finality, make me murderous or suicidal. Pointlessness for me is waiting for the point to be made, the blade to appear; and I'm humiliated or scared or empty or all those then, or I manage to be gallant on the chopping block, at the sight of the materializing act—enmity, judgment, the point.

Nonie's face in my memory never has the sharp and incredible loveliness and ferocity of her presence when the presence of the future was in her, the presence of the thought of the future, the urgency when no certainty exists about what will happen, and what her character is, until her acts offer their clouded testimony, her blurred and complicated acts. Her face when everything is in play, and we don't know what will turn out to have been good and bad *in the long run,* has a vibrating brilliance of reality that it can't have in memory when the story is over and only the questions remain. In memory, I get only a general face, a face without futurity, Nonie's remembered face—not the real thing. But sometimes I get a real moment going with the real blur of her real face in it, and then I'm so flabbergasted by the shrewd intensity of her *reality*—and of my own reality, too, in the shared light of one of the times when I was with her—that I lose control, and sequences and good sense disappear in the miracle and blare of such recall. Then, almost, I see her unedited face at the edge of her unknown future when she was eleven, thirteen, twenty, twenty-nine, thirty-three, and dead; that mixture of ages, the mixture of faces in one face, with me actually there, is uncomfortably without meaning, without distance inside my own life now. The actuality of seeing her face again in one real moment at the edge of the void of real time to come is so hard to bear that it blinds me for hours at a time—*it kills me.* Daddy used to say, *Be a gentleman and a scholar even if it kills you.* He wasn't kidding. My God. Why should I want to see Nonie, good old Nonie, my prime knowledge of evil, NONIE, this way, at the cost of hours of my life? This cost makes her invisible, unexaminable, immune to judgment—*ordinary. . . .* Well, why not? Is it such hell—to be *ordinary*? Is it worth it, is she worth an actual and unexpurgated moment of judgment? Even as I write, I see the pinkish skin of her lower abdomen and upper thigh, big—so it's when I was small—and I seem to smell her. I know why it's fragmentary. The height, the air, the dimensionality of continuance hold mysteries, the future, the not-mastered thought. . . . Can I approach that flesh knowing I won't survive this time, either? Pride is never in such abeyance as that, is it?

Did Nonie feel real pain? Nonie was often miserable psychically—and she had bad monthly cramps. She was dramatic over scratches, cuts, her periods, and being snubbed. She never got significantly hurt that I can recall. She had her appendix out, though. Did she feel pain to *match* the pain she caused? Or was it that any pain triggered her demand for justice? She burned to death—maybe that hurt. If I think of her as a forty-two-year-old woman burning to death, I'm moved some. Mostly, it's hard for me to care what happened to her up to and including her death in the flames. Do you love your sister? Probably. It's enjoined. I

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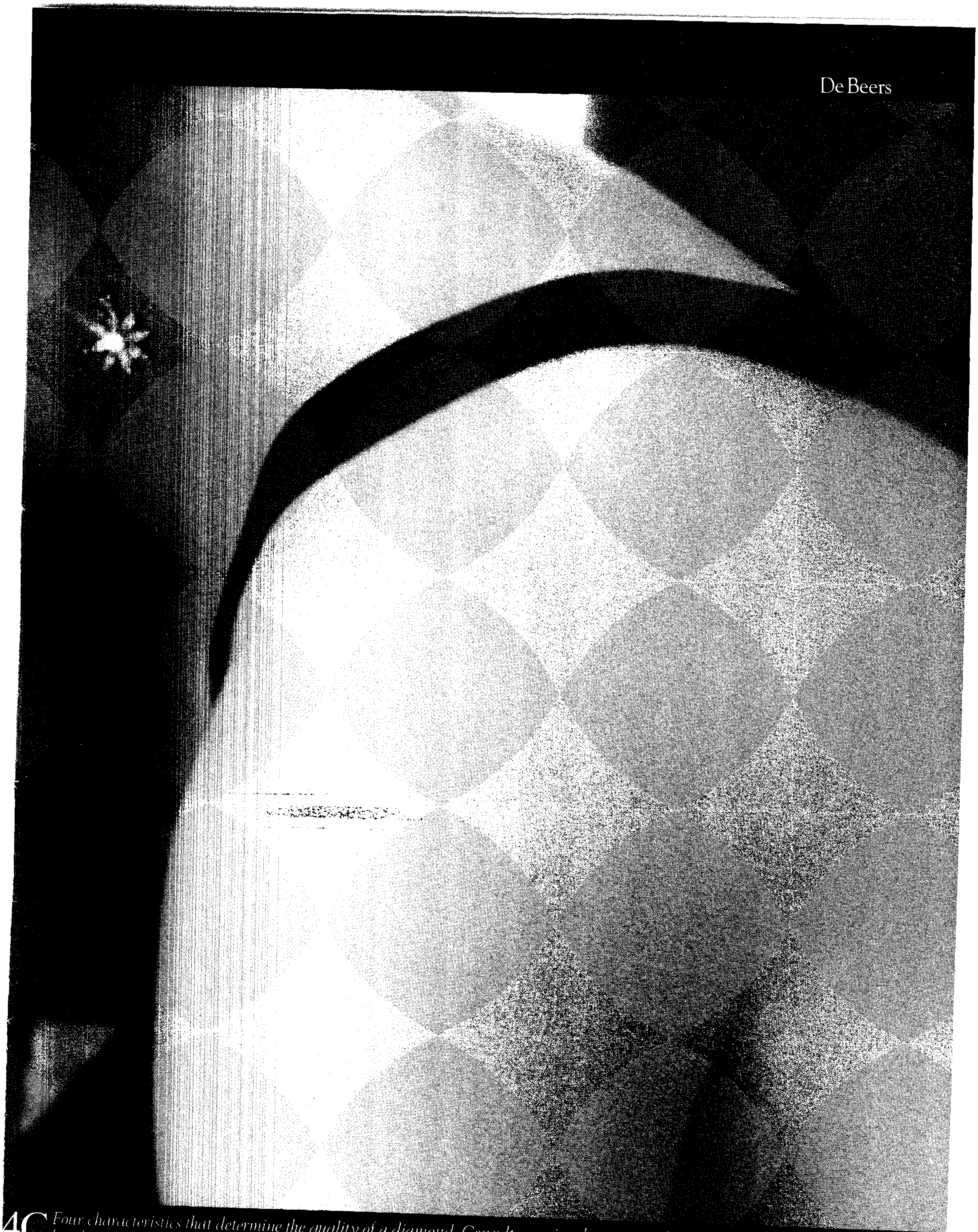

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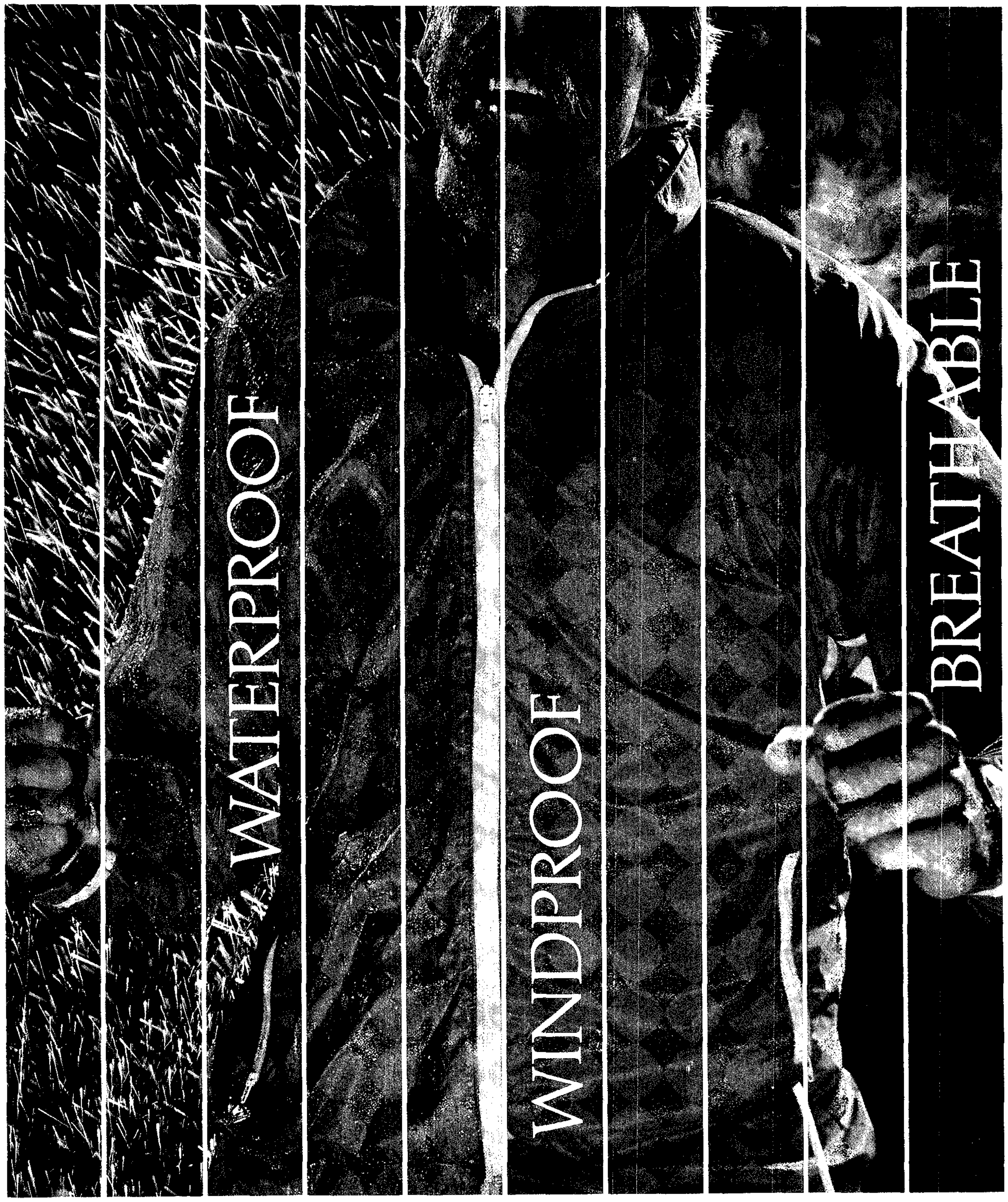
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still don't care much what happened to her. If I love her or forgive her or whatever, it doesn't mean I want her to come back—I don't want to be with her. Any forgiveness going, she always used for her purposes. I can't go through that anymore—you know how it is.

IV

POWERS and illusions and emotions and one's strength of command are really different when you picture them tinged with the openness and logic of as yet unknown futurity. Men and women and children are kind of beautiful naturally but scarily then. And up-until-now then is not seen as one pure thing. If this is after a defeat at her hands, I don't have honest access to *my* future except in repentance or unease and caution. And if it is after a victory over her, then, as a perpetrator, I find my identity in being grown up, oblivious of the harm I do. I proceed into the future with some kind of guilt or other, which is insufferable in a lot of ways.

Momma said, *I always stood by her—she's my daughter*—an extension of Momma into Futurity—*it wouldn't look good if I didn't. And I'll be honest; I'm glad she's a fighter; I'm a realist; I was a good mother to her—no one ever advised me honestly about this.*

About violence? About how to help a child survive? About forgiveness? About the nature of the real world? The toughness necessary to get your own way? *You know what it was like when Nonie woke up to what was going on somewhere, Nonie was always someone who had to keep up with you, she always helped herself to whatever was there to be had.* Nonie fought with *her* weapons to have what she wanted, to have a share of the world, to have what she saw others having, and this was a daily thing, merely that, and a truth about everyone—Momma meant, *It is normal.* But, then, Nonie had to be seen abstractly—a normal or typical or O.K. person—and so Momma couldn't manage, usually, to indicate any consistent degree of abstraction about Nonie. I mean, Momma and all of us had to be illogical and dumb if we wanted to protect Nonie; and Nonie had to sail along without an honestly known or honestly felt past and with only an idealized—or typical—future, one with the usual meanings; so it was as if her life were at the center of abstract meaning and her language and errors and stupidities were clever after all. She was free of abstract judgment so completely I thought it moral bliss to be *ordinary.* I wanted to live in that moral anarchy, too.

The recipe for this citizenship, Nonie's system, was that you never have more than one moment, and it is rigorously typical, and it fills one sentence, and maybe two, and it is always a now, always an always, always a game in progress, and always in it she knows the most real moral truth.

The greater the degree of abstraction this way, the more moments are subsumed in it without your noticing that this is being done; the more any one actual moment is excluded, the more anyone's life loses its features, its particularity, the easier it is for you to come to convenient judgments about yourself. Momma stayed in individual moments without Nonie's history and with only Nonie's general future in them: *The way I talk is warning enough to the wise. A friend would understand me.*

A *friend* would know what category of *uselessness* to put Nonie in from the way Momma talked, she meant.

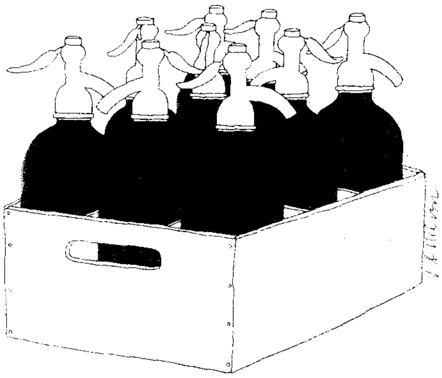
You have a future—no wonder Nonie hates you. Unless she marries a rich man, Momma said to me.

Momma said, *S.L. likes to think everyone's an angel, so he gets lied to, he gets hurt a lot, but I like people just as they are: I can take it.*

S.L. said she didn't know anything; she invented the nastiest ideas possible in order to scare people and get her own way and drive everybody mad. Sometimes he listened to her.

Momma would say, *Why do you hate her so? She's not a criminal.*

She's no good at all—that's what I said. I *thought* she was of a criminal order of being. The only further degrees of Evil had to do with psychotic boldness. I felt that Nonie was as ruthless as her standing permitted, that she was a point at which Evil bubbled into the world as a kind of truth of an individual soul and particular will. I didn't always mind that, though.



Daddy tried to calm Lisa's mother: *This is a terrible thing to happen. We're a friendly neighborhood.*

I guess the measure that establishes limits is not clearly measurable, is Pain.

I fainted. . . . The thought of pain makes me ill. A threatened lawsuit—over a tennis game? You must be insane—you're talking like a crazy person. A lunatic.

The sight of Lisa's pain, the reality, means what? *These things happen all the time.* Bruises and abrasions and defeat bloom in our garden. *It's too terrible—I can't think about it. Let's keep this in proportion; no one broke any bones. Everything is peaceful. We're all one big happy family.*

The family is Nonie: "*I didn't do . . . anyTHING. I didn't do* anything. *I didn't do anything bad, I didn't do anything you should think was bad.*"

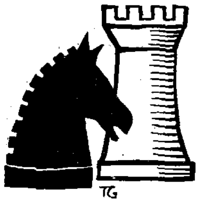
A partial analysis of Nonie's speech: The first I-didn't-do-anything is a correction of *suspicions* that anything meaningful occurred. The second that nothing occurred through the agency of her act. The third denies that her act occurred in any reality in which jealousy, violence, pain, mental or physical, exist commonly. Nonie refused that, insisted that it was not so and that no suspicion should now or ever attach to her at all.

Nonie was clearer, in a way, than Momma was. Nonie claimed the right to be seen as someone who lived entirely in sunlight. Her acts were not worth discussing, were not to be discussed. No questions about her ought sensibly to exist. The simplicity of her vocabulary maybe was stupidity, as Lila said, but it was also a style and a tactic, a conscious anesthesia of her mind and everyone else's, a way of separating her life from *any* universe of harm and from any real responsibility for the consequences of her will. When I was young, much of the time the future so prevailed with me that nothing else had as much authority—as explanation, as comfort (and unease), as the source of reason, and as a practical measure of goodness. A common future, a firm and unarguable braiding of destinies, was what goodness arose from.

I might have liked the tactics Nonie used, but they were hers. I thought she ruined them. I could not see that Nonie was wise. The future is in my bones then and now—it has never stopped being a measure of goodness, although, God knows, I am not young now.

A falsity is a futurity lied about as *solved.*

I feel it like a doom, my hatred and amusement and pity for Nonie. I pitied Nonie's way of trying to handle the sneaky—furtive and gorgeous—ghost-dwindle and ascent to futurity. Conventional meanings are comforts. They're classics—you're a fool to use them and a fool not to. *It's all O.K. . . . Nonie's nothing much.* I cannot ever fully grasp how Nonie, in her pride, was willing to cast off the imperatives of intelligence, an honest view of the past and a real worry about the future. She needs me. . . . The way she did it, she lived in a Now become paramount in pleasure and excruciating pain. Nonie's calculations were based on notions of people in a sort of present-tense landscape and on notions of what-works and what-will-work as a sure thing there.



I think the cheated-on past, the lied-about future will harm us. More than we have to be hurt. Pudgy Nonie makes you choose sides just in the obvious way she presents herself—it's hard to be rude to her, but if you're not, you're her accomplice. We must go into the future as those who have hurt her or as her friends. She went out every day to play with other children and she forced herself on them. She forced them to accept or *deny* her. Similarly, she went into people's houses even when those people were uncomfortable with her. She was pushy, obtuse, talkative: *I didn't do any . . . THING.* She was without moral self-consciousness. She was actual and unself-conscious. Her blue eyes are ripe and guarded—they are hard-surfaced with denied guilt. Often, they have the bloom of tantrum.

Nonie slept long hours. In her dreams, she dealt with futurity—and with her past—as we did in wakefulness.

She was very active, often snubbed, often in bed sleeping.

Momma went around using phrases like "more-normal-than-normal" for Nonie. Nonie had clear skin and "good sleep habits." Momma kept Nonie's image obscure. She had a funny, cruel, partly sentimental grip on the actuality of pain all-the-time (for everyone) and on what it cost her to be *a mother*—a mother at all, and to Nonie. She wanted Nonie's too openly cheerful-cheerleader smile and Hollywood-starlet-in-the-sunshine-with-ermine-on-her-bedroom-slippers-while-she-reads-comic-books-like-you-and-me style modified to show Nonie knew she was expensive for the world, for women, for everyone. Momma said, *People around here are not absolute fools.* Momma said that the presence of pain was too much for sensitive Nonie; and then, because Nonie and her real-life manner existed, Momma said, *Nonie's a fool, but in some ways she's a realist. Many people like her. She gets along in the world.*

Momma went in and out of any number of opinions about Nonie; she said to Nonie, "*You make me laugh. You're a riot.*"

Nonie said, "*You make things up. No one likes you.*"

Lila-makes-things-up: that meant Lila no longer had a real life or mind but was abstract, *a mother*, and dead and ghostly otherwise. Nonie often said she herself had no gift for *what-was-made-up.* Nonie couldn't watch the movers from a window, for instance—she'd have to go outside and touch the side of the truck, the metal hot from the sun. Watching children play, she'd twitch, she'd start to play, too, on the sidelines, and not imaginary (or little) gestures of play, either: she'd do what the children she was watching were doing.

"*I'm a better person than you,*" she said to Lila often. That meant, in part, that Lila wasn't cheerful-likable —*being likable* had to do with feeling good in the way Nonie sometimes felt good: a rapid shallows, a brooklike flow of will, a being regarded as *innocent* by a docile company—as someone good in an unvarying progress of goodness in an unchanging and certain world. Until she was challenged —then the world changed nature and *being likable* became a claim of righteousness among the issues and the wars.

Nonie's sense of *the normal*, her idyll of the world, was melodramatically single in intent, and unambiguously set on her own projects, her own life—she insisted on this to what was a dangerous, and even imbecile, extent, Lila thought. This insistence lay in Nonie's face, its expressions, her voice, its shrill, birds-tied-together tone: *I am happy, I am justified in being happy, people who disagree with me are really wrong, I am really truly right.*

Nonie was really *right.*

Do what I say or I will hate you.

Physically, Nonie seemed terrible to me—nothing in her posture or style or face showed any sense that life would proceed moment by moment in the future and would have to be lived by us as humanly and as anarchically as the past had been, or that there was just us as bulwarks against despair and against the isolation in our souls.

I think Nonie imagined an entirely new, entirely happy future that would be truly as she wanted it—as in an ad. Momma said once, *I think ads destroyed her mind.*

As part of this insane newness she kept insisting she had created—well, Nonie felt it put her teeth on edge to call Lila Mother. She said *you* and she said *she*. Or she used a sentimental but commanding tone—*it stuck out a mile.*

She's only guessing, like the rest of us, Momma said, referring to Nonie's certainties and tactics and renamings and sporty—and cultist—taciturnities. It was clear day by day that Nonie made mistakes and was limited in her systems even when she was having successes. But it sometimes seemed she was right. It was hard to keep track of in moment-to-moment stuff concerning her. It was easier to think her judgment was better—was saner or "more normal"—than it was. Than our less cheerful and more wobbly judgments. As Lila said, *a lot of the time it takes too much energy to hate people* (to keep in mind that someone is foul and a blot on the world and is wrong but insistent in judgment). *So you can get away with a lot—having a lot of gall is a good tactic.*

Nonie was the quickest of anyone to pick up traces of other people's abysmal cruelties, those in-the-cause-of-good, too. Nonie caught every over-the-line murderousness or cold-bloodedness that came along in her presence, and she did it faster than anyone else, it seemed to me. She was sensitive to it, attuned to it.

So you can see how, in the light of this, and considering her disdain for futurity and the past, she would understand her being pretty—when she became pretty—better in a lot of ways than other pretty women or men do their being pretty. And you can guess at some of the mistakes she made. I never knew anyone who lived so consciously, so thoroughly, what it was to be pretty. Nonie was startlingly complete within her own system. She became pretty when she was six-

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teen. *Breathtaking for a while*, Momma said, *but it won't last; she's got nothing to back it up. She's not serious about it*—treating it as grounds for charity toward others, for instance, or as something that involved her in the negotiable opinions of others in a more earnest way than in childhood. Nonie said Momma was jealous of her, and hateful and mean, as she had always been to Nonie. Thin and fine-mouthed and erect and quick to smile, Nonie, pretty in the way she was, in an open, friendly style, took credit for her looks and began to sound both naïve and shrewd: "I don't have any flaws. I'm *perfect—this year*." Nonie's joke. An irony. An idea is not an ideal. A "realism," which, since it didn't predicate romance or anything subtle, was a form of modesty: "I'm sweet sixteen and I'm very stuck-up." That was modest in a way. Whenever she said she was "stuck-up," she meant she wanted to have her own way, all the way, because she was pretty and young, and such things were temporary—although not for her: but you were supposed to see this as a modest (and sometimes tragic) request. Her legs and voice and eyes weren't good, but her over-all appearance was, and *not too many people notice flaws for a while*, Lila said.

"*She likes to hear herself talk*," Nonie said of Lila. "*It doesn't mean anything, what she says; it's all made-up stuff; it's beside the point.*"

Nonie said to me, "If I had good legs and a better nose and a better hairline, I'd go to Hollywood."

And, still, her eyes gave off intermittent signals of her incredible obduracy, signals of darkness, not such bad darkness when she was a sixteen-year-old. *It's been a long wait: women need to get their own way*, Lila said; *Nonie is at the crossroads, she has a chance—so we'll see. Maybe she'll turn out to be a nice person if she gets what she wants—she's a fighter.*

Nonie said, "I like having really nice skin—I'm like a rose—and I have very pretty *eyes*."

She "knew" that what was happening to her was a sort of accident of symmetry: even if she didn't understand, she knew. So when she claimed credit for her looks it was a trick on you—a demand not to be a victim and a request for an intellectual credit she did not deserve.

You could see it in her face—slightly concussed but also a little fibrous and very calculating and hard-minded, a resistance to everything outside herself. The faults she saw in others were her faults. The secrets hers. She was alert, and anxious not to lose out, and curiously wrong—insanely wrong sometimes—about things. She was sad. “I see things in perspective,” she said; that is, she preferred her sense of consequences to that of anyone else. I didn’t know her well anymore. Her life was such a hash of flirtation and anger and clothes and parties and distaste and appetite for sex in her version and on her terms that I couldn’t disentangle the individual words she had for things, let alone the intention of the paragraphs, the pages of her utterance. But I think women, and competing with them, and hurting them, were much more important to her than anything men did. Men mostly enraged her; or pleased her by being *real gentlemen*. I felt incredibly sorry for her, impatient with her—and a little interested in her for a while.

She was secretive about her violences and her crushes on women and her real moodiness.

“People know me. I have an even temper,” Nonie said. “People know I’m likable.”

To Momma’s dismay, Nonie drank a lot—she passed out a few times.

She was very self-willed but was secretive about that, too—she tried to make it a matter of rules—respectability and breeding, her being so self-willed: “I know how to respect myself. . . . ”

Nonie held her head in such a way when she was dressed up that it looked as if she were in sunlight and wind—she was that confident of being pretty.

And it worked: a lot of people who didn’t like her thought she *was* likable—somewhere, to others.

I never saw Nonie lose her nerve. Not once.

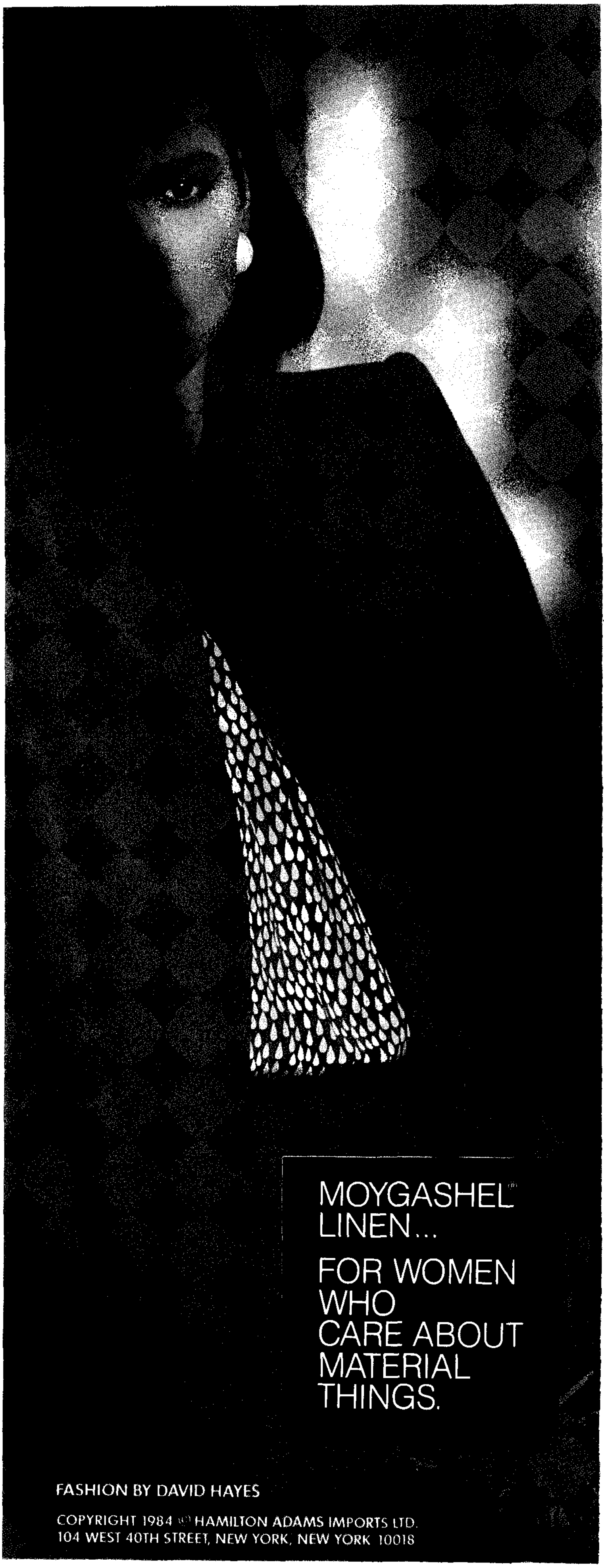
Lila feels that hate is to be expected as a general rule and that Nonie lays down her fortifications and tactics steadily and from early in the day.

Nonie says, “I like everyone. I think well of everyone.”

She didn’t expect a future in which anyone would keep track of her statements and her acts.

Lila: “Sympathy’s not so wonderful. It’s what you get when you’re down and out and no one’s scared of you anymore. I’d rather be hated.” *Like Nonie—*nervy, brave, hated, *and, I have to hand it to her, in many ways, free.*

Nonie: “I’m not good around sickness and sick people—they only care



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about themselves. If you can't love somebody, just keep your mouth shut—that's what I always say."

Nonie could not ever once genuinely give sympathy. She wanted it, but she was too angry to give it; Momma had foxed her in this area—Nonie's asking for it seriously meant Nonie was really defeated, and Nonie *couldn't* do that. She *couldn't* ask for real sympathy. And she was too jealous of it and too embattled and too enamored of what other people might have in the way of it for her ever to relax about it—or give it; it was an incredible issue with her. It made her raw and sore and gave her little rest.

With sympathy ruled out, when someone was weakened you couldn't love them. Nonie thought she was *like everyone:* she had evidence that some people were like her, so everyone—*everyone nice*—was. (If you weren't like her, you weren't nice.) She firmly, crazedly believed love-among-the-healthy didn't involve sympathy at all but *only* envy and acquisition. The sick can't have or get first-rate love—*real love*—so you should shut up about your flaws and admire the leading woman. And since you don't (can't) love someone sick, you should shut up about sympathy except as a matter of lying socially.

Nonie: "I like love, but I'm not sloppy."

Lila felt that love, romantic love or family love or both, was a lot of *madness*. Lovers attack you. She felt she had the right to be disgusted when loved, to feel grabbed at—she used cruelty to breathe, to live. But she felt love, she felt suffocated, she felt cruelty—she was a feeling-riddled narcissist. But Nonie would have nothing to do with any of that; everything was spoken of as if sunlit; all endings were happy endings (unless she was saddened); *real love* was a sort of splendor of games, a local equality-of-scrapping—with Nonie on top. Hearty, athletic sentiment: straightforward secrecy; propaganda; festivities in the present moment of being the center-of-a-story: Nonie in love, this was Nonie in love—"I'm in love with love, I'm hard to please when it comes to men."

Christ, I didn't want to know her—but I was used to it. It was an entire metaphysics in its way—her attitudes and her victories in the Present Moment and her prettiness and her being a trap for anyone who went near her, since there was no tradeoff, there was only Nonie's rules, Nonie's victories, Nonie's view of how one was likable or else *a drip*.

Or an enemy to be punished.

Lila: "I wasn't a mother *and* a person—I was all *one person*, and that was a mistake; Nonie learned a lot of wrong things from me. Maybe everything's a mistake. What do you think of that philosophy?"

She told Nonie, "For a number of reasons, don't attract too much attention. You can't afford it."

Insult and curse—but Nonie lived by it, although she denied it.

"I don't listen to you. You're jealous. I will never listen to you, and you can save your breath. Oh, it's terrible—I have to have you for a mother."

"She can't think. She doesn't know what she's doing."

"I do, too—you're the fool—"

In a very real sense, Nonie *did* know. Nonie's thought did exist. Nonie did not admit she was *gambling* on being right: part of why she was so dictatorial, so tyrannical, was that she believed there was only one truth, and she wanted to be the one who had it, the chief enforcement officer, the prophetess, the executioner. She argued with Lila often. She said, "You're too psychological, everyone's too psychological—I like *some* psychology—but too much is just sickening, and if anyone asks me that's what I'll tell them." The generalities, the forgiveness. The authority separate from her. The authority of feelings. Of others' happiness. "I hate it when it gets sloppy and lets sloppy people off the hook."

Lila said, "Nonie, you don't make a good impression if anyone thinks about it."

A remark of Nonie's made several hundred times: "Nothing ever happened to me; I had a happy life. Nothing ever went wrong. My parents loved me. There's nothing to me, I guess. I'm just a smile and a good game of *tennis*—that's what my husband says. And maybe Hank"—her husband—"can tell you I'm good when the lights go out. That's what he tells *me*. But he's a *liar*. He likes to flatter me—he thinks I'm sweet."

Hank was incompetent and never made a lot of money, so Nonie kept *scrapping*—she stayed active in the world, she persisted in her methods, she drank more, she became more combative, she was an adult form of Nonie, fatter, drunker, meaner, righteous, and self-assured. Until she burned to death.

Hank never disagreed with her in public. He took her side without stint in her innumerable quarrels and wars. He was fat and sly-looking and had a face with a particular expression on it: a sort of numbed self-congratulation and childish hurt on very small features set among the details of his slyness.

He had no quarrels of his own, no real energy, no real life, no actual history of slyness—only one of simple and extreme complicity with Nonie. I don't know. The talk was that he was limitlessly scared of her. The other men who had liked her had not been like that. Some had been remarkable. After her death, Hank didn't remarry. He worked as a clerk in a drugstore after her death. Before, he had been in real estate but had been considered lazy and detached and inept. Before he and Nonie married, he had been "popular" and had been thought "clever."

A cousin of his told me, "He let her down—he was no good at anything—she's a terrible person—but she never had a chance married to him. . . . He just dragged her into a pit—she never had a chance."

Nonie's and my cousin said, "She ate him up. Hank never had a chance in hell."

V

HERE is a terrible story, not necessarily to be believed: *Twice, I left infant sons in the house when I went out, and both died; Nonie was with them. It's the worst thing in my life. It's the only thing I can't bear. The second time was just terrible, just terrible. I did it to show I wasn't frightened. The doctors never knew what caused either death. I know it could be anything; you think I don't know how terrible it is that I think what I think? I'm only saying I know what I know. What was strange was that Nonie wasn't upset—not at all. A mother knows. She did something. I know—she said when I came home,* Momma, nothing happened. *I screamed at her when I found out. We didn't get along after that. Maybe she was just being foolish. Maybe she did nothing, but it was something that bothered her—I don't hate her, Wiley. She never admits anything. I took you in right away—I dared myself. I wasn't going to stop living, I wasn't going to let everything I had be wrecked, and let people feel sorry for me, right and left. I know I imagine*

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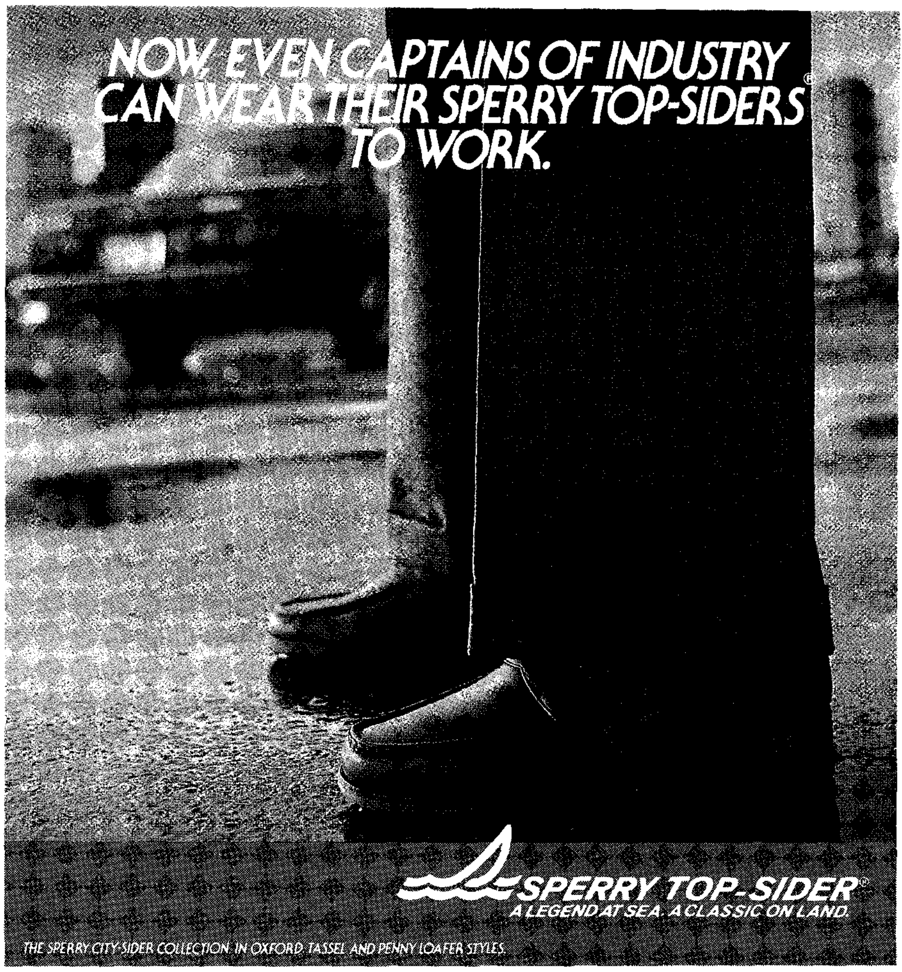

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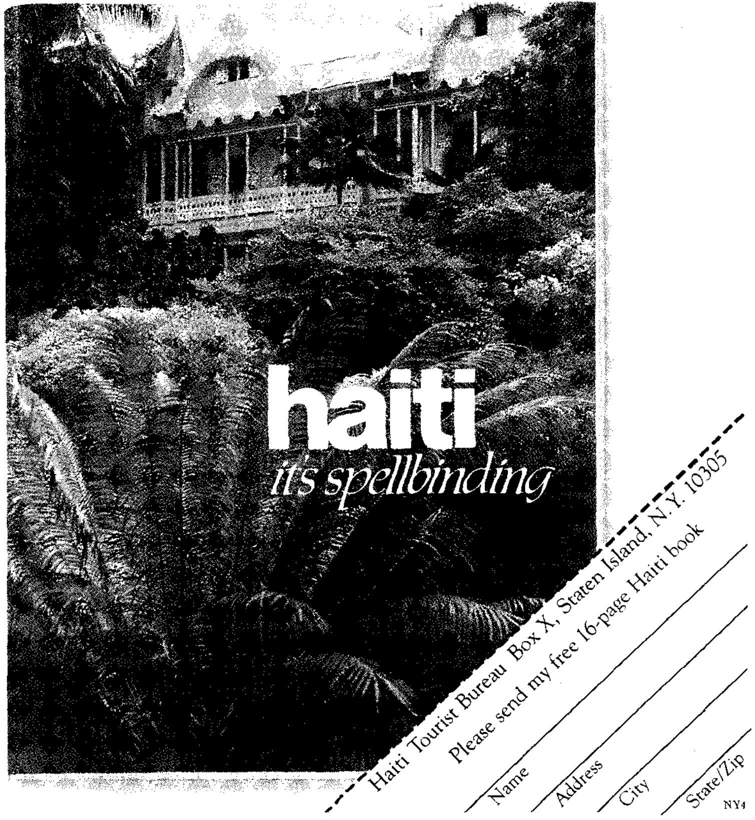

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things, but I'm not a fool. Maybe I ruined her because of the way I THINK ABOUT THIS. I THINK AND I THINK. Maybe she hates me because I'm wrong about her—or maybe because I guess—how can I know? I don't think my life has been so good to me in some ways. . . . I don't care if she imagined it or not. Why does she hate me so much unless it's because I know? Why does she hate everyone so much? Because no one's as bad as she is? She wants to think we're all as bad as she is—worse than she is. Why does she talk like such a fool? She's not a fool. She tried to be so clever. Why did nothing ever work out for her? Something's wrong with her. You know, she's like a baby in many ways. It's so she won't have to think about anything seriously. I'll tell you something. I will never know. I will never believe anything she says as long as I live. She's mean—she's really mean. But I was a bad mother; my own mother told me so; I know I let myself off the hook when I think these things about the babies. I get so miserable. I know I may have been unfair to her and done something terrible to her. S.L. always said I sacrificed Nonie to myself. I know I build everything up. I did her a wrong to suspect her. But no one pays attention; so she gets away with it. . . . I know whatever happened was my fault—but I want to know what happened and I never will—

Did you and Nonie accuse each other, Lila? Then Nonie forgot about it because it was such a nightmare for her? Then Nonie began her belief that she had to fight to live, that she was fighting for her life? You couldn't keep the guilt and grief to yourself: you had to set yourself so that guilt never was the question? How old was she when the first death occurred? Seven?

If Nonie *was* at fault, was *guilty*, and Lila saw, how could Nonie not speak? I mean, Nonie would have confessed the first time—*Momma, help me.* Wouldn't she have asked for help? Or she must have gotten strange and set in her secrecy very fast. But Lila's story can't have happened the way she told it to me. Lila didn't want to know what happened—she couldn't bear it, just as she said. For instance, maybe Nonie confessed and Lila, afraid she, Lila, would be blamed, told her to shut up.

People have feelings. I'm not a bad person. Nonie was better for a while. We took you in; everyone nursed you, even me—me the least. I wasn't so good with babies—do you understand *what I'm saying?—and Nonie was better for a while—a lot better. You were in such bad shape it didn't matter; no one would laugh at me—if things went wrong; at first, back then, no one could say I wasn't charitable. Bad Lila, not-so-bad, isn't that it? Maybe the first baby irritated her and she teased it too roughly, and it had a defect and would have died anyway, but it happened then. And the other was—I don't know what—an accident. Nonie's so proud, it's as good as murdering her to disapprove of her. Do you know what being realistic is? It means taking risks. . . .*

Moral risks.

Was Nonie innocent at the beginning?

Nonie: *I'm not a booky Jew. I'm a tennis player.*

Momma's and Nonie's wit—and bitterness—toward moral chivalry and the world of intellect made them partisans of common sense: *I don't read; I'm practical.*

Nonie had a pet. She let it die, too.

To punish herself, Momma?

Me, I don't care for Nonie; I think everything's better since she's dead. But if I posit her as deciding-to-live, if I posit EVERYONE as causing moments of horror and defeat in numbers of other people as Nonie did, and if I believe that the grounds of faith, and forgiveness, are only human and need not be fine or pure, then I'm left with an unliterary sympathy, and with a resigned and filthy kinship to her—*The two of you, peas in a pod, after all. Well, who's an angel?*

But I am, God damn it, I am.

I remember when Nonie was *fifteen going on sixteen*, how she practiced in front of the mirror and taught herself to look—and in a way be—virginal, and to have a frightening rough aspect of never-doing-any-harm; but the underneath is poking out; she's a punishing and mindless *lover*, a *fearless* lover, a peerless infatuate, fully and quickly enraged, but how can you love anything if you're unwilling to be frightened? And she was *bound and determined to be fearless as long as she could.*

I don't understand Nonie, Momma says. *What no one tells a parent would fill a book. . . .*

What children do when they're alone is as strange as what absolute emperors do on their thrones. Imagine a single overriding heartbeat that commands the universe of a house.

The maid we had was sick that day. When I came home, the infant was in

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the crib, fat and still—it had no marks. I can talk about it but I can't think about it. It's the one thing I can't think about. Maybe I took some of it out on you, Wiley: you never looked like you could die. I came home, and Nonie was in the hall, and she said, "Momma, nothing happened. I'm sleepy."

The death of an infant.

If only one had died and not *two*.

Maybe she could bear some *guilt*. Then the second time, innocent or not, the unpracticed mind went haywire. Or she had been insensately brave—a monster of bravery, a girl Achilles, a strong-hearted girl loose in the world.

I know what Daddy said: *Well, we'll manage; we'll fix things up; it's not the end of the world.*

And: *Lila, I advise you, no one will pay attention if we just drop the subject.*

It is partly a device. Nonie is a wronged girl, a wronged soul. Nonie is sensitive, mistreated—this is said or claimed as the ground for moral charity. She is a spoiled and affluent girl. She is lordly, cheerful, obtuse—enraged. Enraged, she insists on her own happiness. She is forgetful—she's without Futurity. *People have to live.... We live day by day.... We do the best we can....* Nonie has no drama, no story at all: she has only triumphs—and *Normality. If you ask me, it hurts too much to think; I'd rather be natural.*

We are playing one time and she says, *I don't like your face—here, wear this pillow . . . it's just a game . . . don't cry. . . .*

Active, bright-cheeked, wooden-faced Nonie. Nervous, shrill-voiced *little Jew*, a lying lynx mask of yellow glass blurs her eyes. A piece of futurity, a child, she carries in her a large part of Lila—and of S.L.

We love her. We love her plenty—till the cows come home. Up to a point, and then I have to draw the line.

It was taken seriously when she got upset about my disdain for her and she shouted: LISTEN TO ME—HE NEVER TAKES MY SIDE, HE DOESN'T ACT LIKE MY BROTHER, HE DOESN'T CARE WHAT HAPPENS TO ME.

When she was younger, Nonie was right in there, among one's emotions, one's reasons. She looks a little sneaky, a little scared, a little triumphant, but she's there, she matters. She looks sad, too, and enraged: she wants to matter more than she does.

Lila says, *She's my daughter—I'm stuck. Well, I'm not going to throw her or my life out the window.*

She sees Nonie as becoming finer if she can become less autonomous, if she *listens*—and is more obedient: and swindleable: listening is giving in.

"Wiley, would you do something for me? Would you do *anything*?"

The more Nonie "loves," the more secret and "passionate" in request she becomes, the more she has an aura of request. She asks, and extorts: *Take-my-filth; I have your virtues because I love you.* A kind of competition. "Love" as competition. "Love" is here. *Nonie doesn't know how to love.*

What is anyone's life, what is *my* life worth if it is at *Nonie's* disposal, her willful disposal, at any point of her argument, her emergencies?

When Nonie looks shiny and well tended, she gets more admiration; it is perceptible that her value increases—she is what-she-is plus the efforts of those who tend her. Nonie, pink haunches, bitten fingernails, when she's Nonie-who-doesn't-have-to-lift-a-finger, when she's an angel and *perfect*, grades us loudly on how well we nurture her because we are responsible then for how virtuous she can risk being. *I need this-or-that: make Wiley help me.*

Daddy said, *Lincoln freed the slaves, hon.*

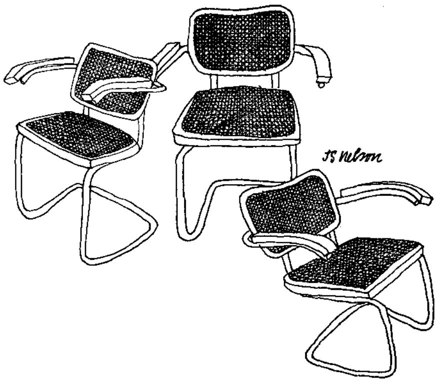
If her eyes are canny when she leans back in a chair and stares over at us, past her slightly bulbous torso, and uses her clearly compromised innocence to make us *kiss-her-ass*, her claims of innocence, her privileges as a child, then what have we become?

Daddy says, in fake ruralese, *Don't get too big for your britches, sweetie, or the goblins'll git you good if you don't watch out.*

Nonie says, "Daddy's jealous of me, too!"

She's perceptive in her way.

If you generalize too intently from yourself and your experiences, if you make your tics into universals, you claim an emperor's privileges.



Momma says to Nonie, "You're too pudgy to have such a swelled head—*dearest*."

"IT'S PURE JEALOUSY!" Nonie says. "I'm not wrong—*you* are!"

Does Nonie become . . . *pure* . . . when she plays tennis? She says she's not bored then—she feels good: that's a state of piety for her.

Human politics, if controlled, seem to her, to me, a kind of beauty; they become a kind of beauty—the future opened and mutual like that—but it's a little rough. Lila says, *I like the last laugh as well as anyone.* Daddy: *He who gets the last laugh better laugh quietly, or the goblins'll git him, I betcha.*

Nonie's your enemy if you laugh at her.

Never Tease Nonie is your nickname, Daddy said to her. *Be a good sport.*

"I'm not going to be a good sport. I have my self-respect."

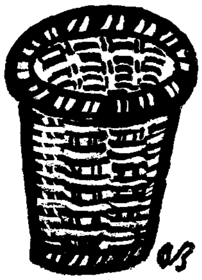
Nonie has her self-respect often. Maybe.

We expect policemen to die for Nonie, but they may not want to if they know her. It's better for her if people think of her as A Daughter, A Girl, A Woman rather than if they look very hard at her.

I don't get to dislike Nonie—she is A Sister—but isn't it unfair to treat human love as if it had less choice than dislike does? I mean, if it has to be assigned to this one and that one, whereas dislike is freed, is part of your free will, isn't love insulted? Can't I love where I choose? In life, it's disgusting to treat Nonie as if she were pious or reliable, as Annemarie is. If I'm supposed to love her because she's in trouble, that's no good—if you give Nonie special rights because of an emergency, she'll create fake emergencies. Emergency is a social form for her, a device of hers.

When it's clear to Nonie that she's not innocent enough for Daddy, that he will not die to preserve or enhance her life, she becomes frantic. She suffers then. He is not a mystery to her, or foreign, and so she finds him to be just at times. She knows him and she wants him to love her, and she gets angry and unpersuaded about everything, maybe strange-in-the-head, if he makes it too clear that her habits and systems have worn him out.

Here she is, reading the comics aloud as if to show how well she reads and how naïve she is, while Daddy reads his paper in a chair near her. She lies on the floor and chants the words—she's playing with images of innocence: she is nine and cold, eleven and cool and malign, thirteen and moody—Daddy recognizes her courtship: he embraces her thoughtlessly, heatedly; and she laughs at him and is appalled and observant in her coquetry of guilt and shameless virginity—a virginity she will improve on when she sets to work on it, when she's sixteen. She tests her power over him in his heat—she does it by rebuking his heat. Momma laments, *Why isn't she smarter? Why can't she learn how to handle him? It would make my life so much easier.* She means Daddy's bored and wants to have *interests-in-life.* Why not Nonie? But he doesn't like Nonie's using her body's power (and his blood in her) and the past, when she was tiny, over him. He ignores her even when listening to her, and he tries to enjoy her as best he can.



Daddy says, *It's worth every cent I have just to see you happy.*

When he's angry, he says, *You're so greedy I don't think you'd spare ten cents to save my life.*

Once when he was angry he accused me: *Would you give ten cents to spare your sister's life?*

Would *I*? No.

VI

BACK when I was a little kid, when we were all sincere that day—in the lightning storm—Nonie was suffering and it was pleasure and no pleasure at all to see her like that.

Daddy's not insincere exactly, but what fantasy-and-reality of his is he instructing her in as a truth when he says, "Nonie, Nonie darling, you have to stop"? *Have to* means what? The *or else* is what? ("He's not *simple*—he was always too much for me," Lila said.)

"*Nonie, it's killing me*—you're killing me. Oh, hon, what can I do to help?"

It used to be that before there were painkillers people went mad from toothache sometimes. He means she will destroy him and who will take care of her then? Is that the threat?

She can kill him this way and he won't fight back, but he won't die to help her first—she tries to figure it out without words: you can see it on her face, that she's trying to figure it out, the cathedral child, our cathedral virgin, she wants to comprehend the stained-glass devotion of the man while she is in a state of unsubdued terror, but I don't think she can do it; it makes her suffer more; it makes her crazier.

These are some of the politics of actual love, actual terror. Her safety, her well-being, is a mark of our excellence and refinement. In Nonie, in her eyes, in her ideals, in her touch, is a bleakness, a bleak area—a distance, a landscape, a wordlessness that still is human, is well within the species' limits. I guess she reads Daddy's attitude as indifference. Indifference to her invites her violence, the girl in the rainstorm—her prettiness, her bitten fingernails. She knocks a doll off a longish wooden rack on a bookcase; but then she's afraid right away and she says, "I DIDN'T DO THAT. IT JUST BROKE. IT JUST BROKE!"

It was rubberoid and it tore, but she says it *broke.*

She looks sly, then woodenly innocent. Nonie defeated me often over the years—and even now her shadow threatens me in any number of ways. I kind of sincerely mean it when I say, God damn her to *hell.*

The silver-gray-white lightning pushes a dark tree trunk racingly onto, into the window, into the room—it flies into my eyes, my mind, where it shivers, vibrates, is stilled.

Nonie stands in the passionate thin albino reality of the light. Leapingly it recedes across her glaring eye sockets. Across Daddy's white-shirted chest.

"GO TALK TO IT, YOU SON OF A BITCH. MAKE IT STOP. IT'S A BAD LIGHT, DADDY." Then to Annemarie: "GO STAND BY THE WINDOW. YOU'RE FAT; WE PAY YOU MONEY—LET IT GET YOU!"

She knows herself to be the cheated one now—she's not an able lawyer, not proficient at contention in words and principles at this time, in this tribunal. Whosoever's lightning it is, why doesn't Daddy help her? Shadows mar the face of the moon, are in her mouth: "MAKE IT GO KILL MOMMA! MOMMA TELLS LIES. MAKE IT GO KILL MOMMA, BURN HER UP. IT CAN TURN HER BLACK."

Sins are those acts that guarantee defeat. Nonie was sinless, for all practical purposes, until the damned lightning started.

"For God's sake, hon—"

The child—me—laughs at Nonie's stricken and illumined and knotted face.

"I DON'T LIKE IT!" Nonie shouts.

She's given up inside herself, to some extent, momentarily.

She faces blinkingly the maybe Holy Beast . . . outside . . . in the room suddenly: the Angelic Flutter of this Injustice, the paw of The Beast of Interrogation, the loss of her citizenship that this represents. Then she grabs the doll she knocked off the rack; she stoops, grabs—swiftly—and throws it: a gesture of unmaternal shamelessness. The seriousness of the Onslaught, to supply a recent crime in this cruelly unfavoring context; a mock sacrifice; a display of ritual temper in the flat-footed girl who is the soul of quick logic and respectability but who has just done something not so bad. . . . It's a kind of weird combination of things passionate and harshly shrewd but childlike in her.

Spittle is on her chin, and Daddy is crying.

Short of her death, and not even then, in a way, she doesn't *have* to feel she is inferior. As a fighter, she was, on occasion, happy: she could feel triumphant, pure, well loved, well taken care of, whether in much of a true way she was or not.

Nonie in her terror looks innocent again. It's Nonie still in the little openings when her terror lets up. She is riddled by thoughts, her kind of thoughts; she has her kind of thoughtful terror. Is there such a thing as a lesser soul? What if she really is as good as me?

Jesus!

Don't hurt me, God, for judging her.

The doll she threw is one she never liked, that useful (or placatory) sin. She is panting and outraged—and full of waiting. . . . A ghost appears at the window, running with water, howling gutturally—it ignores the offering, it runs toward Nonie. And she screams. She makes a movement of terror; bent over, she clutches her own thigh. The intruding light swells and ebbs. Nonie spits and dribbles—she cowers, rouses herself; she perseveres and is brave—that is to say, impenitent. Impenitence is useful to her here.

I want Nonie broken and penitent and saved. The ammoniac smell of her pee and the frenzy of her resistance afflict me. Can someone make her penitent, short of violence and horror stronger than her own?

I don't want it to be like this.

Nonie's open mouth and soldiering

eyes and the walls of the room and Annemarie's face and breast are covered with wrecked light, the fleering shadow-films of the rain—the rain's shadows.

Come on, gang, let's all pitch in and SAVE our Nonie now. My NONIE.

The rain noises are like a horse snuffling, a lynx breathing in my ear, in a dream.

Nonie is looking at Daddy: "YOU DON'T CARE ABOUT ME. YOU DON'T TAKE MY SIDE EVER. YOU HATE ME. YOU WANT ME DEAD. I KNOW YOU. GOD DAMN YOU. I WON'T LOVE *YOU* ANYMORE—GET OUT ON THE LAWN. LET THE LIGHTNING GET YOU. I'M NOT BAD. LET IT GET YOU, DADDY."

Jesus, it's almost funny—it's funny if you have no heart.

"YOU'RE BAD. YOU HATE ME."

She kicks at Annemarie: "YOU FAT BITCH, GOD DOESN'T LIKE YOU AT ALL. YOU PLAY WITH YOURSELF AND LIE. YOU GET OVER, YOU GET OVER BY THE WINDOW."

I can't imagine life experienced as blamelessness.

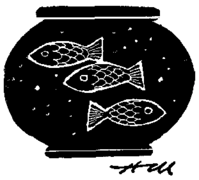
Nonie is a distraught child.

Daddy says, "Nonie, you're breaking my heart."

He doesn't want to touch her while she's sweaty with emergency and craziness and whatever, and while she's undulating and spitting, and is hot and fat and cold with terror and a kind of soul's starvation and bitterness.

Daddy's gentleness is unreliable. He doesn't want to learn *anything* today. He often says Nonie's perfect, and he avoids her—he avoids modifying his *sweet* view that Nonie's sweet, she's perfect, she is sinless, she will never die, she ought never to suffer: "Nonie, honey, my head hurts. Please, honey."

"I READ YOUR LETTERS IN YOUR DESK. I KNOW ABOUT YOU. I KNOW THE THING YOU DO WITH ANGELA." Angela Martin runs his office.



"Nonie—that's enough, that's enough filth. You don't want to do that, you don't want to do this to me. My heart is breaking, Nonie."

"DON'T TOUCH ME. YOU LIE. I WANT TO GET AWAY FROM YOU. I WANT TO KNOW NICE PEOPLE."

"Nonie, you don't know what you're saying. You like your home. The bluebird is right here. You'll find I'm right. People here care about you, be assured of that, hon. Be smart, honey."

He shouldn't tell her to be smart in a voice that's sad and that has longing in it. It scrapes on her nerves and her sensibility, her sense of things.

"YOU DON'T KNOW ANY-THING," she says. "YOU NEVER KNOW ANYTHING. EVERYBODY SAYS YOU'RE A FOOL."

She is frantic. But it's clear that she does love him, even if mostly in the sense that she wants things from him.

"Nonie, please: forgive and forget. We are who we are; everybody has to learn to put up with what they can get. We can't keep track of every little thing, or we'll wind up on the rubbish heap."

Nonie shouts—as if to a ghost; she is addressing a confusion, Lila maybe—maybe me: "HE'S *MY* FATHER. HE LOVES *ME*. HE WANTS TO DO THINGS FOR ME. YOU WANT HIM TO DO THINGS ONLY FOR YOU. YOU'RE SELFISH AND I HATE YOU. YOU SHOULD BE DEAD."

"We know it's a bad time for you, honey," Daddy says, in a mournful voice. He wasn't listening.

Nonie soldiers away still in a swift and eerie light. The great round noise comes rolling in; it smoothly shrinks away.

Daddy doesn't mind what she does as much as I do because he *loves and forgives* (and he forgets). Also, he doesn't care the same way I do. Sometimes he does, but he can take up and drop fatherhood, he can take up and drop his romance with her.

She's a child—*what does she know*?

Nonie has something tough in her bulging and toughly outward-focussed eyes—even in extreme terror. You can't see into her eyes: she doesn't want you to.

If Nonie were finally to come to harm today, if she were to change now in any way that would be disapproved of widely, if she were to become miserable for a long time—if she stops fighting and takes a risk of being another sort of person (or child), a sad or hurt child, even if a sweet one, easily defeated, always ashamed and unhappy—S.L. would be as if emasculated. He would not be comfortable if she became more sexual—and less mean. He would like her more but he would suffer then, too. Nonie knows that—she will try at times to shame him willfully, in revenge, as his lover, tidying up the past and making it fair—I mean *just*. Honestly sexless in a sense. She is maybe angrily defeated—without hope. Her state is jumbled. For a moment, she is pure. But she attaches

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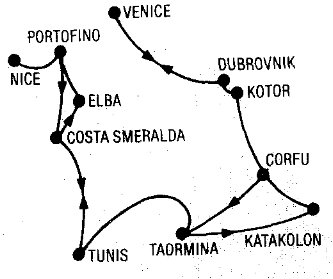

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the change in her not to being threatened by justice but to being unfairly cut off from having-a-good-life, joyous and comfortable, the sort of life Daddy wants for her. She will be more fierce—and desperately unrepentant—more hysterical and mad if she is permanently defeated today but not *hurt* for once and for all into that other state of gentleness—and civilization.

Daddy has to dodge Nonie and the nature of her disasters—or this one disaster, here—or he can't live. He's running away even as he sort of tends to her and is present. Maybe he thinks Momma will see to it that this isn't a disaster; Momma is gambling at this moment that Nonie won't throw herself out the window, that Nonie won't have *serious hysterics*—or a breakdown, upstairs, today, et cetera. Momma is keeping her nerve, downstairs with the company.

Momma and Nonie each blame the other's character and the other's being nerve-racking for S.L.'s erraticisms of attachment to them.

Daddy is holding me; I start to wriggle and he bends to put me down rather than risk squeezing or juggling me.

I want to give Nonie my hope. I want her penitent—and saved. No one will do this, only me.

Momma said once, *I want to go for six months without telling a single lie. You know, it takes real nerve to lie in front of the whole world and then wait and see what happens to you.*

In Daddy's grip—held by his hands at the end of his outstretched arms—I press one foot down on the carpet. In Nonie's room. In this house. I want to go to Nonie.

"Go to Annemarie," Daddy says to the stretched-out, spinally twisted kid.

My heartbeat is a mass of knocking pulsations in me. The rainlight in the room is darkish—browns and gray-blues—and a lot of wet is in the air. Nonie's hands are the same color as a puddle.

The grownups' speeches are the differently weighted branches of a tree. I am a child; I am intent on Nonie, one child to another—I join myself to her now in the separate sect.

When I start toward Nonie, Annemarie shouts, "*NEIN!*," and Daddy drags me back.

See, here is Nonie as a marvel—her reality is part of the lied-about, filthy sweetness of childhood. I remember Nonie-this-girl-here, the one in pain, the one I want to help, not Nonie-of-other-times much. I'm about to do something, I'm about to go and hug mad, ammoniacal Nonie. Daddy and Annemarie think Nonie is very bad or they would not be trying to prevent me. But in my mind they are *quiet*. I have a steamy chaos in me. All order is concentrated in my will—my concentration. They don't matter—Nonie's in pain. I tear, I pierce the *badness* in the room. I move toward her legs, the reachable legs below the terrified and stony *face* of the shouting girl. In her anger and piteous prettiness and ferocity and blindness, Nonie is here. I hug her smelly leg. . . . I preferred having her be calm to having her sacrificed in order to have a world with less evil in it. Nonie raises her hand. Her hand is moving—*swattingly*. Pay no attention. Blink. Squint. See the pewter-and-peony-skinned child's face pucker. *If you ask me, it's a shame.* "HE'S BOTHERING ME."

The slap rocked me. I can't find the nerve connections to my eyes.

She damaged my eyes.

Maybe I exaggerate.

This isn't EVIL—this is just something that happened. This is just something that happens.

The child's cry—that upward fluster and ascent of a noise of pain and the sound of the slap—change the face of the girl. The girl is wild-eyed but shrewd: she looks like Lila for a moment. She gazes around measuringly; then she glares.

The child's outcry in the rain-dark, in the wet air, and the smell on Nonie, and Nonie's face, its multiple expressions, are gruesome, crawly—also sympathetically childhoodlike.

"I DIDN'T MEAN ANYTHING. IT WAS AN ACCIDENT. I DON'T HATE MYSELF, DADDY."

Annemarie and Daddy said things and tried to pull me away from Nonie, but I clung to her.

You'll survive.

She *feels* the stupidity of having shown the quick automatism of her temper in front of DADDY. She feels her terror still—the storm is still raging outside—and now she is anguished and chagrined: is that guilt? For a few seconds, Nonie blacks out. She hopes to return from her terror to some more central space. She says, "HE WAS BOTHERING ME, DADDY." She squints as if she were being beaten on—in innocence. With one hand, in a gesture of pudgy unanger, while she stares at Daddy, she clubs the kid with blows of erratic trajectory, some quite brief, a coverup, a risk to make her accusation look true—her nerves are strung tight—she's embarrassed now.

The child, in a way, expected this. He has an odd childhood sense of futurity—and of the rightness of his life; he clings to her on and on.

Because he doesn't cry out, Annemarie stops pulling at him, she stops trying to rescue him.

The child's choked, hurried breath, near his sister, is as if around a hollowing and echoing pit in him of devastations, from long before now, from before Nonie, an old grief, the dead matter of a literal silence in him, the once almost dead child. Nothing has granted Nonie such a silence; she never goes inward; she has no silence in her; everything in her is a living voice, a chorus of live voices: the child hugging her leg and squinting and making no noise except for his breath is inexpressibly foreign to her in his mind—in his presence. His silences. He is unreal, that male child, for Nonie—he is physically real to her only as an emotional pressure bound in his gestures.

Demons take her and hide her, and I want her here. Presence is an absolute in real life.

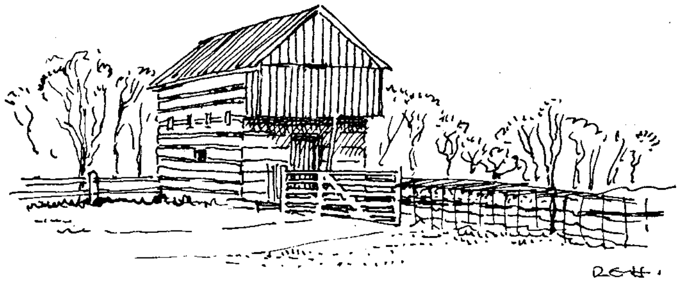
Daddy moves forward, takes Nonie's hair, and pulls and jerks her head so that she stops hitting the kid.

He is embarrassed and backs away while she stares at him . . . His silence mixes sexual and paternal shock and a sense of justice and a surging but suffocated relief—all of us now are tangled in will and shame.

Nonie persists—she grabs my arm and yanks it, as she did her doll's. (She has the devil in her.)

I doubted the pain I felt.

The pain fluttered and slid—do you know what I mean? Slid away for a while, to some extent: do you remember the anesthesia childhood could summon up, the thick blanketing, the psychic musculature? I moved into angled places and mentally sturdy postures (over an emptiness) well designed



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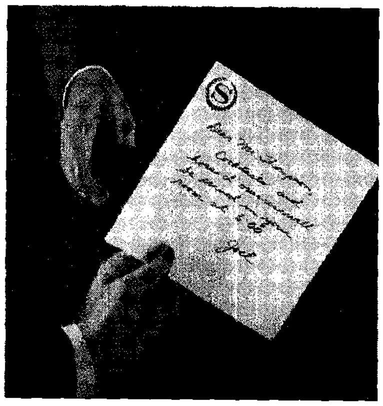

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for accepting the hurtful blows while bouncing in slow ways away from each blow in my childhood reality of hurt, forgiveness, folly, and lunatic willfullness.

It's easy enough to think the kid deserves to be hit—he's so odd, so stupid, so alert.

Daddy has released her. I haven't.

"THERE'S TOO MUCH LIGHTNING. DADDY, I HATE THE LIGHTNING!" She is explaining things to Daddy. Nonie shouted, "IT WAS AN ACCIDENT!" She is trying to push me away from her legs—what use does she have for penitence?

Daddy says, "She's so upset she doesn't know what she's doing. Nonie—oh, Nonie, look how he likes you." His eyes aren't focussed—if he doesn't look at her, he's not concerned about what she might do, although it seems that her mind, her soul weren't geared to abhor accidents.

Also, Wiley is a small creature, an accusing ghost of small creatures that she's put or beaten to death, for instance. His circumstances undermine her position as a wronged and pure child. She is *exasperated*, as if to say that everyone has the right to some jealousy, some violence—the right, the habit of those things, the right, the habit of normality.

It is harder for me to believe in Nonie's mind as worth respect, it is harder for me to believe in her right to live, than it is for me to accept the fact of my own future death.

I was given this girl to love, I was given this girl as a companion in my childhood—our childhood, I guess.

Nonie's eyes aren't blind; she's a little crazy. I see her eyes; they're wretched. I forget my own feelings at the sight of so much drama and expressiveness as are in her eyes.

"He *wants* to help her—look, he took his punishment, he's standing his ground—he's a real ace, he's a *trooper*."

I see uncertain malice in Nonie's eyes now—the shapeless rages of childhood, its helplessness half-and-half mixed with *I-won't-be-helpless-anymore*. Her malice is not actually focussed on *me* but on my not being as upset by the lightning as she was. I saw it. She hated my (temporary) guiltlessness. I saw it. I'm sure that she excepted me from her really serious rage that day—not later. Things changed later. But she only hated me a little that day. It was a momentary exemption. But, still, my innocent kindness, selfish and childish as it was, sickened her.

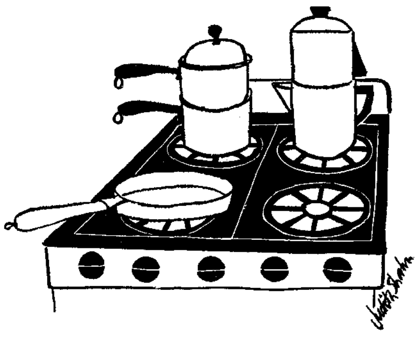
The partly privileged child embraced Nonie's smelly legs.

Her angled body, her face are—a fist. Her face is a fist. Her whole body is a fist. Sweat ripples the already uncertain planes of her clayey cheeks—above me, at that *not grownup* height—the sweat further dissolves the already uncertain outlines of her anger, her malice—her capacity for doing harm—for harming me. I remember her face from other moments. I piece her together inside myself, where I am oppressed by the reality of the presence of her grief and terror, and mine on occasion as a measure and a consequence of hers. I see her as a malicious child—she maybe will be less rambunctious when she is prettier, or maybe not. I see her in small, ejaculatory spurts of surprise. I see a bad face on a pretty girl. Then I see a wolf, a solitary cat the size of a girl, a creature from down the street, not from here, the animal meanness of her eyes. Look, my sister is a secret thing from a dream, not otherwise admitted to, save as marriageable flesh, breeding fodder for nephews. Otherwise, she is completely hidden from me, she is only her name plus an epithet, *Nonie, my sister*—even to myself, she is as secret as that. How much is she going to hurt me today? How much will she insist on seeing to it that my suffering is equal to hers?

It takes nerve to live—Momma says so. She has said, *The thing is to be quick on your feet and not a coward.* S.L. says to Annemarie, "Stop it—let him be nice to her: what do you think? That she's a mad person? She won't hurt him—she wouldn't hurt a flea."

Is that true? Or will she hurt me so badly today I will live with it for the rest of my life, suffer one way and another in who I am and in what I do, because of her—is that what is going to happen?

Nonie is looking at Daddy. She is staring at him. She is trembling. She moved her hand—Nonie struck me on the forehead without looking.



"It's only her hand!" Daddy shouted at Annemarie.

Her hand, then her elbow, as a matter of fact.

"IT WAS AN ACCIDENT. HE BUMPED INTO ME."

That was partly true.

"*Ach, Gott*," fat Annemarie said. Her facial posture said we all knew, everyone knew Nonie *always* lied.

Annemarie reached for me with a fat, indignant snort of dislike for Nonie.

"YOU HATE ME. *YOU* SHOULD BE KILLED." Nonie swung at her.

Daddy, partly at an averted angle—as if shyly—pushed Nonie back from me; Nonie stumbled—but I went on clinging to her.

"We all feel bad. Don't say that, sweetie," Daddy said while he reached, almost idly, ineffectually for me.

My forehead hurts. So what?

The immediacy of Nonie's pain, her loneliness afflict me—I'm in the shadow of her emotions. I am an often bored child; when she's in trouble, she often plays with me—it's like that now; we're in limbo. She and I.

I tug at her arm—silently. Nonie's pain, mine—in the moment—burn me. My pain is from loneliness in my sympathy, as if I'd embarked on something that held contractually a kind of paralyzed or stilled or dead sense of myself—my inner deadness and old grief are stirring in me, monsters beneath their wrappings of my conceit in the supposed goodness of my life. I am someone-not-me at the moment; I have to be hugged by a special Nonie who hugs *The Sympathizer*—then, the child expects, we will be freed from this moment, she and I, and we will *play* then—history will be different then.

Nonie emits a funny cry when I press my head against her belly—she's partly bent over, because of a bolt of lightning outside. Nonie's noise draws from S.L. a gasp of intractable emptiness, his form of being gentlemanly, a purposeless will—no self, no selfish will, that emptiness, a formal thing.

DADDY. Daddy.

DO YOU SEE NONIE'S EYES?

Nonie presses her hands over my eyes, over my mouth, those of the child, to be honest—not me but just *a child* who was there.

"Don't be a second-guesser. Stand back. That child knows. He's got a

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good heart. He knows what he's doing. Let him do what he wants to do."

Nonie shoved, she pushed, she almost lifted the child, pushed him toward the window. The disappearing light had drawn back, as if it had been poured out by tilting our house toward that window. The light flowed down rainy perspectives—that fading light of the beast. The thunder was big, thunderous and threatening, wooden and empty, mere bulges of sound now, sturdy and fat. I was joggled, I tottered. I was thrown to block it, to dam the sound, the huge, bodiless gavelling.

It is possible I never knew Nonie well at all.

The child, at Nonie's shove, plays S.L.'s old role, when he used to go stand on the lawn, or the torn doll perhaps—a sacrifice, a feint, a Golden Apple, an experiment to distract the beast.

Daddy can't go to her. My father's illicit, hapless, shamed excitement, automatic and sad, means he can't go to her.

Then abruptly, with squinting eyes, she stumbles forward, grabs me, and she turns in an overburdened circle. She's hugging and carrying me now—like a dog, a captured dog, a doll. Are you frightened? Will the horror be that she will put out my eyes? This is *an environment* in which few come to actual harm, this suburb, isn't that so? Her movements, our sorrow, are a cumulative muffling, a sort of special silence. She turns in a clumsy circle, like a walker in a snowstorm. I disappear in the white.

Lila has said, "*Don't be a fool, S.L. You know the things that happen.*" She means: Be cautious. Don't trust people.

If Nonie as an ordinary woman, as an ordinary person, doesn't matter, what am I to forgive her for? If she does matter, forgiving her is a spiritual thing that occurs in relation to her continuing repentance, which never occurs—and so my forgiveness is never there. She's a fighter. Of what spiritual use is my forgiveness to her? It has only a tactical value for her. I can only just bear to admit that she causes me pain and has shaped my life day by day, every day for most of my life—no: all my life. Indifferent forgiveness is a vile concept: *Your sins don't matter; shut up; go away; they don't matter; you're not in trouble; go away.* Indifference is a sort of pragmatic absolution—and a mode of destruction of the mind. Besides, I spent years with Nonie; and indifference to her means losing huge chunks of myself, and distrusting my own darkness. It means losing my sense of why certain kinds of lousiness occur. That might be absolution, but it's also blindness and stench. I'm not a pope.

Nonie is experiencing the direct intrusion of God in her vicinity.

Carrying me in that burdened and clumsily staggering way, she says, "TAKE AWAY THE FAT ONE THERE. LOCK HER IN A TRUNK—IN THE DARK."

Nonie keeps moving in a trapped circle, joggling and resettling me constantly. Nonie wants God to go away. We can't live together much longer if Nonie continues to shame me with my inability to console her, my inability to keep her from her violence and her undoing herself or whatever.

What Nonie is is truer over a longer period of time, and more complex as truth, than almost anything I ever studied in school. But because of what she was, and I was, she became minor for me, despite the extent to which she is a conduit for Evil entering my world in my presence, minor because I had no choice but to love her to some extent for a while. No, she is not minor. But I cannot imagine myself *punishing* her—only competing with her—and not face to face, once I have the power to live as I choose. Also, I wear out, my nerves wear out—*they* forget her. The changeability of my nerves applies a disguise to evil in my world.

And then, of course, I am like her in some ways. I am complementary to her, and Daddy is like her; and other men and women I know are like her.

I must live with her, she enjoys attacking me, and I want someone to attack her for me—she's a girl—and so the part of me that's like Nonie becomes more a part of me. If I could catch Nonie in one of her acts of foulness, I might be able to kill her—I don't know. She likes it that I loathe her; she's addicted to it. It excites her—it soothes her some when I *hate* her: maybe she will be tough and famous in the world. I don't know. When I pause and listen to my own breathing and sort of firmly want her dead, I then abruptly half laugh.

I really do truly want someone else to kill her.

I don't want to be guilty of her

death—this is a kind of inhibition; maybe it's despicable.

We're still fighting away, against the dark, against the light. All at once, the adopted child is shoved into black, wet, breaking window glass—is this in a dream? My eye is gone, my eye is put out, my face is bleeding, the facial nerves are cut: and my vision will be uncertain all my life now.

WATCH OUT.

She doesn't want to be sacrificed for my sake. She did not push me through the window on this occasion. (She did on another occasion, and I was cut on my chin and forehead and eyelid, and my vision was tampered with by the wound and by the nervous fear that affected the muscles of my eyes after that.) Today, she shoved me toward the window and then grabbed me back before I plowed into the windowsill.

She doesn't want an *unhappy* life—she's *normal*.

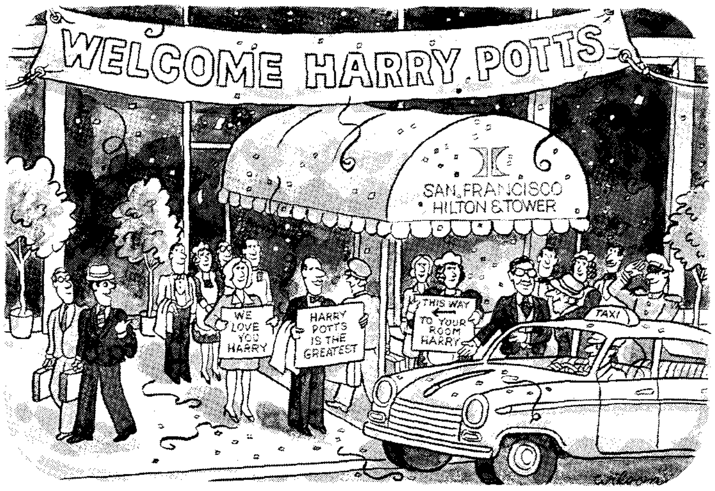
The child, the boy, is a locus of powers she hasn't recognized yet. Maybe I'm more resigned about things in my life than I would have been if it hadn't been for watching her and thinking her bad and wasteful, but still I went on living with her and loving her at times. I liked her heat, the suggestion of excitement and of shelter for me in it, and the strength of it. Of course, no protection exists for me in her except as it suits her. A number of my definitions of things start with her, here, in her room. I am not a god. I am, for her, supremely not-God, a brother. Nonie is the nearest childhood, the most accessible portion of the world to me. We are the most explicable beings for each other, the most handily available for inspection, for some experiments, sources of a lot of further information close by when obscure points are bothersome and if we are singly too narrow to have a view of some mystery or other.

In her voice and body she keeps up her manner of defiance, of courage—the claim of her herohood in what she does is her true vocation. "YOU'RE DISGUSTING AND I'M NOT"—to Daddy. "YOU'RE NO GOOD. I DON'T LOVE YOU."

Her affection is incurably strange to me. It smells of disorder. Her skin is hot, her breath is peppery and foul.

"LISTEN TO ME. YOU DON'T LISTEN. I'M A GOOD PERSON—"

I listen; I hear her; I want to know what she's saying—she is familiar and lunatic and bad—look at her mouth, look at her eyes—no, don't. No one studies Nonie except me. I'm the best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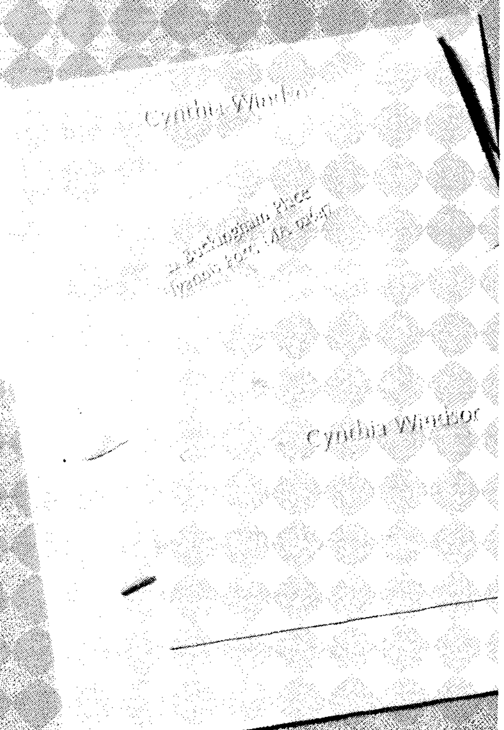

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student of what Nonie is at this one moment.

Nonie is struggling to walk carrying me in front of her—she is choking me. Ha-ha. It is a farce. I am partly unconscious; I'm unhurtable; I'm a dear child; I'm an innocent—I'm the elaborate semi-existence of something remarkable in her eyes. If she can hurt someone unhurtable, a dear child, but innocently, then that's evidence that she is not hellish but potent and misunderstood—this is a dear ambition of hers. Then she can confront the lightning, and be innocent and wronged.

I am nearly unconscious in her arms. She's scared of the lightning, but she has a dulled—and pretty—child in her arms whom she has not *meanly* hurt; it is a maternal posture but boyish, maybe strange, that she has. This moment is giving her strength; it is a pattern from which strength is derived; she has an animal obstinacy. It's all right if I love her. Isn't it? This is worth it, that we do this, that I have to live having been through this with her? Isn't it? The ecstatic fear and dauntlessness in her shout, "MAKE IT GO AWAY, YOU BASTARDS. MAKE IT GO AWAY. WILEY'S NOT MAD AT ME. I'M NOT DOING ANYTHING TO HIM." Nonie's voice: I never understood the utter sincerity of will and rigor of her voice and the falseness and obviousness of her tone, the way she lied—the limited sagacity.

What a bold thing it is to shrink and then harden one's entire self and never be able to have the rest of one's self, or one's other self, for the entire period of one's life on earth. She did that, and if I stop loving her I'll be doing it. If I can't love her at all, if I can't figure a way to do it, to risk loving her, I'll become at least a sort of bastard.

I mean, we know I have to forgive her—don't we?

Even if she is monstrous. Anyway, I can't tell if she is monstrous—right? I am a corrupt and inadequate judge—isn't that so?

If she is *ordinary* and *like everyone else*, it will be terrible for me not to love her—bad consequences will follow me all my life. Maybe.

If I had been angry, her rage would have been cold and settled against me for accusing her at such a time as this. My life would have been easier if she hadn't admired and liked the child in between the times of hating what he'd done to her life, what his existence had done to her life. I mean her reaction to his traits and moods and deeds was natural and particular to her, not typical, but hers, but that's O.K. She loved him, pursued him from time to time—the smaller child is fascinating and strange and peripheral to *Nonie*—and he arouses jealousy and other feelings on an uncomfortable scale—sometimes a gigantic scale: she is shrieking inside with temporary hope. . . .

Now we are in Nonie's closet, with the door closed. Daddy is outside the door, in the room with the rain noises.

Is she going to hurt me a lot now? We are closed off in here.

It smells of clothes, of Nonie here. She bites me shakingly on the side of my face—she quiets her mouth that way, maybe. She drags her teeth over my temple, my ear. I quiver. I feel her hot breath, I am suffocated against her quivering neck. I lean against the vibrating tissues and bones of that girl's shoulders and chest—she's squatting in the close, dark air in here. In the uproar of human heat and childish temperament and evil and fear we were in, I kissed the wet pulp of the chewed corners of Nonie's mouth.

Outside the closet, Daddy said, "Nonie, do you feel any better in there? I think the storm is getting lighter. Are you any better yet?"

He can't see us in here, in the dark.

He says, "See, Wiley's not afraid of lightning." He says it in that funny, less intense way of someone talking through a door; he claims to see in a way: he's worried. Has she observed that her fear is not universal? He is less interested and more defeated in speech under these circumstances, when he can't see our faces. It's as if only the *side* of his voice, the part that's like a beam of wood, falls inside where we are; his voice is sawed and shortened, is deprived of the authority it has when it is attached to his face: he likes his own face; he likes his own voice less. "Wiley knows no one here is a bad person, he knows no one's going to be hit by the lightning today," he said with the disinterest and obliquity of being on the other side of the door.

Nonie pants. She hates him for saying I was a good judge—she shouts at him: "YOU'RE DISGUSTING. YOU SPY ON ME WHEN I UNDRESS."

(Momma used to ask me, *Why do you hate Nonie so much?*)

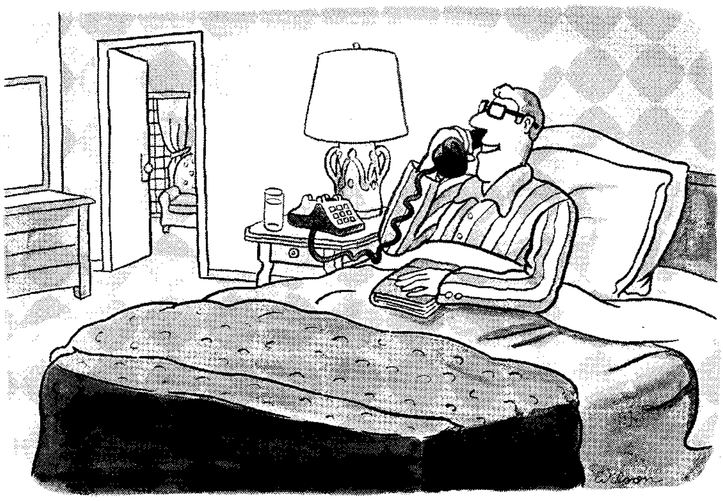
Nonie's indignation is crumpled in here but large and dark anyway. We have no light here.

Daddy did sometimes wander down the hall in his pajamas to get a look at Nonie. He would do that when he was undressed and warm-fleshed—in his pants, say, and no shirt, or in shorts or naked or in pajamas or a robe. Daddy didn't think about things like this—he sort of lived them, offering his body for contemplation, for regard, and his feelings as well: The Father's Body, a grown man's, The Father's Feelings, a grown man's. Momma said he had *the gift of not thinking*—she meant the gift of conviction that he was moral in what he did, at least according to his own lights, on the ground that he was a real man and could rely on his reactions, on his innate decency—all his innate decencies—and that what was moral was obvious and he could be expected just regularly and automatically to do it.

Nonie burned to death; I said that, didn't I? A portable heater shorted out—this is what I was told. And she was drunk.

Her fear of being burned by lightning was prescient, I guess. She said often, at various ages of her life, that she was going to be a rich woman. But she never did become rich. She owned some buildings at one time; she ruled over her tenants probably in a foul way—I can't believe she ever stopped assaulting people's lives. I don't know what moral authority she ever gained in her community, but my guess is none. I used to hope something favorable would happen to her that would verify our childhood—mine with her, I mean: that she would become rich and foul—rich even if foul—or moral and fine: then all the meanings would be different. All. One wouldn't have to look back and cringe.

Wishing aside, if Nonie had opened her mind and become brave on a larger scale and become rich or moral, it would still have been dangerous for me to know her unless some great miracle occurred in her of *generosity*—over and beyond the moral, I mean. And I can't imagine that—I can't imagine her making room for me generously. But maybe one of Nonie's sons—she had five—will accomplish something extraordinary, world-shaking, or big-time: and be admirable—wouldn't that be good? And he might like me. I'd be surprised, though; I'd think better of Nonie. I'd blame myself for not having had the sense to *love* her, anyway. For not having taken the



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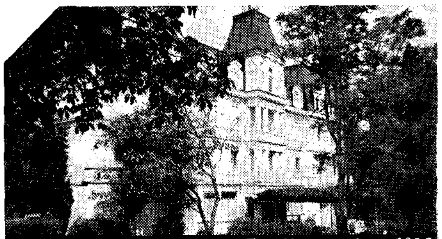

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world as it was and being warm, anyway.

She's dead. I'm glad. Her sons, I'm told, are litigious and rigid, competitive, black-mooded, difficult, detestable—not successful or religious. "They are to be avoided," I was told. "It's sad how regrettable they are." "They're mean the way she was—they're not good people." I suppose I ought to go West and see them for myself but I don't want to know if they are not fine-nerved and obstinate and bringing up fine children—I don't want to know. I don't want to face any more than I have to.

For the moment, I am with Nonie in the closet, and she is a young girl with some sort of halfway promising future and I'm a little kid and in her company, within range of her prowess. We're all trash but in different ways. In the dark, in the closet, among Nonie's clothes—they rustle and rub me, and she's in pain, and her clothes smell—the child wriggles in Nonie's grasp; Nonie is silent except for protracted mutterings and whimperings and threats toward the grownups and the storm—and me, too, but vaguely—and at the center of her melee she's strangely still.

She does things to me. Then she starts to push my hand into my own stomach while she tightens her arm on my throat.

Annemarie and Daddy are on the other side of the door. Annemarie calls out at the sound the choked child makes. Nonie screams, too. She screams, "LET HIM HELP ME!"

"*Es ist nicht gut.*"

She always loved you, Wiley; it's just that it was Nonie—she was a handful and you weren't so easy, either.

"No!" Annemarie says to Nonie's plea. Annemarie is out in the bedroom, in the big cube of air where the rain sounds are, and the rainlight. Her voice is large and has a room shape but at a distance. When it enters my ears, it is partly muffled and partly wrinkled, like the sleeve of Nonie's middy coat lying against my forehead.

A line of light becomes a thick pole of light growing to be a torso of light and then a doorway. Of gray light. I see Nonie's bedroom and Daddy and Annemarie. Annemarie has wrenched the door open; our shelter—Nonie's, mine, I guess—and our darkness are gone. Nonie's fingers are in my mouth, as if I might cry out otherwise. She has partly undressed me. Her fingers are digging into my waist. I can't breathe because of Nonie's hand and fingers on my mouth and nose. Annemarie says—as she hauls us out—"Let go of *him, look at his lips.*" The purpling lips.

Maybe we're just a trashy family.

"THE LIGHTNING SHOULDN'T GET ME. I'M GOOD."

"You? La-la-la—*don't make me laugh.*"

"Oh, my God," Daddy said, "this is no time to be hard on her."

Still set on my earlier purposes, obstinate and unlearned child, I reach, I grasp, I lean out from Annemarie's grasp, and I grasp *Nonie*—I hug Nonie's *head.* She's surprised; she stiffens; I hug the rumpled hair and the hard bone inside the rumpled hair.

Nonie began to hug me back. She hugs my torso, my ribs, sliding her pink arms around me and avoiding Annemarie's fat, yellowy-skinned arms. Nonie hugs the small body, the small-ribbed child's body. Nonie in her physical proficiency, her marred grace—her hugs can be vile; this one is, but it is also startlingly adept, knowing, athletically tender, smooth. She pokes me hurtingly with one finger, for fear she is making a mistake—it was like a curl of irony, a small, localized physical brutality, a curl of affection in her language, and a matter of safety first. And it was a piece of brutality of spirit to mix with so expert and wonderful a hug. Nonie. And she smelled of the closet and of stale sweat and pee, and she was scattered in her wits, and she was alert, blinkingly; her mind is on a number of things: this is Nonie's hug.

My childhood had a lot of tricky things in it.

What-I-am amazes me.

Daddy said, "Annemarie, you think well of yourself but look at that—look at those two—I ask you seriously; open your eyes and admit you were wrong and I'll say you're a big person. Here is something worth remembering right in front of your very eyes."

He is ironic in style, but he's mostly serious—no, not serious, truly dismissive, truly uninterested, truly confused morally—he doesn't care at the moment *what the truth is*—he's *relieved.*

Well, why not? Nonie's *his own flesh-and-blood.*

She's one of us. We have our styles of morbid aggression, of death-dealing. We all have them. Nonie spits at Annemarie. "LEAVE ME ALONE." Annemarie was trying to lever her off me. But it's clear Nonie's not hurting me, and when Daddy says—more sharply—"Leave the kids alone," Annemarie releases me to Nonie's grasp.

The monstrous girl, Evil or not, problematically Evil or not, is of course, of a certainty, innocent to some extent.

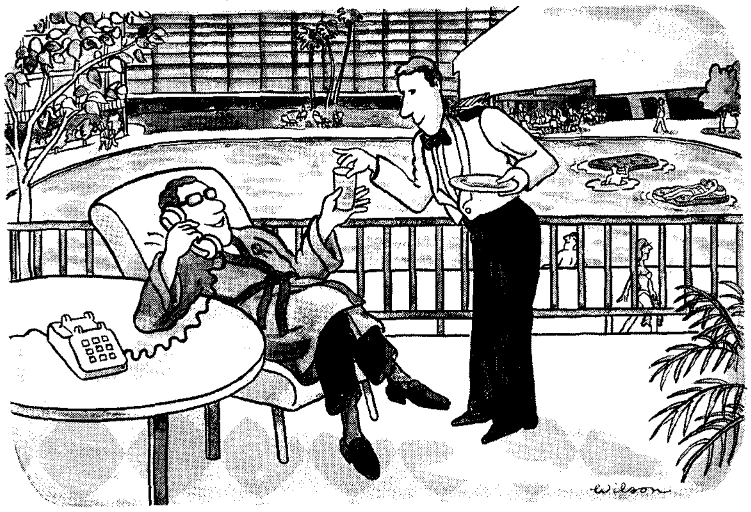
The questions are: What harm will she do? How far will she go? Is her judgment all right? What will happen to me with her today? What will save *her* today? What is the right thing to do now? These are some of the questions.

The summer rain tumbles weightily outside.

She holds me backward; my back is to her.

She lugs me—out of Annemarie's reach. I'm a bulky weight for Nonie, although she's strong. My legs are like pillows filled with dirt, that heavy for her; my rear end is a sack of weight; my neck, the back of my head bounce and slide against the girl's pudgy chest, the ribs, the ligaments and little muscles, childy smooth, bulgy with the little pockets and outpushes of the fat of her girlishness. It is almost shapeless what the back of my head bangs against. Her elbows pound me—a by-product of motion and whatever. She has physical acumen and can spare me some of this discomfort if she wants—no: she's too upset, maybe. I see her in the mirror on the closet door, the distorted and almost terrifying lynx mask of glare formed by the light on the bones of the upper part of her face—it's visible in the gray rainlight, in the flickering shadows of raindrops. She shouts, "I'M ALL RIGHT."

She puts me on the carpet—standing. I turn—at once—and reach up, to embrace her. I want her to be O.K. I want her to be reliably present. I want *her* to love me. I can smell her damp neck in the rainy air. Her face is near mine but is higher. I see Nonie's chin, I see Nonie's terror-wet and pressed-together and chewed lips, her eyes, the lopsided lynx mask—I'm not much bruised. The casual standards of harm in early childhood (unless you have some sensitive, thin standard—usually a lie) mean that some stuff about being hurt is up in the air. At the moment, Nonie's ability to hurt, and her attractions, and her character are an abstract matter of other occasions, of a multitude of occasions, moments of our being in the house with each other again and again over a period of years—childhood years: an abstract matter of physical change and



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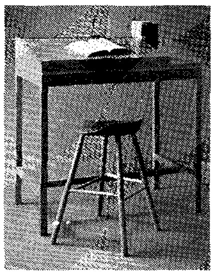

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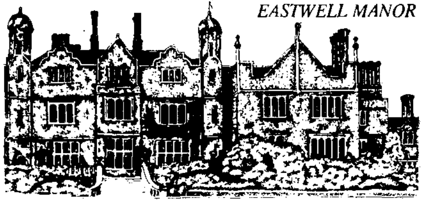

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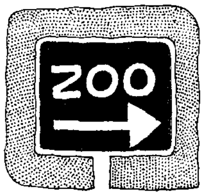
the causes of quarrels, spread over weeks and then years, of the various bodies and shapes and sizes we had, while what is present now is her simple nearness as she becomes less caught in terror. The reality of her proximity at the moment is a sponge cleaning away heat and dismay—disorder, too. I am involved in the emotional reality, to me, of her life moment to moment. Nonie's being evil is not always important to me—that's all. Annemarie thinks Nonie is pretty foul. Momma gets depressed at what parts of Nonie are—parts of her character; what things add up to bothers them more than it does me so far. Daddy doesn't face any of it except when he walks out on Momma or withdraws from Nonie—she gets on his nerves, drives him crazy. He avoids thinking about even that: he's very, very, very fond of her—*in his way*. Annemarie, more as part of her politics than her piety, has a sense of Evil. Daddy denies that Evil exists, he denies it politely for the sake of women (and children) even while feeling superior because of his knowledge of it, because of his superior knowledge and experience of it (Lila hates him for that)—and he tries not-to-give-houseroom to his real feelings or thoughts or memories of that stuff but to take shelter in women, his forbearance for them. Lila's sense of evil is really dark, but it is changeable—sometimes amused, relentless, and female. She's not serious about fighting it—she says she will lie down with it and approve of it if it is good to her and her children.



Much of the time when I was young, a lot of that stuff didn't matter to me.

Nonie's life, her actual life (and not my view of it)—well, a lot in me depends for me on how seductive her life was and she was. She is a serious person in her way—middle-class, with brown hair. She can be described like that. If Nonie frightens or saddens me enough, what will become of me? If she feels the possibility of such a victory, of some ease, of the murder of possibility in me, will she back off? Console me? She consoles no one. She's alone. If she does win out, then no matter how I lie, or what I do, my story will be secondary to hers, to Nonie's, my life will matter less than her life does. I would think she would find it hard to choose to be secondary in her life to mine, to my luck, my ill luck. No matter what she might learn or gain, she'd lose a lot of her momentum. But maybe for a while she should have tried to be secondary, anyway. She chose to compete all out, not for equality—how was that to be measured, anyway?—but to be the one *who was the most important*. Any lawfulness was a defeat for her: she'd have to share—and not punish, and not win. She went *not* just for victory but for the taking over and absorption of my qualities, opportunities, virtues —my life—for fear she'd lose out otherwise or be in the wrong in her pride. She comforted herself by being a rival in everything and appropriating everything, such comfort as that was, and she called that love for a while. It was love in her sense. But after a while she simply was unrelentingly out to distrust me and to get what she could—I suppose that was pain and defeat, since it never let up. She was so afraid of me and so bitter that she would not agree with me about anything then. She would not even remember anything jointly with me—picnics, Christmases, anything. One time—never mind the details—she had access to some money and I was ill (I was maybe eight years old) and she said, "Let him die." I'd said things like that about her, but not when she was ill. I mean, I didn't take harming her into my own hands. She said it again when I was older and had been in a car crash: "I can't help him—let him die." She hated me. One time, Lila and S.L. were broke; I wanted to go away to prep school, and they wanted to borrow some money from Nonie. Anyway, I was forced to stay home and not go—her money was earmarked for this or that expense. I guess I was twelve at that point. She was never ashamed—but she "talked about" me (so Lila explained to me; Lila meant Nonie lied about her and me) so that "if the truth comes out she won't look so bad—no one will believe you."

I don't know.

S.L. was ill and difficult finally. S.L.'s illness was heart trouble. And after a set-to with Nonie, he had his third stroke. Nonie said that she *loved* S.L. but that she didn't care and that he would understand that. I didn't pay a hell of a lot of attention, since I couldn't afford indignation and I didn't want to lose my grip on things. I figured she hated Lila—and S.L.—more even than she hated me.

She used to tell people she was helping in my education. In my adolescence, when I was at my meanest, I was sort of *sympathetic*—understanding-of-her—even in this. She was such a murderous and competitive clunker. A loser.

I didn't think time would be good to her. I hoped time would be kind to her. I didn't much care.

On occasion, after I was grown up, to preserve some outward fiction or other (such as that she wasn't a disaster, as far as I was concerned), I'd arrange to see her when she came to town—the town where I was. I have this sloppy habit of trying to make talk to conceal the realities of a situation and not blaming or loathing something or someone I really do think is foul—her, in this case, Nonie. I go leaning into the situation to conceal what would be shown if I stayed stiff and antagonistic—or merely distant or bored.

The last time I saw her, it bothered me that (just as on the day of the rainstorm) I became, in some perverse and perverted and twisted way, concerned with her mood. Who the hell cares what her *mood* is? The thing to care about is fending her off. Such concern is the trait of someone not too well disciplined by life or sadness, someone spoiled—someone stupid, in a way. *A clown,* Daddy called me. My being like that makes Nonie crazed. Coldly, hotly. But she's addicted to it: this is before she died, nearly twenty years ago, burned to death —*burned to death.* My God, imagine that. . . .

She has asked to see me; she's come to see me. The onetime colossally pretty girl, the onetime *older* child, fat, hard-eyed, she sits in a chair and is nervous and far-off in a grimacing way, disapproving, menacing as a general tactic—like an angry businessman. She never referred to me in my hearing as her *brother* on any grownup occasion.

She has come to ask for favors—maybe a dozen of them: she wants money, information, to meet some people I know—she wants to visit, to stay with some people she has never met but who she has heard are friends of mine. She asks for this and makes faces as if I were mad and a beggar.

It doesn't much matter to her who I am or what I am—she hates it all. And my physical quality is more foreign, more monstrous to her than when we were young.

Lila often said I destroyed Nonie when I refused to "love" or protect her, but it was Lila who told the story

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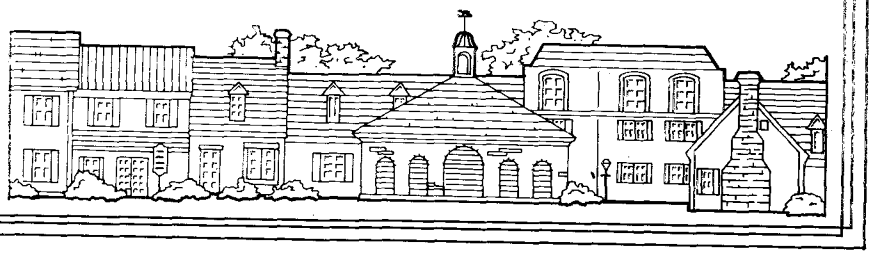

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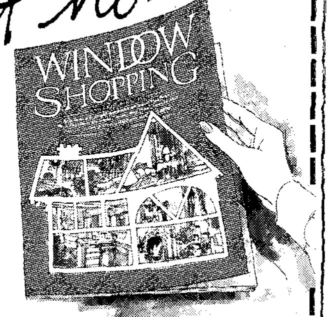

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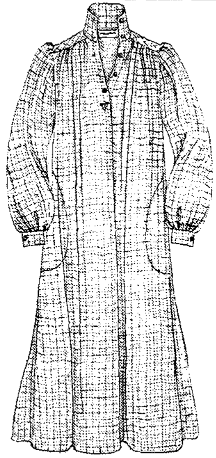

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of the infant sons, too—Lila said a great many things about Nonie over the years.

I start to feel around me the closet smells, the pressure of her flesh that day. I say, "Well, here we are again; we're an odd pair. Just like old times."

She says, "I don't like to talk about the past, I don't like that sort of talk, I don't have to talk about water under the bridge if I don't want to—I have no interest in it, I don't like those things; I don't know about you, but I had a very happy childhood is all I know. I loved everybody, and everybody loved me—and that's all I want to know. I don't know about you. You had problems."

She burned to death when she was forty-two years old.

"Nonie, the bedroom, your bedroom on Vista Drive—that color was nice: a really watery-pale-green."

She said, "That's really boring—that's too boring for me."

"Well, what do you suggest we talk about?"

"Tell me, do you have any money or not?"

"At times, I do. Right now, no."

It's the truth in my voice, in my manner that upsets her: the offer of a truce.

She suddenly said then, sort of tauntingly, "Hank and I are very happy. I have five wonderful sons and everything I want." She went on for a while in that direction, and then she said, "I have no interest in people I don't know. I don't know how people stand it who have to read a lot of books and take themselves seriously."

She began to discuss some of her friends—how rich they were, how much they liked her, how awful they were. "She has just awful brighty-bright eyes—"

She said, "You think you're smart, but we're pretty smart out West now, you know." She lived in California at the time of her death.

VII

THAT was the last time I saw her. Other people disliked me then, too.

I can see her rage—she's not smart enough to hide it. And she's afraid of me. She has energy. She does her part forcefully, with a will. She denies us a past, and she pursues me anyway with her malice and her uneasiness and her anxiety from the past, an anxiety to make use of me, to keep the past going, to have it be continuous and herself not so foul. She wants to have this meaning, too, in her life, of my attachment to her, one-sidedly. She allows me little or no reality—which is what kills me, of course. She's human; she's one of us; I remember one time when I was six or seven, and she was seventeen or eighteen, and she was being amiable, even flirtatious—on a porch. She taught me some tricks on a yo-yo. She hated me the worst at that time, and, contrarily, had periods of being nicer than ever. She laughed at me and was sweet, but she became angry—even murderous—when I proved dexterous. She said, "You have a filthy mean streak." She threw hot coffee at me—in my eyes, naturally. "Don't make a big fuss over him!" she yelled when the grownups showed up. She complained to the grownups stubbornly on that occasion that they babied me. She did it as a pretty girl who would not speak reasonably or allow herself to be dealt with unless it was *admitted to as an assumption around* our house that I had a mean streak in me that made me show off and made people want to kill me and no one could be blamed for wanting to hurt me—and for doing it. No one could help hurting me or could be considered guilty for doing it.

That was a clearer occasion than some when we were younger—I mean people saw it the way I saw it—but just the year before something like that happened, and Momma had been sympathetic to her.

If she's "normal," if she's what people are, then who—and what—am I?

I mention these later events because some truth, some meanings, perhaps the primary ones except for those of the affections and of sex, of work and of futurity, reside in history; and I want to place this stuff around the events in Nonie's bedroom.

Her bedroom. She is still being a soldier. But nothing and no one instructs Nonie or instructed her ever in the victories she hungers for—I mean, she has mostly the wrong victories, ones she didn't want. But she wants them anyway, to soothe herself because she feels others' victories as such pain. My real mother is not present to vote for me here in Nonie's bedroom. It's grim that a lot of people won't grant you the moral authority to defend yourself—you're defending too much and calling it yourself—*and we want you limited now*. You have to be cold and obstinate and tricky—I mean, so many people want you undone; and some people who are on your side are really worthless. The flux of Nonie's temper gives *houseroom* to her sorts of emotion; I mean, toward actualities of the monstrous; life includes special areas of the monstrous aimed at her: life happens to her in her style—not entirely but a lot. She perceives it that way; she sets it up, too, sometimes as a perversion of judgment and of mood that just barely fails to be comic—this shapeless-souled young girl, perhaps misunderstood, perhaps destroyed, who has me in her keeping—I have embraced her and now she kisses me, sobs faintly. Lightning glows distantly, a good ten miles to the east. In that glow, enormous reaches of hollow, gray-blue, rainy sky are visible—then the brownish, darker areas of rain reëmerge from the glow, return, the vista is removed, and we are inside the repetitive and muffling and domestic and amorous noise of the rain.

Nonie touches me with a wan, vaguely athletic coolness, a tenderness poised, not deadened—partly hysterical, though; but it's real, it's between us, it's been gained. And one's appetite for consolation can rest here—or mourn its inevitable loss, or simply observe it for a moment, at this moment of its existence, a truce of wills, of breath.

Comfortable, in a way, we are with each other, hands and bodies childishly in touch—she has a lasting tact about some of the pragmatic realities of childhood.

But that tact turns outward and is clearly part of a case of Nonie's being the center of decency in her system, the central repository of civilization: she is a young girl suffering now, stretched taut over certain inadequacies; she has for a moment a quality of sweetness, nerve-ridden but luminous—she's comfortable, to a degree, to be with me. She's too restless, too guilt-ridden, too naked to persist in it. A faint light in the mirror—a smallish after-flicker of nearby lightning, that's all—cheats her of her escape. At once, Nonie flings herself, holding me, to the floor; the rubbery weight of her body and its thrashing; her gasping and twitching are crows' wings; her breath's cawing is all over me, all around me—I'm in the darkness under her body, in the gasps and thrashings, in the shadow of all that she was; I get banged around by that.

Completely used, completely ignored, I'm there—it means too much that *I'm* there—I'll just put myself there and forget meaning. Where I am, under her body, *it's like the end of*

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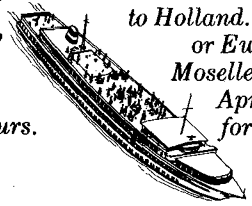

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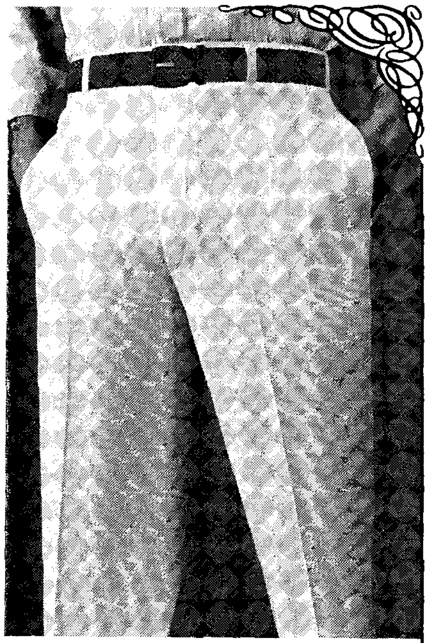

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the world, as Daddy said—rhetorically.

Nonie's grunting and twisting. Nonie rolls back and forth.

S.L.: "Oh, Christ, *why doesn't it stop? It's killing me.*"

(Lila: "*She doesn't like to stop. You have to stop her. Be a realist.* IT'S *THAT SIMPLE.*")

No, it's not.

"DADDY, THE THUNDER IS TERRIBLE. YOU BASTARD. OH, YOU BASTARD."

It was a small thunder. She's less scared and less sweaty now.

On the floor, under her body, where I am, it's warm and roiling and breath-torn and dark and smelly.

Daddy stoops and puts his arm around us—her and me; and he scoops us up to an angle; we're still mostly on the floor. "Nonie, that's not bad thunder—now, come on. That's not real close, hon. Come on."

She's gagging more than she's crying in the rubbery bleakness of this almost-an-afterward.

A gray-green light is at the windows and is in the room, watery and flickering. Nonie's sweaty neck is a river of light; the light pulses on her concise neck—an illuminated rhythm unexplained as beauty but still beauty whether it is explained or not—this symptom of her life. It glows and grows steadier in speed and assurance but is not very steady for all that—the pulse, her life. The sputter and jerk of her skin continue; her pulse is scared: it isn't exactly calm: I hear it, I see it, I'm close to her.

The thunder shakes the floor a little. Inside the warm interlacings and smells, I feel Nonie shake. Nonie is shaking a lot. I cover her with myself.

Her face.

My belly's bent over her. Her face.

I do and don't care what it means.

Besides the other things I do is this: I embrace her will and shame, her being Evil.

Maybe only in a family sense but I doubt it.

Nonie was right to think that lightning lay in wait for her and she was right to think I did not ever have her interests at heart.

For instance, I think that to the best of my knowledge—maybe this is just stupidity—I would prefer to have had Nonie go crazy on this occasion, for good, and for her to say crazed things, and to become mistaken in the names of things, and then to die young and nice and pitiable than for her to live the way she did. I wish she'd died and been satisfactorily dead for most of my life.

I wish I'd been as clever as she was, and that while I hugged her I'd hurt her mortally—what I'm getting at is, I'm not much glad that the gesture stands, my hugging her—my accommodation, my fearless embrace and sympathy and affection with Evil, my shy hatred, my being conned into and out of equality, superiority, inferiority, favors, reparations, all of it—all that.

I'm not glad.

But it stands.

I stand behind the act.

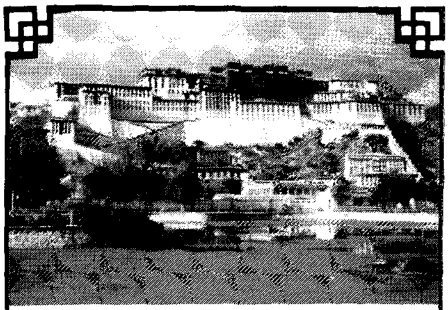
Jesus, I did love her at times—I loved that mess of putrefaction.

The fire that killed her—in California, in her bedroom—it wound up burning through a wall, it set the lawn on fire, then shrubs; the trees were blazing on the lawn as in a disaster or a war.

A cousin called to tell me. "Nonie's dead," said the long-distance voice; then, in a whisper, "Goody-goody."

In Nonie's room, in the increasing light—the rain is letting up—in Daddy's funny grip, I hold her in my short, bony, childish arms in a kind of ecstatic sternness of possession. Me, not the demons, I'm the most powerful one. My sweetness rules here—one way and another. And I'm scared—I'm not an *invincible* conqueror. I kiss her. She kisses my hair—in a slow, webbed, maybe drying-her-terror way.

An intelligence in each of us about the other and about such an embrace as this strips and informs us, it is a childish knowledge, vulnerability. We weren't clumsy with each other always. We were clumsy and sometimes skillful *in order to hurt each other in certain* ways. We were maybe clumsy at life itself, but we did all right with each other as enemies and during truces, in some embraces especially—but in some rivalries, too—we had real skills about each other. I embraced demon-filth Nonie. She had her arms around killer-trash Wiley. We are insiders. The enmity, the hate, is real. It is very real. We twine arms and legs and *necks*—these childish hugs of differing creatures, the sense of two lives being present, I remember the considerable excellence of the mutuality despite such disparities in size and mind and state of mind and in our passions and degrees of violence as were there. We know this about each other at this



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moment of the child's peculiar victory—half victory—we know this, *too*. We huddle and combine, at this moment, lives and heat in a knot, in a sickening real marriage. For a while. Her arm snakes and tightens on the small of my back. For a lifetime, for eternity. Her chin presses into my shoulder. Her breath moves on my skinny back. What moral authority have I gained in the world? I'm her brother. What can I claim for myself after I admit the depth of our attachment in this embrace? I will be bereft of ordinary lying maybe. Nonie is part of me now. I cry for myself because of her. *I tell you, Wiley, anyone human would have felt sorry for her, because of you*—ah, Lila said that, too.

It's true: you hurt her. You judged her. Early in my life, I knew I didn't want Nonie near me anymore. At all. I wanted her quiet, expelled, expunged—I wanted her sent away. It happened very soon that I treated her as if it were undeniable that she was awful—a practitioner of lies, cruelty, will, and evil. And nothing would shake me. I could be secret about it but I could not stop thinking it. She's no good. Lila, S.L., when in battle with me, wanting to teach me a lesson, often would impose her on me just for that reason. *God damn it, why does she disgust you so much? She's no worse than a lot of people. You have to live with her. She loves you. You have to learn to live in the real world.* They did this to me if I was bad—they said, confusedly, that it was a punishment, a lesson. It was a lesson to *know* her. I learned it. I know her as their weapon, one gone wrong, their crooked experiment and crusade, the agent of their disappointments in the world, this enraged child, this pink-legged girl. She was their weapon—not just against me but against everyone. . . . *We're not such good people*, Daddy used to say, *we're not such bad people*. For a while, I explained my accepting her this way: if you live with people, among people, you have to permit certain weapons to be used against you—you leave them some weapons if you're not a tyrant and a fool: this is a form of civilization, maybe. Eventually she was sent from the house, when my parents could no longer grasp such a weapon. By then, I would have been more pleased to be the one to go. S.L. and Lila made the choice to send Nonie away on the basis of their feelings and to protect me at the end from her nonstop rage—and her from my powers to

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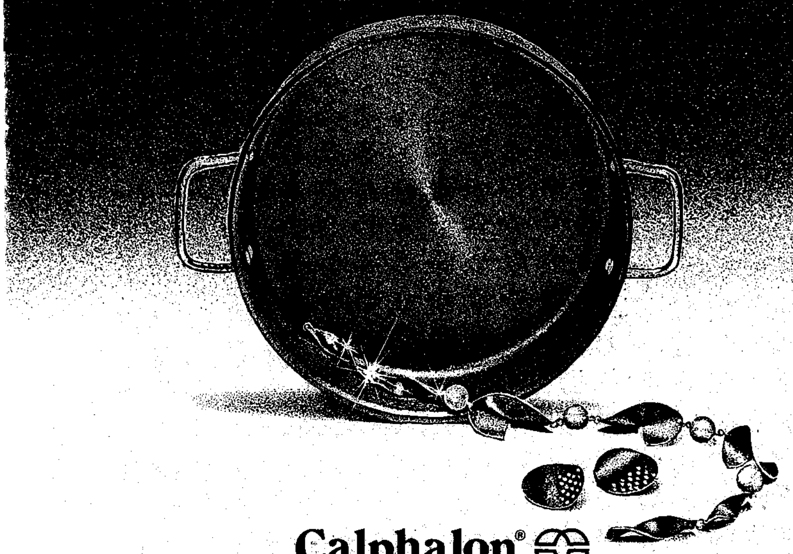

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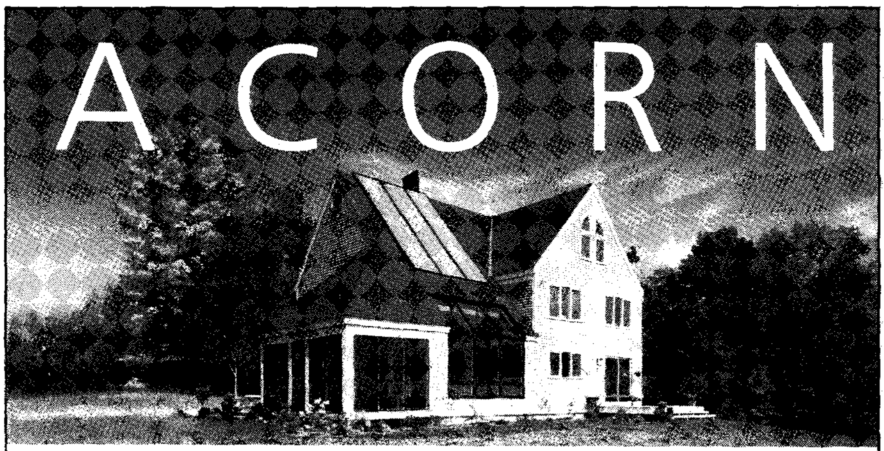

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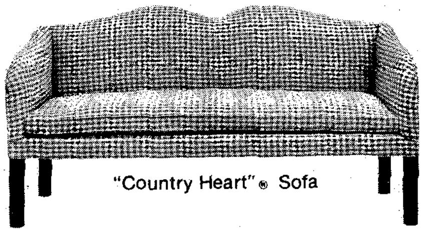

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protect myself: Lila said, *It serves him right—he's stuck with us.* A joke. Of a sort. An apology. A kind of bad luck.

I want to say I didn't understand it, but I do understand it in a way—Nonie's jealous rivalries with everyone were part of her hopes for herself. But her hopes led to too much real harm, and this is terrible, not because it cannot be understood but because it cannot be borne without conscious (or unconscious) cruelty in *some* direction or other. And while displaying *pity* improves the level of civilization, it goads her and worsens the real moments unless the pity is accompanied by real risk and real sacrifice, which I am unable to make.

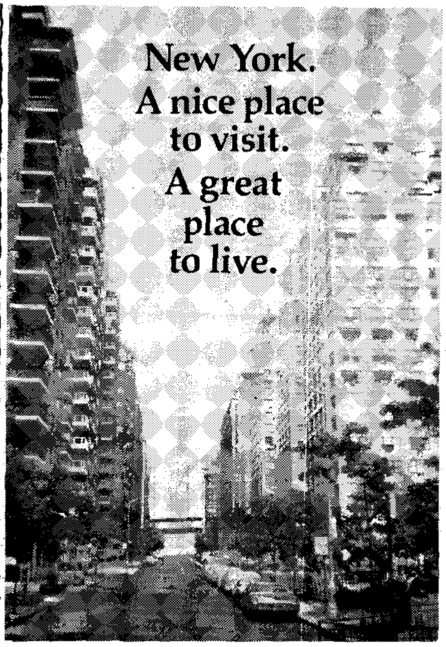
I was oversensitive, me, Wiley, so Lila said, and then she said no, I wasn't. But she said I was spoiled and naïve, since an ordinariness in life includes such jealousies and crimes as Nonie's. Lila said, *Love's like that. She's so much better when you're not around, you wouldn't believe it, and she misses you then, Wiley. . . .*

I reply now as I did then, CHRIST, I DON'T CARE.

On her deathbed, Lila said, *We did a bad thing; we treated Nonie as if she was O.K. I'm sorry you had to go through with her what you did. I apologize to you for it. . . . At first, I was on my guard, but she seemed to like you, Wiley; at first, she loved you. . . .* I remember Daddy shouting, *Why can't you love each other? I want a home with some love in it, God damn it.* Lila said, *Sometimes S.L. seemed to know, but then he'd forget—he was a fool in many ways, but you should forgive him; he wasn't the type to be a policeman all day long. He saw her being affectionate to you sometimes, and that was enough proof for him that she was all right—he was always a lazy man . . .*

Lila thought that I had risen to the moral simplicities, the purities and law-abidingness, of my new life then. I was at college, and she thought I would never undergo scenes of the old sort anymore—at least, never at length. She thought I could be sentimental and aloof toward hatred and ordinariness from then on.

HERE is a perverted eulogy: Nonie's death has been a generous absence. Life is hard enough without her, without having to attempt to live it near her, protecting the dread unreason of her ambitions. When she was alive, most of what I felt toward



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her operated as a mathematical model of sorts which reflected what she felt—she evoked her own reality in the world, in me and others, as she went along. I feel some shame for loathing her and abandoning her and for not mourning her, but the only way I could ever soothe her was to humiliate—and abase—myself a lot. She was not someone I wanted to do that for. And I'm glad it's over. Yes, I think ill of the dead. My sympathy and disdain for her life take the form of a brutal acceptance. When I tried in any way to be good to her, it was a kind of tactic, ironic, as well as a hopeful, a fantastic method for hurting and erasing her at the same time.

It was a good tactic, since any other response showed the degree to which I was like her and lived in a world defined by her conditions. She wanted me to be bad and apologetic—that would have showed her importance. For me not to hate her, or to love her so much I welcomed the chance to humiliate myself for her sake, was for her to be valueless in her own eyes. She would have liked a more common sort of eulogy for social reasons, but statements of rage were more to her heart's liking than statements of indifferent regret or praise that was not extreme.

If I may speak rhetorically, if she and I were to meet after death I doubt whether Nonie would address me in real speech and real gesture. She would turn her back—and that would be all, unless I could do her a favor.

I am ashamed that for all that time she was alive I kept quiet about her. I sheltered her with silence, with respectability, to the extent that it was in my power to do so. I sheltered in my silence Nonie's will, Nonie's shamefulness. Well, I don't know that there's any solution.

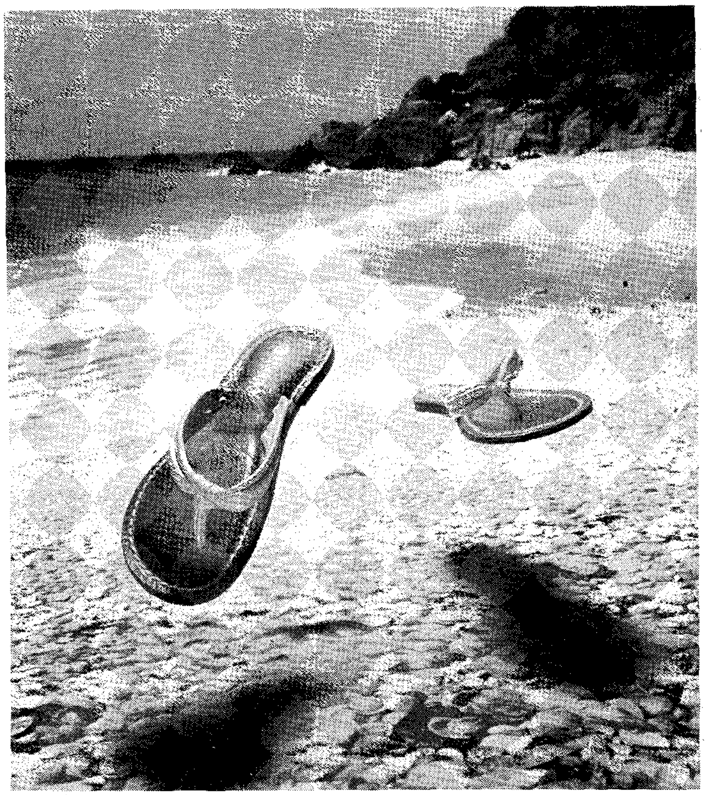
To speak of her as if she were alive: she is clear-eyed and mixed up and shattered and direct and violent, and she's not someone I can deal with—Nonie, my sister. And I hate it that I have ever forgiven her. But I have done it often, and in a vast and tormented way I do it again now.

—HAROLD BRODKEY

●

"It's too speculative even to worry about," Seaver said. "There are too many 'ifs' in this. I'd be disappointed if I wasn't protected. But I assume nothing will happen. If it did, then I'd sit down and see where I stood and what I would do."
—*The Times.*

First, stop talking Stengelese.



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THE THEATRE

Off Broadway

Percy Mtwa and Mbongeni Ngema, two remarkably adroit South African actors, seem to create, in the course of one evening at the Lucille Lortel, the entire black population of South Africa and a number of whites as well. Each of them wears a pink plastic nose suspended on a string around his neck to do service for snap characterizations of heartless whites. The name of their play, which they wrote with their director, Barney Simon, is "Woza Albert!," which means, we discover in the final scene, set in a cemetery, "Rise up, Albert!"—Albert being the dead black hero Albert Luthuli. The play is actually a series of vignettes, in which the actors not only supply sharp portraits of various citizens of Johannesburg and Soweto and other cities and towns but accompany the vignettes with imitations of musical instruments. These imitations are a brilliant trick, and Mr. Mtwa and Mr. Ngema could easily have made a career of them alone. Many of the sketches are very funny, with, of course, an undercurrent of desperation. The inhumanity is as evident here as it was in "Sizwe Banzi Is Dead" and "The Island," and none the less so for the gallant wit and skill and tart humor of the two players. Near the beginning, we hear that someone called Moreno is on his way to South Africa (by South African Airways, of course), and in the context I assumed that he was a revolutionary import from Central America. Not so. He is the redeemer, the rescuer, the Son of God in Heaven. Arriving, he appears in a brickyard where a couple of black workmen must push a truck full of thousands of bricks, having been defeated by their white boss when they asked for a raise. Before that, a divine message comes to another pair of unemployed workingmen, who are told to throw away their passes (for six months in some big city or other) and go directly to Soweto. Moreno's name is on everyone's lips; it is the core of the play.

In "Woza Albert!," the entertainment is constant and dynamic. There are, by the way, no props at all; the pantomime is precise and enlightening, and on one occasion, when an old man tries and tries to thread an invisible needle with invisible thread and then mends his coat, positively riveting. The setting is a bare stage with a rack at the rear for costumes; quick changes abound. The talent and spirit of this show, which has already toured South Africa and Britain and Europe and California, should insure it a long life on Christopher Street.

"Cinders," by the Polish dramatist Janusz Glowacki, is set in a girls' reform school near Warsaw, where the inmates are staging their own production of "Cinderella," and where a film director arrives, proposing to make a documentary movie of their effort. The stark setting, at the Public, is the bare floor of an upstairs theatre, with the audience in bleachers around it, and the opening discussion in the play, when a government inspector puts the proposal to the principal, is an immediate clue to the Orwellian atmosphere of the school: Doublethink prevails, and words mean their opposite when it is convenient. The principal does agree, and soon the director enters with his camera crew; he means, he says, to make of the film "a simple story of innocent creatures caught in the web of society," and to interview each of them in front of the camera about her hard life before she entered this benevolent institution. The "innocent creatures"—tough and sullen and streetwise—agree to make the movie and, except for the brave, stubborn girl cast as Cinderella, to fake the interviews. The director tries to persuade her to accuse someone, to display shock and tears, but to no avail; she will go just so far and no farther in this hypocritical exercise. He finally conspires with the brutal deputy at the school to "open her up," for cinematic purposes, and in the doing they betray and destroy her. So much for the plot. Most of the evening is given over to scenes in the school, some of them effective, a number of them too heavily ironic. (For all his courage and ability, Mr. Glowacki, now in exile, is no Václav Havel.) The best of them is set in a dormitory at night, when the inmates persuade the girl cast as Cinderella, by threats and bribes, to tell them a story, and she gives them her own version of the folktale—

MEATS
STEVENSON

"*You know what I love? Butcher block.*"

about a ragged, put-upon stepsister who goes to a hotel, meets and attracts a rich man, drives off with him in his silver Mercedes to the oil fields of Texas, and returns a year later to forgive everyone; the forgiveness doesn't go down very well with her roommates. The scene ends with a visit to the dormitory by the deputy and the principal, who rap on two of the beds and are followed out by two of the girls.

The production, under John Madden's direction, is appropriately drab and, at times, somewhat confusing. The actors do well. Christopher Walken is at his admirable best as the icy, detached film director; Lucinda Jenney is a strong Cinderella; and Robin Gammell, George Guidall, and Anna Levine are especially good as evil deputy, weak principal, and two-faced inmate who fakes hysterics for the benefit of the camera. Scenery by Andrew Jackness, costumes by Jane Greenwood, and lighting by Paul Gallo.

EDUARDO MACHADO'S "Broken Eggs," at the Ensemble Studio Theatre, is, strictly speaking, a farcical comedy about broken hearts—the hearts of three generations of a well-to-do Cuban family in exile in Los Angeles. The events that determine its action are all serious and have taken place before the play begins, but the action itself is funny. The scene is a country club on the day of a daughter's wedding to a Jewish boy. Those present are her mother and father, now divorced and the father remarried to an "Argentine wetback;" her younger sister; her aunt; her grandmother (on mother's side); her brother; and her grandfather (on father's side). Most of the first act is given over to family squabbles and family yearnings; the mother does not accept the divorce and is certain that she can persuade her ex-husband to return. Grandma suggests a touch of witchcraft. Everyone, except possibly the bride, is furious at the father, and everyone attacks him at one time or another. But he is not the only target; the yearnings are, of course, for Cuba, and it is Fidel who is the true villain, and quite a nice assortment of curses is showered upon him—especially by Grandma. Emotional crises are unceasing. "No fighting," pleads the bride, and "No fighting," pleads the mother, before bursting into hysterical tears because there is not enough wedding cake to go around. (She orders her ex-husband to skip the Cuban guests and give the cake to the Jews.) Before the bride, suitcase in hand, slips away at the end, her sister has announced that she is pregnant; sister and brother have snorted quite a lot of cocaine; brother has accused his astonished father of being a closet homosexual and has received a slap in the face; Grandma has constantly taken offense and given everybody hell; the mother's hopes for a re-wedding have been dashed; the aunt, who has appeared to be the most sophisticated and adjusted of all of them, has turned out to be the most homesick, anesthetizing herself with Valium and dreaming of floating past Key Biscayne to Cuba; and Grandfather, who is actually the most sophisticated, has delivered a lucid and intelligent analysis of Cuba, past, present, and future.

Under the guidance of James Hammerstein, the performance—the pathetic and the ridiculous hand in hand—maintains its comic style from start to finish, and every moment is clear. Mr. Machado's characters, closely observed and well drawn, are by and large quite well acted, and particularly so by Julie Garfield as the aunt, Leonardo Cimino as the grandfather, Theresa Saldana as the sister, and Karen Kondazian as the mother. The title, I suppose, refers to the saying about breaking eggs to make an omelette, but I don't see its application to the play. Setting, costumes, and lighting, all commendable, are by Keith Gonzales, Deborah Shaw, and Cheryl Thacker.

—EDITH OLIVER

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LIFE IN CALIFORNIA

[*From the Oberlin Alumni Magazine*]

Will Morris and Tia Graves '79 were married on New Year's Eve at the Naval-Marine Corps Reserve Center, Encino, Calif. The parking lot ceremony was performed by the groom's brother of the Universal Life Church at the starting line of the New Year's Eve Midnight 10k road race. At the conclusion of the ceremony the entire wedding party participated in the race. Appropriately attired for the race, Tia wore her bridal gown and Will his tux and tails. Running with "JUST MARRIED" signs affixed to their backs, dragging tin cans, the 800 "runner guests" cheered wildly. The race ended with Will, in non-Oberlinian fashion, carrying Tia over the finish line. The reception followed at a local hot tub club. The wedding party continued with a 5:00 a.m. New Year's breakfast at the famous Original Pantry Restaurant in downtown Los Angeles. Tia and Will were whisked off to the Rose Parade and game in a chauffeur-driven '67 Lincoln Continental to see Tia's alma mater ('81 UCLA) play. They honeymooned in Hawaii.

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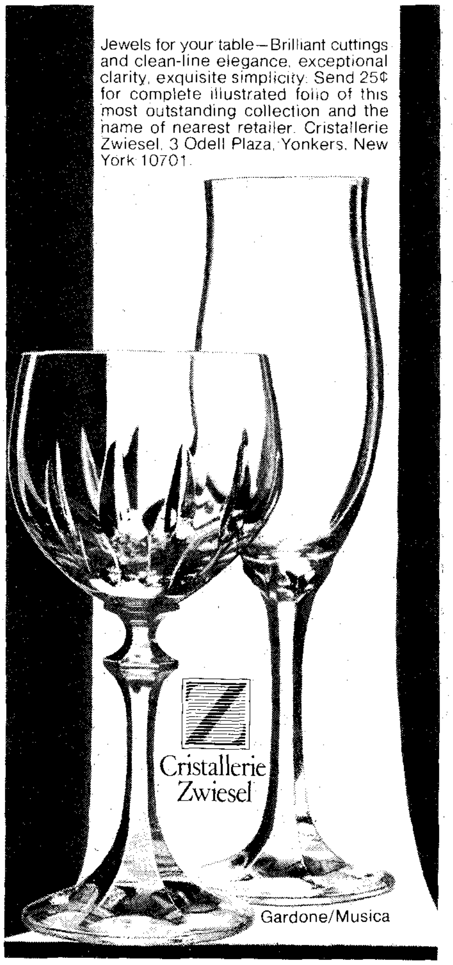

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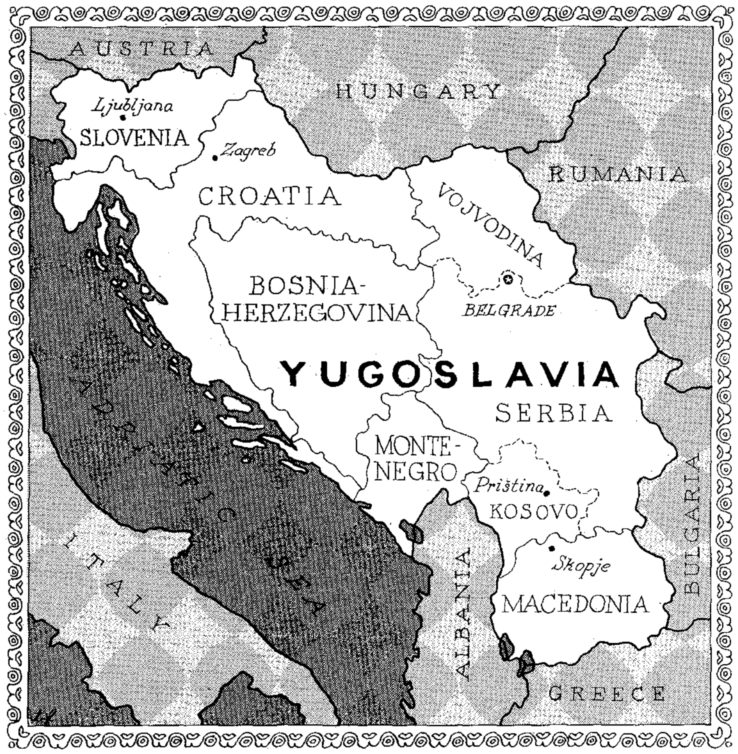
A REPORTER AT LARGE

TITO'S LEGACY—I



ON most weekend evenings, downtown Belgrade, whose gray stone buildings can best be described as late-nineteenth-century bourgeois banal, is enlivened by thousands of pedestrians clogging the squares and streets. They stroll and window-shop, or sit for hours in sidewalk cafés sipping coffee, beer, or apéritifs. The scene, when I was there a number of months ago, was not unlike that in other European cities, but here it was highlighted by an unusual number of contradictory impressions that emphasized the country's tremendous internal variety and its historic ambivalence toward both East and West. In dress, there was an odd mixture of carnival color and monochrome shabbiness: over-made-up girls in miniskirts and red, blue, or yellow panty hose; boys in jeans and leather jackets; and older people in nondescript suits or blouses and skirts, adding up to a brownish-gray blur. The mood ranged from vibrance and gaiety to malaise and sullenness. In the park in Terazije Square, across from the Hotel Moskva, trash collectors, chiefly elderly women, drifted about with their spiked sticks and burlap bags among benches on which young and even middle-aged lovers, whose common predicament is a lack of privacy in their overcrowded homes, engaged in amorous acrobatics that—like so much else in Yugoslavia, including political and economic planning—appeared to stop just short of consummation. Occasionally, plainclothesmen broke up these passionate pantomimes, but the places of the scattered players were quickly taken by others, as if on schedule or by reservation. Now and then, the underlying hum of voices in the square was broken by shouts followed by a burst of song, marking a sendoff for a youth about to depart for his fifteen months of Army service. The crowds of pedestrians watched these brief performances blankly and then moved on, some stopping to buy soft drinks or spiced-meat-and-vegetable patties from sidewalk venders. The news kiosks were packed with papers and magazines, some of them foreign, and with surprising numbers of pornographic publications, which have been popular in Yugoslavia ever since what social critics rather self-consciously refer to as "the sexual revolution of the sixties."

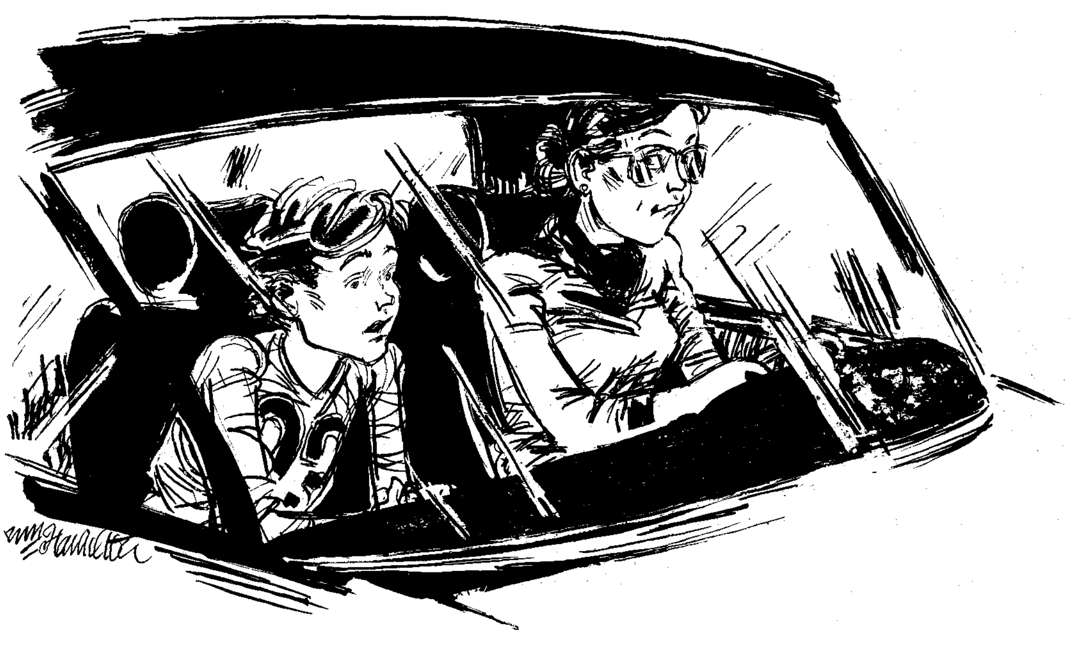
Although Yugoslavia is going through a period of mounting inflation and people are short of money, the society remains consumer-minded. Because rents are low and most urban families have several wage earners (per-capita industrial wages average a hundred and forty-four dollars a month), so-called white goods—that is, stoves, refrigerators, washing machines, television sets, and radios—sell fairly well, and downtown store windows are full of such items. Yugoslavs love to travel abroad, and there are no legal restrictions, but because of recent measures to control the flight of capital and to conserve foreign exchange more people nowadays spend their vacations at home, though doing so is not made easier by gasoline rationing; monthly allotments are set at just under nine gallons per car. Consequently, Belgrade—the capital of the Socialist Federal Republic of Yugoslavia—and other Yugoslavian cities were more crowded last spring and summer than before the current period of austerity. During the Winter Olympic Games just held in Sarajevo, out of the daily attendance of about thirty thousand, half were Yugoslavs from elsewhere in the country; most of them travelled to Sarajevo by train, plane, or bus, but some came by car, using black-market gasoline costing twice as much as the normal two dollars and thirty-five cents a gallon.

In "Black Lamb and Grey Falcon," Rebecca West's classic and richly portrayed "inventory" of Yugoslavia, published in 1941, a few months after the country was overrun by the Nazis and the Italian Fascists, the author observed, "In Yugoslavia there was an intensity of feeling that was not only of immense and exhilarating force, but had an honorable origin, proceeding from realist passion, from whole belief." Miss West had reached that conclusion after travelling extensively through the widely diverse parts of the land and holding lengthy conversations with many of its historically divided, loquacious, and combative people. Her point was soon reinforced beyond what might have been even her most fervent expectations by the heroic struggle of Josip Broz Tito's partisans against the Germans and Italians between 1941 and 1945, and then, beginning in 1948, just as resolutely (if less violently) against the expansionist ambitions of Stalin. Since then, Yugoslavia has passed through numerous buffetings while fiercely maintaining its unique status as an independent Communist nation. The country is made up of six republics—Bosnia-Herzegovina, Croatia, Macedonia, Montenegro, Serbia, and Slovenia—and two provinces, Kosovo and Vojvodina, both of which are nominally a part of Serbia; its twenty-two million people represent at least half a dozen distinct nationalities and some eighteen ethnic groups speaking three main languages and numerous dialects. Yugoslavia was patched together from various Balkan kingdoms and remnants of the Hapsburg, Venetian, and Ottoman Empires to form a nation in 1918, and thus constituted, as the historian Dennison Rusinow has pointed out in a 1981 monograph, a "multinational anachronism . . . disunited by nationality, religion, and diverse foreign imperial influences." The South Slavs make up eighty-seven per cent of Yugoslavia's population: forty-two per cent of them are Serbs, twenty-three per cent are Croats, ten per cent are Slavic Muslims, nine per cent are Slovenes, and Macedonians and Montenegrins are a smaller minority. The remaining thirteen per cent of the population is a hodgepodge of nationalities, including Albanians, Hungarians, Rumanians, and Turks, together with lesser numbers of gypsies, Vlachs, and other rootless minorities.

Many people believe that without Tito's authoritative, magnetic leadership Yugoslavia would never have held together. Since his death, in May of 1980, the country has undergone serious political and economic stresses and strains, with generational overtones. What the Yugoslavs are engaged in is nothing less than an effort to redefine and preserve their identity as maverick socialists, neither veering toward the Soviet camp nor slipping into compromises that would bring them closer to the democratic capitalism of Western Europe and the United States. The possibilities of the latter have been increased, some observers say, by a growing financial dependence on the West; a complicated aid package, totalling more than five billion dollars, was put together last year by Western governments, international lending organizations headed by the International Monetary Fund, and nearly six hundred private commercial banks. A less likely third course is the disintegration of the country as the result of the strong nationalistic feelings of its republics and provinces; such a development might be encouraged by the Soviet Union in response to any noticeable trend toward Westernization. (The Russians have already issued some warnings about this tendency.) Although Tito himself was a Croat, the Serbs, as the largest population group, have dominated, sometimes aggressively, many if not most aspects of Yugoslav life, including its politics, ever since the creation of the country. The Serbs once ruled their own proud Balkan kingdom, which included most of what is now the eastern part of Yugoslavia; Belgrade, the federal capital, is also the capital of the republic of Serbia. The Croats, as Roman Catholics, have a particularly longstanding and emotional rivalry with the Serbs, who are mainly Greek Orthodox. Only about five per cent of the country's citizens regard themselves as Yugoslavs rather than as Serbs, Croats, Macedonians, and so on; and the acute nationalist, religious, and ethnic rivalries that conflict with the country's desire for cohesion have been aggravated by vast differences in development and economic well-being among its eight parts. The poorest areas are in the south, and Yugoslavia is in fact a paradigm of the world confrontation between the populations of the rich North and the poor South.

Despite the country's problems, which include the absence of any new leader of sufficient stature to take Tito's place, almost everyone I spoke with during my visit was confident that it will eventually prosper. Gavro Altman, a former newspaper editor who now runs the Fulbright scholars' program in Belgrade and who once served as the Yugoslav Ambassador to North Vietnam, told me, when we discussed the legendary capacity of the Vietnamese for survival in the face of prolonged hardship, "We, too, are survivalists. There is a deep instinct all Yugoslavs share: when you come up against a hard wall, a difficult problem, you surmount it whatever the cost. In spite of our differences and our tensions—and they are many—we retain a profound agreement on certain basic values. The most important one is our belief in both our independence and our nonalignment as cornerstones of our foreign policy. There is also the necessity of our living together—all these different nations that make up Yugoslavia. How to do it may be disputed, but the idea of brotherhood and unity is deeply rooted. And a third major principle we agree on is our system of self-managed socialism, under which the workers, rather than the state, own most enterprises and run them on behalf of the society and themselves. There are differences of opinion about how well or how badly self-management works, but the ideology of self-management remains imbued in us."

The majority of Yugoslavs—including a small but vocal group of political and economic critics of the regime who are accorded considerable



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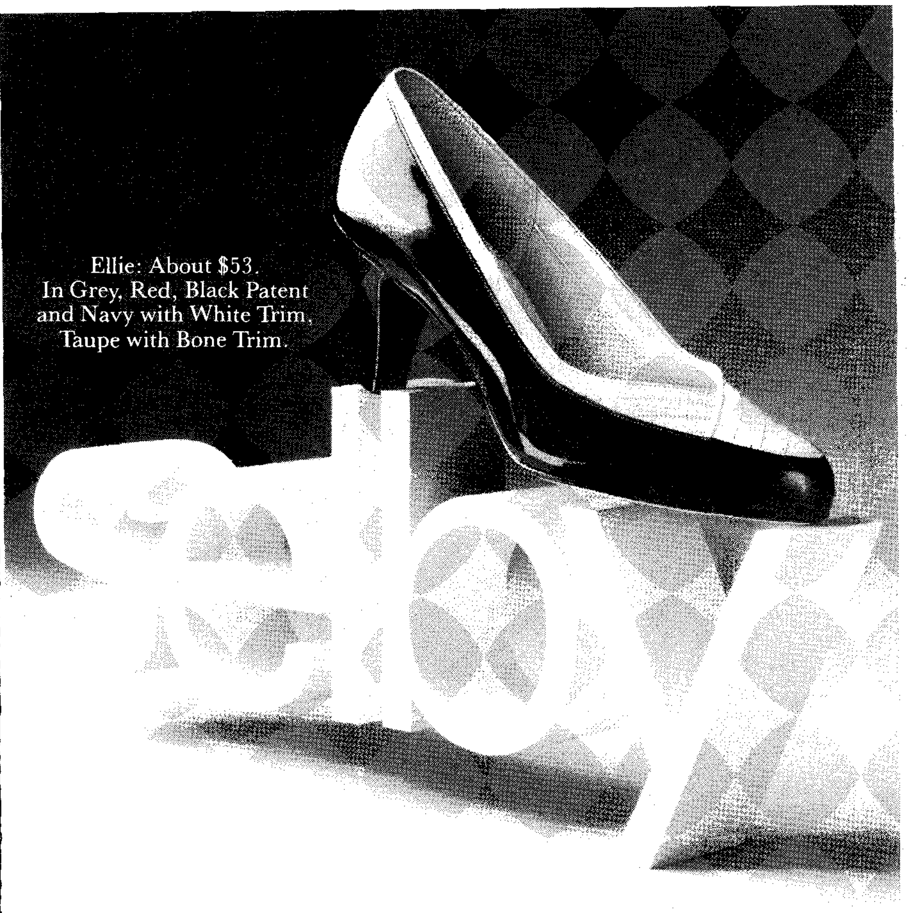
freedom to discuss both practical and ideological issues so long as the image of Tito and sacrosanct tenets like self-management are not openly denigrated—support what has variously been referred to as Yugoslavia's "independent road to socialism," or (recalling the Czechoslovak experiment) "socialism with a human face." The press, though it gets into trouble with the authorities from time to time while riding a roller coaster of freedom and constraint, has greater rights and opportunities to speak out, and is generally bolder, than that of any other Eastern European country. Nevertheless, the lines are tightly drawn. The New York-based U.S. Helsinki Watch Committee and Western diplomats in Belgrade estimate that there are between seven hundred and a thousand political prisoners in Yugoslavia today, most of them accused of some form of "hostile propaganda"—a violation of Article 133 of the federal criminal code. More than half have been imprisoned as a result of continuing disturbances in the province of Kosovo, which borders Albania and has a large Albanian majority. Since 1981, a movement within Kosovo to create a full-fledged republic, which if formed would probably gravitate toward Albania and away from Yugoslavia, has gained momentum and caused some violence. Kosovo is the poorest part of the country; its per-capita income in 1982 was six hundred and eighty dollars, whereas in Slovenia, the northernmost republic and by far the most prosperous and Europe-oriented, per-capita income that year was four thousand dollars. Priština, the capital of Kosovo, has the atmosphere of a frontier town; a mile or two on either side of the Corso, its main street, one could be on an American prairie. Industrial development in the province, which has the highest birthrate in Europe, has only begun, and less than half the population, of a million and a half, is regularly employed. By contrast, in Ljubljana, the capital of Slovenia, there is an atmosphere that, if not exactly comparable to Vienna's or Budapest's, imparts a sense of bourgeois comfort and at least lukewarm Old Worldliness. Ljubljana is a transit point to Trieste, Austria, and Hungary, and a gateway between Europe and the Middle East; trains pass through daily between Paris and Athens. Slovenia has the largest amount of private-sector development, and its self-management enterprises are the most efficient and sophisticated. "The Slovenians don't go by the book," an American diplomat said to me. "If something is not prohibited, they don't ask questions, they just do it. Yugoslavia doesn't have to look to the West for a model that works. It can just look to Slovenia."

IN addition to the problem of maintaining its precarious balance between East and West, Yugoslavia today faces an internal paradox that threatens its attempts to consolidate itself as an independent socialist country. This paradox arises not only from the great disparities of income among the various regions but also from the anomalous structure of government, the role and the conduct of a dominant and sometimes corrupt bureaucracy, and periodic subtle shifts in the nation's political and economic philosophy. What is fundamentally at issue is whether Yugoslavia can remain a confederation of essentially autonomous republics and provinces and at the same time meet conditions that call for a greater degree of centralized control over such things as currency and the production and marketing of goods and services. This is a question that has plagued Yugoslavia ever since it became a socialist nation, and for the last thirty-five years it has moved up and down the scale of experimentation without finding an answer. The federal republic of Yugoslavia under Tito and the old guard of a dozen or so men who created it after the Second World War was initially a Stalinist state, dominated by a centralized Party élite. The various nationalities, divided as they were by religion, culture, and language, were all considered equal, and from the outset they created their own cadres and bureaucratic hierarchies. After the break with Stalin, in 1948, when the Yugoslavs refused to knuckle under to him and were banished from Moscow's fold, the nation began to develop its own ideology and political formulas, which amplified the roles of the separate republics and provinces. In theory, at least, this diminished the authoritarian role of the Yugoslav Communist Party, whose name was symbolically changed in 1952 to the League of Communists of Yugoslavia. The original constitution of 1946, which was modelled on the Soviet one of 1936 and established the principle of federalism, including the right of secession, was superseded in 1953 by a new document incorporating the concept of self-management. The 1953 constitution proclaimed the

Party's continuing ideological role but distributed its managerial functions throughout the various levels of government.

By the early sixties, the economy began to be more decentralized, as a result of a series of reforms that to some degree also served to democratize the political system. In a third constitution, promulgated in 1963, the concept of self-management attained its fullest expression; the idea of "market socialism" was introduced, and the principle of self-management was extended throughout the society. The republics and provinces—and, more important, a variety of communes and individual self-management enterprises—were given more freedom to run their own political, social, and economic affairs, including cultural and even recreational activities. A political fallout followed. With the support of Tito, the so-called reformists who promoted these changes were able to bring about the ouster of Vice-President Aleksandar Ranković, the Party's powerful secretary for cadres, defacto head of the secret police, and leader of the conservative opponents of the reforms, who were mostly Serbs like himself. The League of Communists tentatively abandoned the trappings of Stalinist "democratic centralism" and allowed still greater leeway for the expression of regional and ethnic differences, though it maintained its paramount influence in political life. These changes ushered in the fundamental economic reforms of 1965, which are regarded as a watershed in postwar Yugoslavian development.

The 1965 reforms were preceded by changes in the country's banking system, whereby local banks, even those set up by small communes, were recognized as entities in their own right, more or less independent of the National Bank—a step that would lead to a great deal of flagrant and chaotic overinvestment and overexpansion by enterprises in the seventies and eighties. The main objective of the 1965 reforms was to remove prices from administrative control and allow them to be determined by market forces. This was, in effect, a laissez-faire experiment (or, in Marxist terms, a move toward "the withering away of the state"), but the net result was that a new bureaucracy was simply superimposed on the old one, and nobody—not even Tito himself—knew for certain in what direction the country was moving. Large price increases for in-



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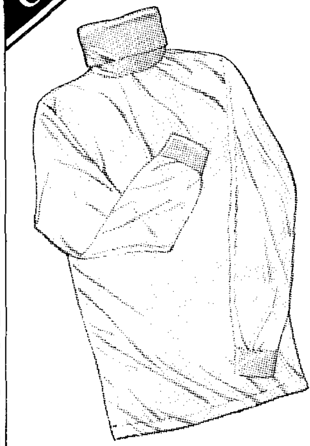

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dustrial and agricultural products followed the 1965 reforms, and rents also soared, whereupon the government imposed temporary new controls. Over all, the system of "market socialism" has never worked very well. An inflationary spiral began in 1970 and has continued to plague the economy ever since; last year the rate of inflation was nearly sixty per cent. Nevertheless, some dramatic gains in production and income—particularly in Slovenia, Croatia, and Serbia—were achieved, though the conditions in the underdeveloped regions, notably Kosovo, improved at a far slower pace.

The Yugoslavs' penchant for tinkering with their system in an attempt to define the complicated lines of authority between the national government and the eight diverse parts of the country led to another climax in 1971, when twenty-three amendments to the 1963 constitution were adopted, and to yet another in 1974, when a new constitution was again promulgated. Politically, the 1974 changes were significant in establishing a nine-member collective state Presidency elected by the republican and provincial assemblies for five-year terms. As the revered leader, Tito remained "President of the Republic" for life, but he prescribed that after his death the powers of this office should devolve on the collective Presidency and that a new office, called "President of the Presidency" should rotate yearly from republic to republic. From the economic standpoint, the important 1971 amendments incorporated in the 1974 constitution further encouraged decentralization by giving "workers' councils" in the country's factories and commercial enterprises more power over the use of their self-management funds and investments. It was hoped that greater dispersal of power to the republics and provinces would lead to a healthier degree of coöperation among the nationalities, but in fact the different units became still more competitive and self-aggrandizing. The British historian Fred Singleton, in his 1976 book "Twentieth-Century Yugoslavia," summed up the results: "In each republic there began to develop a local 'red bourgeoisie,' each with its political power base in the republican League of Communists and its economic base in the local industrial enterprises and banks." There were strong ethnic overtones to the atmosphere of regional competitiveness in the late sixties and early seventies, which, according to a recent study by

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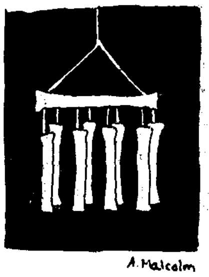
Steven L. Burg, of Brandeis University, "brought Yugoslavia to the brink of . . . ethnic civil war and threatened the maintenance of Communist power." Croatia was the worst offender, and in November of 1971, the university in Zagreb, the republic's capital, was closed down by a strike of nationalist students. Despite his Croatian heritage, Tito launched a series of swift maneuvers designed to put an end not only to the Croatian revolt but also to the liberalizing and democratizing trends throughout the country. The principles of democratic centralism and "pure" self-management in its original, doctrinaire sense were reestablished. Bureaucrats, narrow-minded nationalists, "etatists," "technocrats," "Cominformists," and "pseudo liberals" were all cast as villains, and there was a widespread purge, with many of the dissidents ending up in prison. Dennison Rusinow, a longtime observer of Yugoslavia's ups and downs, later remarked of this period that "most of Yugoslavia's friends in the West turned away their faces, often with a bitterness that exuded an odor of burnt illusions."

The 1974 constitution, the Party congress held the same year, and a measure known as the Associated Labor Act of 1976 were all part of an attempt to create a rational system that would combine the better qualities of an elusive "pluralism" with the Party's reacknowledged and reimposed supremacy. A Federal Assembly with two chambers—a sort of upper house, called the Chamber of Republics and Provinces, and a more active lower house, called simply the Federal Chamber—was established to supplement the regional assemblies. The role of the collective state Presidency included the authority to nominate a Prime Minister, who would serve four years, and would choose his own cabinet, called the Federal Executive Council. The Presidency also makes other key governmental appointments, while the Party, which since 1978 has been headed by a twenty-three member Presidium, formulates ideology and, in Tito's words, remains "the connective tissue" binding the country together. Just how well the system—with its complex panoply of national, regional, and local bodies whose functions are often overlapping and far from clear—has worked is something that has confounded veteran students of Yugoslavia. Rusinow noted several years ago the Yugoslavs' "apparently inexhaustible willingness to experiment, their impatient readiness to discard and devise replacements for organizational forms, procedures . . . and even some conceptual frameworks at the first signs of defective parts or poor performance on the road."



This continuing predilection of Yugoslavs for seeking new ways out of the unique socialist labyrinth they have constructed is something that strikes a visitor nowadays as soon as he arrives in the country. One has the further feeling, the more one talks to people there, that the whole ongoing process of self-examination is conducted as much by instinct and intuition as by logic, and that this is part of the legacy of Tito himself. A peculiarly instinctual and intuitive man, with a passion for dramatic action and a flair for life expressed in his love of jet planes, luxurious homes, and island retreats, and in his generally epicurean, bon-vivant tastes, he also remained throughout his long life a renegade and a zealous partisan activist. Highly practical and often ruthless, he was at best no more than semiskilled as an ideologue, but he discovered early the secret of making a virtue out of impatience, and this enabled him to establish himself as more of a supreme power broker and arbiter than a serious or original thinker. His initial entourage of a dozen or so close ex-partisan comrades included some extraordinarily talented writers and theoreticians, several of whom could carve words as adroitly as they could cut throats; they furnished him with more than enough ideas for his own lifetime—perhaps there were too many left over after he was gone for the country to contend with. Edvard Kardelj, whose death, from cancer, preceded that of Tito by fifteen months, was outstanding among these men—the country's leading theoretician and Tito's longtime heir apparent. Kardelj, a Slovenian revolutionary who had commanded the northern unit of the anti-Fascist partisans during the Second World War, was the author of the country's first, Soviet-inspired constitution. He was Tito's vice-president and foreign minister for many years but was best known as the creator and proselytizer of the theory and practice of self-management. Kardelj's ideas about self-management, however, were

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never effectively or consistently formulated; he kept veering between concepts of decentralization and a return to stronger Party control at the center.

The recurrent issue of decentralization versus centralization is very much part of the present economic and political crisis. It has a direct relationship to the multibillion-dollar Western aid package, whose objectives include the fostering of intensive growth factors such as increased use of domestic raw materials, with a stricter application of centrally controlled credit and monetary policies aimed at making Yugoslavia less dependent on foreign borrowing. The issue is also closely related to an unusual internal study, completed last summer after two years of research, by a commission named after its director—Sergej Kraigher, a Slovenian and a former head of the Presidency. The commission's report was submitted to the Federal Assembly for debate last July. Some of its recommendations have been adopted, but implementation has been slow in coming; fierce debate on most of the major reforms is still going on. The reforms suggested in the report could set Yugoslavia on a firmer course of economic development than it has been able to achieve so far, and could go a long way toward determining its ability to survive as an independent socialist country. Yugoslavia, as a founder of the Nonaligned Movement and a recognized leader of the Third World, could, in its quest for a true socialist middle way, have a considerable impact on other nations—especially those involved in comparable reform experiments. A new Yugoslav blueprint, created in a harsh, ex-Stalinist climate and nurtured in today's turbulent Eastern European context, could prove far more important than the recent abortive quest for Eurocommunism in Western Europe.

DURING my stay in Yugoslavia, I spoke with more than a score of experts about the current plans for reform, which are being widely discussed in the country, and specifically about the Kraigher Commission's recommendations. One of the most knowledgeable people I met was Kiro Gligorov, a Macedonian politician and economist, who was the guiding force behind the commission's work, and who was especially eager to see its proposals succeed—perhaps because he had been the principal author and sponsor of the 1965 economic reforms, which, though widely heralded, were eventually weakened and subverted in a number of ways. A tall, imposing man in his sixties, with strong, clear-cut, typically Macedonian features and an easy, open manner, Gligorov received me in his office at the Presidency—one of many large, functional, and unattractive new government buildings of white or beige marble in Novi Beograd (New Belgrade) which have been erected over the past two decades on the northern banks of the Sava and the Danube, the two rivers that reach their confluence in the capital. He told me that the commission did not intend to change any of the basic principles of the 1974 constitution, such as the autonomy of the republics and provinces. "What we're attempting to do is to reaffirm our socialist tenets and to establish a more efficient, interdependent national economy," he said. "That's not possible, however, without both free-market action and disciplined monetary control. Unless these two things are satisfactory, the federal government would have to take over, and independence would be inhibited or destroyed. We have to operate within the self-management framework, and we can't afford to lose our workers' initiative or their interest in more and better production. This means much less government interference and more free economic competition. It's not just a matter of principles. The forms have been set for a long time. We've had oscillations, but the original ideas have been maintained. Now we have to revise and revive the market economy. We need better access to export markets, especially in Europe and the United States, in order to pay off our external obligations. Stretching out our heavy debts temporarily is not a long-term solution. Among other things, we have to cut our bureaucracy at the roots, because as long as it has its own self-nourishing sources and habits it will expand according to Parkinson's Law. Once the market and monetary forces are better aligned, the bureaucracy will become weaker, because prices will be settled according to real market supply and demand. To regain a measure of fiscal discipline, we should free the National Bank of Yugoslavia from the bureaucratic chain of command. It should report only to the central government, and it should control the issuance and flow of currency."

Gligorov emphasized that new economic policy would mean administrative and political innovations as well. "Economic changes don't operate on their own, in a vacuum," he said. "If

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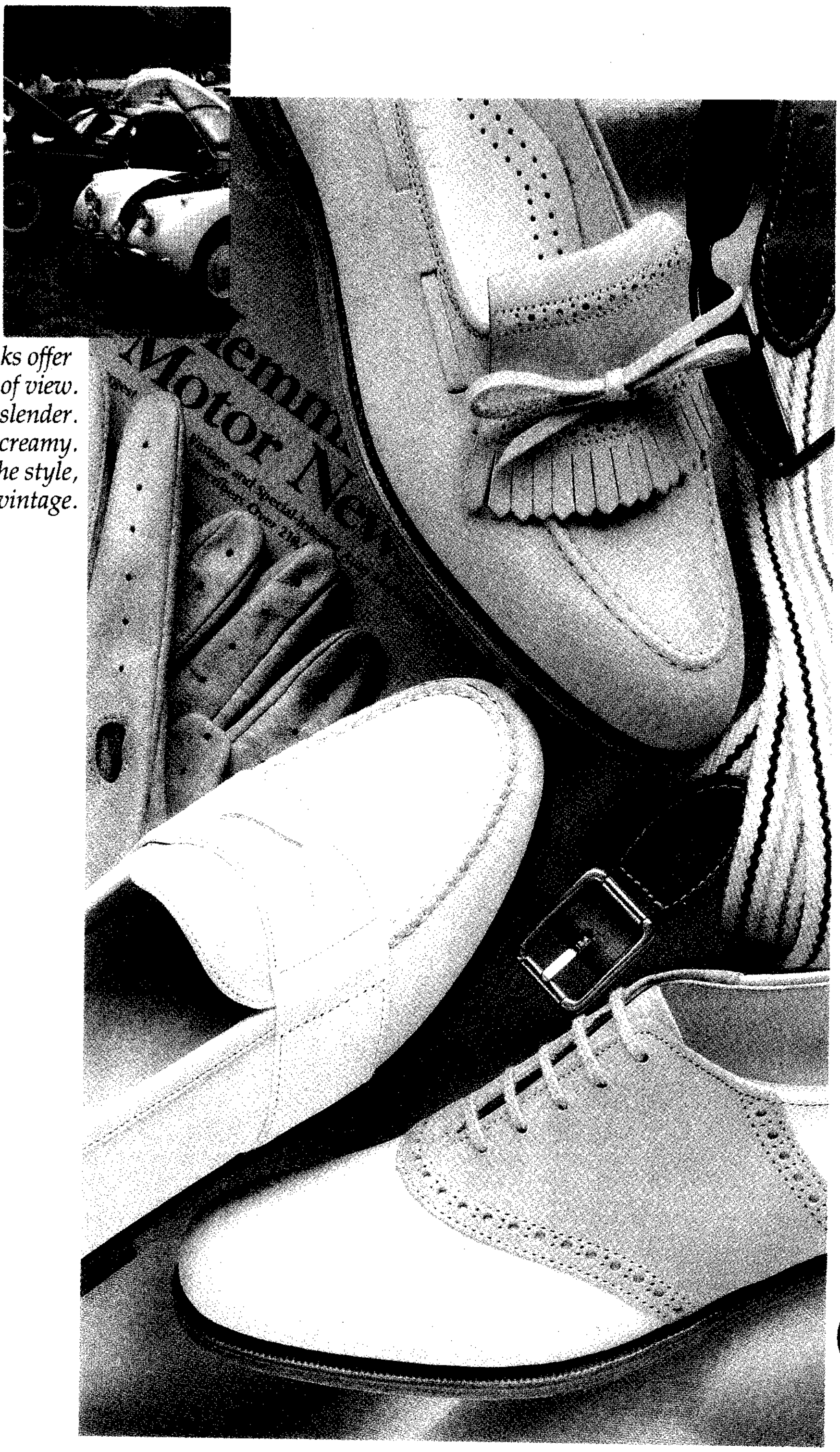

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we want to adjust the Yugoslav market to world commercial prices, for instance, we have to change our organization of work methods and our methods of productivity. We will have to find out which economic enterprises are inefficient, and eliminate them. Inevitably, the standard of living will go down for a while, as these enterprises are cut away. We've been conscious of the possible consequences, including social unrest, and we have to weigh the impact of all these measures and gauge the political climate, including the pressures that will arise when the condition of the people changes. Majority opinion rather than consensus will have to determine some important matters, but we hope to retain the principle of consensus. Both the League of Communists and the Federal Assembly will have to bear the burden of making important decisions, with the help of the constitutional courts at the federal and republican levels."

The Kraigher Commission's report and the ensuing open debate in the Federal Assembly together constituted one of the most forthright self-examinations any nation in the Communist bloc has ever undertaken. What remains in doubt is the crucial matter of effective implementation; in the final analysis, this depends on political determination and action. The central question, which may take two or three years to answer, is: Will the bureaucrats and politicians in the republics, provinces, and communes support the new program or, as they did in 1965, will they subvert it, out of greed and their own desire to survive? There are those who earnestly believe that—beyond the economic and financial salvage operation forced upon the country by the International Monetary Fund and the international bankers—Yugoslavia is now seriously engaged in a major reform effort. "We are searching for that unique balance between democratic socialism and democratic capitalism," a young banking executive told me. "The federal and self-management relationship has never been easy. In seeking both diversity and increased economic and social freedom, we have to pay a price. We haven't really settled the conflict—premature solutions have been pushed on us by circumstance. The external constraints—the long-term impact of the oil crisis, and the world recession—are part of it. We were suddenly confronted, very soon after Tito's death, with the need to make drastic changes. It was obvious, anyway, that we had been spending too much for a long time, and had been using a lot of wrong methods. Our approach to the problem of inflation was basically Keynesian. A little more Milton Friedman might have been better—more stimulus for producers and supply. We certainly could have used our supply of labor more beneficially." This man, who chose to remain anonymous, expressed the hope that now, for the first time, "a real shift to economic considerations per se is taking place, and a change in alignment of power." He went on to say, "We are now at least trying to draw our resources and energy from a different set of people and institutions; we're starting to encourage economic enterprise rather than catering to the bureaucracy. The 1965 reforms were sound in that an effort was made to disassemble the federal government—to transfer power. The trouble was that in the process we decentralized a vital central force—the market. We ended up with eight different governments as centrifugal forces but no centripetal force—no market as such. You need to have a unifying force to hold the republics and the federal government together, and a functional central bank is part of that—we need it to control the flow of money nationally. I think the problem today—and it's been the problem of socialism ever since the Russian Revolution—is to find that right mix with capitalism. We have to decide how much modern workable economics we as a socialist society are willing to introduce. We must also figure out just who are the real exemplars of self-management and who are only bureaucrats or political hacks. The problem extends down to the micro level—down to the communes and to small industries we haven't properly developed yet. We haven't, in fact, even decided what we really want. There remains a conflict between a reform-minded younger generation and an old guard that is still fearful of substantive change."

THE conflict over reform sometimes cuts across generational lines and has been compounded by the current economic and fiscal crisis. Resolution of this crisis has to a considerable extent been accorded priority over adoption of the longer-range objectives set forth by the Kraigher Commission. However, the short-term and the long-term aspects of the reform have together initiated a new political

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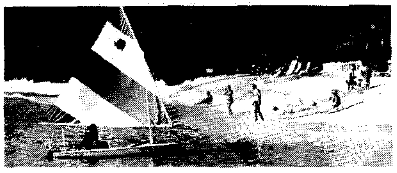

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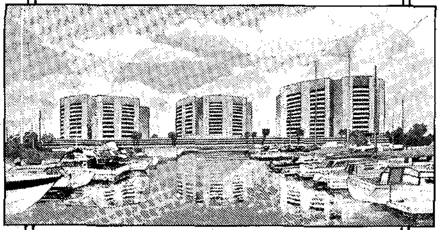

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debate, which has heated up the long-smoldering differences between dedicated Tito loyalists and those who, in varying degrees, oppose the regime. On the one hand, there is a small group of active dissidents, who lead demimonde existences and include a handful of hard-line Stalinists, and, on the other, there is a larger group of intellectuals who look upon themselves as social democrats and consider Titoism a betrayal of true socialist values. Also participating in the national debate are considerable numbers of citizens—many of them professional people—who are lesser apostates, and apolitical people, such as farmers and workers, whose concerns tend to be chiefly local. My young banker friend aptly distinguished four states of mind among people with influence in contemporary Yugoslavia. "There are increasing numbers of people—technocrats and others—who think, as I do, that we are dealing with inevitable changes," he said. "Then, there are those who see what's happening but don't do anything about it for opportunistic reasons—because it would cost them too much. There are still others who are bright enough to understand what's happening but pretend not to see it, because they are imprisoned by old doctrines and stereotypes and are afraid of 'damaging socialism.' And, finally, there are those who see nothing but the chairs in which they are sitting."

I spoke with one such purblind bureaucrat—a ranking official in the Federal Secretariat for Information—who simply kept repeating the time-worn shibboleths and refused to answer any challenging questions. He was a former journalist who had obviously made his personal compromises and decided to settle for whatever comforts he could enjoy, which in his case consisted chiefly of the delights of the table. (Yugoslavs love to eat, and there are ample supplies of vegetables and fruits and choice meats, including delicious lamb and veal, as well as copious amounts of native wines, available all over the country—which may be one reason for the generally low level of grumbling and discontent.) The information official, owlish behind heavy, horn-rimmed glasses and jowlish with culinary satiety, admitted that living standards in Yugoslavia had declined somewhat over the past few years "because of the lack of some commodities," but he stressed that "there is no social unrest and there have been no demonstrations"—a statement belied by the explosive situation in Kosovo and at least qualified by what almost all the other officials I spoke with told me. Most of them frankly admitted that the country was facing significant changes—administrative, economic, and perhaps ultimately political—many of which the Kraigher Commission was dealing with, both broadly and specifically. This official, on the other hand, blandly insisted that "we are neutralizing the crisis by strengthening our self-management model, and no centralization of any kind would be good for us."

Not only was this too pat but it was in direct contradiction to a number of changes that were beginning to take place. The economic crisis had already become the major concern of the legislature and the Federal Executive Council. Two of the most important parts of the Kraigher plan bore directly on that crisis. One was the strengthening of the role of the National Bank: its "re-federalization"—a new word being used in the press and in discussion, to take the curse off "re-centralization." The other was the establishment of a mechanism designed to stabilize prices and encourage the creation of a unified national market—a task that everyone acknowledges will take time. Under the able stewardship of Prime Minister Milka Planinc, a veteran Party worker from Croatia, who has served nearly half her four-year term, the Federal Assembly early in July passed legislation to enhance the powers of the National Bank, one major objective of which is to establish more effective measures to control the distribution and use of foreign exchange within Yugoslavia. At the same time, efforts were undertaken to raise interest rates to about forty per cent, which is still not as high as the current inflation rate but is at least closer to it. This move was designed to diminish overlending on the part of banks and overborrowing by individual enterprises, and, accompanied by stricter bankruptcy laws, was intended to eliminate marginal businesses that survive primarily by borrowing at low interest rates.

The new fiscal measures, it is hoped, will bring some order and discipline to the repayment of Yugoslavia's foreign debts, which total nearly twenty billion dollars. In addition, the I.M.F. and Yugoslavia's Western creditors have persuaded the government to conduct a periodic revaluation of the dinar, which declined by almost fifty per cent in the second half of 1983. Its official value is now pegged both to the domestic inflation rate and to the currencies of half a dozen Western European countries. This revaluation, it is felt, will eventually stabilize the dinar and create sounder balances of trade and international payments. The new banking regulations complement the aid package and are the first major fiscal legislation since the decentralization measures of the early nineteen-seventies, which caused so much overinvestment and overborrowing. "For the first time I can remember, people are actually using the word 'reform,' which has been taboo up to now," an American friend of mine commented. "Now it's no longer a dirty word. The press uses it, at least in economic terms, if not yet politically. There has been a noticeable change in style and approach. Much of it is due to Mrs. Planinc's leadership—she's shrewd and tough, and reminds a lot of people of the late Golda Meir—and to the members of the Kraigher Commission, who worked long and hard to prepare the recommendations for the new legislation."

WITHOUT the support of the International Monetary Fund and the international banking community, the Kraigher reforms would probably not have been introduced—and without the backing of American officials in Yugoslavia and Washington it is doubtful whether the new aid package, which furnished the stimulus for the structural changes taking place in the Yugoslav government, would have been initiated. The American Embassy in Belgrade is one of the best and most diligent I have seen anywhere; it has had the strong support of the Under-Secretary of State for Political Affairs, Lawrence Eagleburger, a former Ambassador to Yugoslavia. With the help and guidance of Eagleburger in Washington and Ambassador David Anderson and his staff in Belgrade, the aid package took the better part of a year to create; it is considered a unique effort of its kind, because of its many interwoven components. Called the Friends of Yugoslavia Assistance Package, the plan is referred to by the Americans as a "five-legged horse," because it consists of five essential parts. The first, and largest, part consists of two billion dollars in short-term and medium-term loans from six hundred commercial banks in thirteen Western European countries, the United States, and

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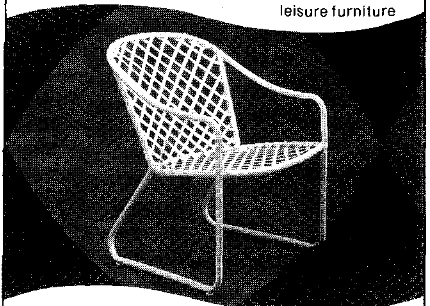

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Japan. Upon maturity, most of these loans will be rolled over—that is, continued on a slightly different basis. This arrangement was completed after months of painful, patient negotiations in London between the Yugoslavs and an international coördinating committee representing the banks, many of which are American and most of which had their own conditions for making or renewing the loans. The second leg of the package consists of six hundred million dollars of new commercial credit. The third is one billion four hundred million dollars' worth of government credits extended by the fifteen nations; twenty per cent of these credits are American. The fourth leg is a short-term bridging loan of five hundred million dollars arranged by the Bank of International Settlements, in Basel. The fifth leg represents six hundred and fifty-five million dollars of fresh standby credits from the I.M.F. and its sister organization, the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development, as well as a separate loan of two hundred and seventy-five million dollars from the I.B.R.D.

The loan package was especially striking in view of the international banking crisis brought about by the 1982 fiscal collapses in Mexico, Brazil, and Argentina and the general decline of European currencies. Western banks were leery of making any more loans to financially shaky countries. If, earlier, the Federal Reserve System in Washington had not managed an emergency swap arrangement to alleviate the Mexican crisis (funds were transferred virtually overnight to Mexico's central bank without the need for specific congressional approval), the New York commercial banks, in particular, might not have had sufficient confidence to let the Yugoslav deal go through. Eagleburger and the other Americans were not unaware of the political implications of the pending Yugoslav transaction. One of them later commented, "We wanted to avoid the financial chaos of another Poland at all costs, and that's why we really pushed the package. The Yugoslavs have plenty of problems, but, unlike the Poles, they have more control over their own economy, and they were ready to coöperate to the fullest extent." This was clearly demonstrated during forty-eight hours of steady and often stormy debate in the Federal Assembly last July, which finally produced an early-morning consensus among the six republics and

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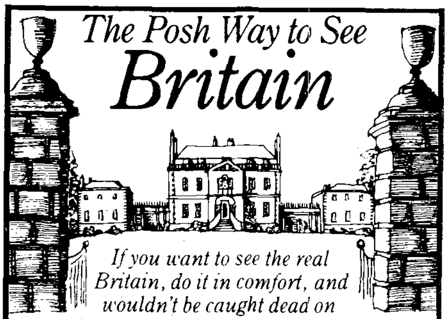

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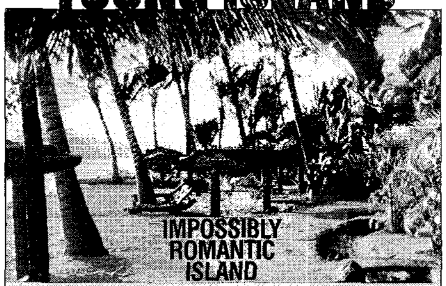

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two provinces accepting the terms of the Western package, including provisions for the regularized repayment of Yugoslavia's foreign debts. A considerable portion of the aid package was specifically designated to help extend maturing loans, and the commodity credits were to be used for purchasing wheat and oil and raw or fabricated materials to produce goods for export to hard-currency markets; none of the credits could be used for buying new industrial equipment, thereby ending the spree of Yugoslav buying that had been going on for years and had resulted in the building of scores of factories that stood idle for lack of raw materials. Much of this flagrant spending had taken place at the level of the republics, provinces, and communes, and was facilitated by local bureaucrats and politicians and marked by bribery and corruption. The Damoclean sword that the international consortium of banks holds over the heads of the Yugoslavs is a stipulation that if there is a more than fifteen-day delay in the scheduled debt repayments severe sanctions may be imposed, including the confiscation of Yugoslav property abroad, other than embassy buildings and military planes. The Yugoslavs accepted the harsh conditions—though not without considerable dissension and complaint. Had it not been for some tough talk to the Assembly members by Mrs. Planinc during those crucial forty-eight hours of debate last summer, it is doubtful whether consensus would have been reached.

In her lengthy address, Mrs. Planinc, a large, square-faced, misleadingly placid-looking woman who minces no words, spoke bluntly of the "social and personal expenditures" and "many unrealistic and unprofitable projects" that in the past ten years had caused "profound disturbances . . . characterized by dinar and hard-currency insolvency." Much of this, she added, was due to "insufficient orientation toward exports, which would make it possible for us to repay our debts through our own work." She readily acknowledged the "many difficulties" in the long negotiations over the financial-aid package, but explained that the only alternative to their successful conclusion would have been to declare a full moratorium on Yugoslavia's debts and to reschedule them over a long period, which would cause a severe market imbalance and a further drop in the standard of living. Without "all those rough and most difficult clauses," Mrs. Planinc said—meaning, principally, the fifteen-day repayment provision—it would have been all but impossible to reach an agreement on the aid package. The picture for the next few years "is not rosy at all," she said, but by taking advantage of the "time break" that the loan package afforded, by maintaining unity of purpose and policy, and by concentrating on the new fiscal-stabilization program and on production for export, the nation can "gradually pull out of the situation in which it has landed."

By the end of last year, imports had indeed been greatly reduced, and industrial production, stimulated by the growing use of domestic raw materials, had increased slightly. Exports to the Western countries with which Yugoslavia has long had adverse currency and trade balances rose by about twenty-five per cent. Austerity measures designed to reduce unnecessary investment and public spending have combined with inflation to depress living standards by almost thirty per cent over the last three years; to ease the impact of inflation, some temporary price controls were imposed. In part as a result of the austerity program, Yugoslavia has managed to eliminate its current-accounts deficit, which had ranged between two and three billion dollars annually for the past several years. The harsh terms for foreign-debt repayment caused some difficulties, and led to demurrals by several of the republics and provinces, who engaged in special pleading of one sort or another. Slovenia and Croatia, as the richest areas, in particular objected to assuming responsibility for the debts of their poorer neighbors. But Mrs. Planinc and her financial aides remained obdurate, and, one by one, the objectors gave in. It was, as a number of foreign diplomats afterward observed, a remarkable performance in the politics of persuasion. "She may not be an economist, but she came up the hard road of Croatian Party politics and she knows what it is to sit all night and outlast all the other comrades," one Western observer commented.

THROUGH a coincidence in the rotation of officeholding, another Croatian, Mika Spiljak, has been serving his one-year term as head of the Presidency during the course of Mrs. Planinc's four-year term as Prime Minister. Spiljak, a swarthy, plain-spoken man who climbed the political

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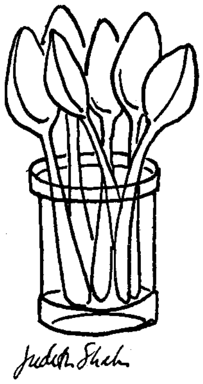
ladder as a labor-union leader, is popular and widely respected, and he and Mrs. Planinc make a good team. Neither one is tarred with the brush of Croatian ultranationalism that caused so much contention in the early seventies. The Croats have always been disputatious and proud, and have their own peculiar heritage of attachment to Hungarian nationalist and right-wing movements, and to Austrian Hapsburg influences as well. Had not Tito moved to quell the Croat rebellion, it might have led to the breakup of the Yugoslav federation. Extremist factions of the Croatian separatist movement have demonstrated fascist leanings since the Second World War and have often resorted to terrorism. They were active in the United States for many years, until President Carter ordered the Federal Bureau of Investigation to crack down on their activities. The separatist movement still has propagandists, particularly on the East Coast and in the Midwest, where numbers of Croats have settled, but it is now fairly quiescent in Yugoslavia. Nevertheless, in the still somewhat tenuous post-Tito atmosphere of experimental politics there were those who feared that, given Serbian sensitivities, having Croats in the government's two most important posts might lead to trouble. Those fears have proved unfounded. Like Planinc, Spiljak is fully aware of the larger problems that Yugoslavia is facing, and he has assumed a broad statesmanlike role, while Planinc has continued to conduct the day-to-day affairs of the country judiciously. Last month, Spiljak visited Washington and met with President Reagan and other Administration officials, with whom he discussed the international aid package and details of Yugoslavia's plans for economic reform.



In a long talk I had with Spiljak just before he assumed the Presidency last May—in two more months he will be replaced by a former Prime Minister, Veselin Djuranović, of Montenegro—he impressed me by his frankness and his wide and detailed knowledge of Yugoslavia's multifarious problems. When I asked him if, with the apparent changes taking place in the structure and perhaps the direction of the government, the substance as well as the shape of Yugoslav socialism would not inevitably be altered, he replied immediately, "Yes, this is imminent. The present situation brings pressure on us to move rapidly toward better self-management. It is true that economic changes cause political changes, too. We're aware that in some areas our methods are no longer appropriate, and that, among other things, we have to be willing to alter the instruments of the League of Communists. We have always maintained that nothing is so holy that it cannot be changed. After the war, we were caught between two systems. We gave up the Soviet model within five years, because it wasn't good enough, but it remained in our consciousness. Half our trade—too much—is still with the East. Now, having become more open to the West, we are experiencing the impact of the capitalist mentality, and that, too, is an impediment to our smooth development and an obstacle to our self-management system. Moreover, we have no industrial tradition—there's still a lot of primitivism. We know what we want to do, but we don't always know how to do it. There's no actual model to follow. And whenever there are economic difficulties—as now—our internal rivalries become more intense and noisier. It's no accident, for instance, that we've had troubles in Kosovo. We're also aware of the problems of the young and the unemployed. We have nine hundred and twenty thousand unemployed people in the country—about twelve per cent of the working population. Our young people need reschooling. Too many of them have studied such things as sociology, philosophy, and architecture, and those fields are redundant. We must emphasize vocational training. We used to be an agricultural nation, but now most of our population has become urbanized. Our youth come to the big cities and won't leave to accept jobs that become available in small towns, so we're suffering from structural unemployment. We don't like to force people to move—as we did right after the war—so we try to reëducate those we can, and remove the stubborn and resentful ones from the employment-agency lists."

Adding to the unemployment problem, Spiljak and others pointed out, are the workers returning from abroad. Six years ago, a million three hundred thousand Yugoslavs were

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working in other European countries—mostly in West Germany, Austria, France, and the Scandinavian nations—and the money they sent back to Yugoslavia furnished a welcome amount of foreign exchange. Because the recession reduced job opportunities abroad, these workers have been returning at the rate of more than fifty thousand a year, and there are now only about six hundred thousand left abroad. Those who have come back have used their savings to buy houses and cars—including a good many taxicabs—but few have entered productive areas; many are doing nothing. "We have not been resolute enough in helping them find jobs," one Yugoslav economic expert told me. "They come back with money and with experience in both big and small industry, and a good number are willing to be more mobile than those who stayed here, but we haven't encouraged them enough to start small businesses. They need reëntry training." During my stay in Yugoslavia, I spoke with a number of such returnees who were driving their own taxis around Belgrade. Most of them, after half a dozen years abroad, were in their thirties. Several acknowledged that they had become cabdrivers because they had found nothing else to do. "Sure, I'd like to start my own garage business. I've become a good mechanic," one of them, who had worked in West Germany, said. "But it's not that easy. The bureaucrats get in the way. People resent us, and no one tells us where or how to begin, how to find a workshop and get equipment and the right permits. So I took the easiest way out and bought this car. It's not hard work, and it pays well." —ROBERT SHAPLEN

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

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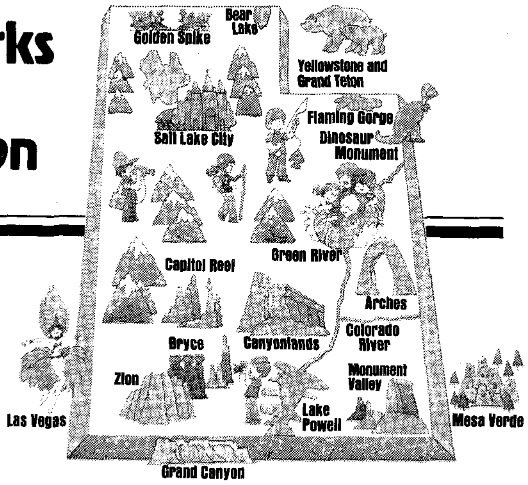

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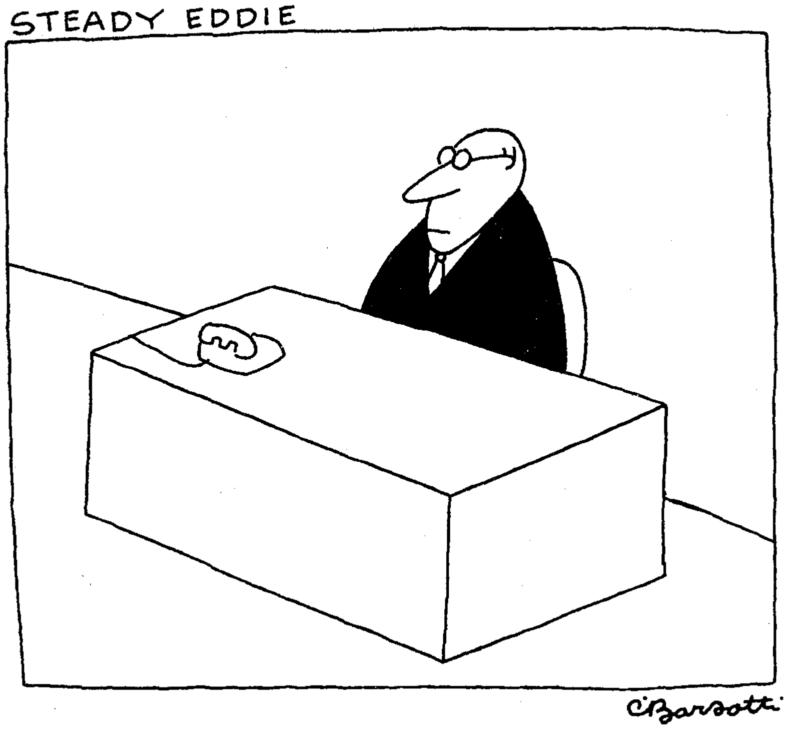
Pomerium Musices' Sunday-afternoon recital in Corpus Christi Church, in the Music Before 1800 series, was entitled "Madrigals and Motets for a King: Music from the Court of Henry VIII." Only one of Henry's own compositions, "O my hart and O my hart," was sung. There was music sacred and secular from the Newberry-Oscott Partbooks, that rich collection of Renaissance music assembled in Florence and sent to Henry. (Four partbooks are now in the Newberry Library, in Chicago, and the fifth is at Oscott College, Sutton Coldfield.) It included four Machiavelli settings by Philippe Verdelot, Claudin de Sermisy's powerful "Quousque non reverteris pax" (a prayer for the return to France of peace, "solace of the good, ever hateful to potentates"), and the dedicatory motet to Henry himself, "who cherishes in his bosom the shipwrecked alumni of the Muses." Sermisy, in Francis I's service, probably met Robert Fayrfax and William Cornysh, Henry's court composers, at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, in 1520, when the English and French royal chapels joined forces. Cornysh was represented at the Pomerium concert by his "Gaude virgo mater Christi," and Fayrfax by his glowing "Salve regina"—both in the Eton Choirbook. These pieces are pre-Reformation Tudor music at its richest and most splendid. Each was preceded by well-chosen groups of solo songs, duets, trios, full madrigals and motets, and lute pieces (played by Karen Meyers) reflecting both the cosmopolitan culture of Henry's court and the specific quirks of English music. The seven Pomerium singers, in varied combinations and as a body, were tuneful, supple, and well balanced. It was a good concert.



Nearly five centuries later, royal patronage of composers and performers has been replaced by public support. Queen Elizabeth II, we used to be told, spends more public money on her military bands than her government spends on the many opera companies, symphony orchestras, chamber orchestras, and chamber-music ensembles in Britain. I don't know if the figures still hold. But I do know that when I visit London I find new music playing a more important role in everyday life than it does here. Probably as much gets performed in New York, but here people in general don't take the same interest in it. A composition of merit cannot count on receiving a dozen intelligent, eloquent reviews in the daily, weekly, and monthly press. Scores are not on sale in Carnegie Hall, Merkin Hall, Carnegie Recital Hall. (Lincoln Center does have a large subterranean bookshop, but seems to have no consistent policy of stocking—and displaying—scores and recordings of any new music due for performance in its halls.) Last summer, I suggested some concinnatory causes—among them enlightened public subsidy (as opposed to the American system of munificent public subsidy by way of tax deduction, determined by rich individuals' private whims); the BBC; careful music education from primary school onward—of England's being a land where new music seems to flourish. That was in an account of some composers born in the forties and fifties—Robin Holloway, Oliver Knussen, Robert Saxton, Giles Swayne, Colin Matthews, Philip Grange—who were being played in London's principal halls during August. The names of two young composers I'd read a good deal about were missing from the bills: George Benjamin and Jonathan Lloyd. But last month some Lloyd was played in, and some Benjamin within easy reach of, Manhattan.

George Benjamin, born in London in 1960, performed his Piano Sonata over the French Radio in 1978. It is now published, as is most of his music, by Faber (in exceptionally attractive scores), and it has been recorded on Nimbus (a label distributed in America by German News). Benjamin came to wider attention in 1980, when his first orchestral piece, "Ringed by the Flat Horizon," was played at Cambridge University, where he was an undergraduate. The work was acclaimed by the London critics, and later that year it was given at the Proms, by the BBC Symphony. Peter Heyworth wrote in the *Observer* of "a mastery that many labour half a life-time to acquire." Also in 1980, Benjamin's Octet (a 1978 piece) was played by the London Sinfonietta, under his baton, at the Aldeburgh Festival, and was played at IRCAM; in Carnegie Recital Hall a Duo for cello and piano had its first performance. Since then, Benjamin has composed "A Mind of Winter," a Wallace Stevens setting for soprano and small orchestra, first done at the Aldeburgh Festival; a substantial piano piece, "Sortilèges," first played at the Cheltenham Festival; "At First Light," a chamber-orchestra tone poem inspired by Turner's "Norham Castle: Sunrise" (a Sinfonietta commission, which Simon Rattle conducted between Ligeti's "Ramifications" and Lutosławski's Preludes and Fugue); a piano miniature, "Meditation on Haydn's Name," commissioned by the BBC; and the brief "Fanfare for Aquarius," written for the opening concert of the new British ensemble Aquarius.

Two years ago,

Christopher Keene conducted "Ringed by the Flat Horizon" with the German South-West Radio Orchestra, and admired it. He conducted it again last month, with his American orchestra, the Long Island Philharmonic. The Nimbus record contains chamber music: besides Benjamin's Piano Sonata, his "Flight" (1979), a captivating piece for solo flute, and the Duo. The Long Island performances—I attended the second, at the C. W. Post Concert Theatre, a Beaubourg-like auditorium in Greenvale, architecturally adventurous and acoustically admirable—provided a chance to hear some of his orchestral music live. The title is from "The Waste Land"—from the passage that Eliot in his notes to the poem links with "the present decay of eastern Europe," Hermann Hesse's "Blick ins Chaos," and multitudes marching in drunken ecstasy toward an abyss, singing songs that the blessed and the seers weep to hear. Benjamin's piece, however, is not political. The title, it seems, came after the composition. An inspiration for the music was a dramatic photograph by W. P. Winn (it is reproduced on the cover of the score) of a thunderstorm in New Mexico. In a program note, Benjamin says, "I wanted to portray an eerie tension as the landscape is overwhelmed by a vast storm. . . . Weird, soft bell chords, a sustained semitone clash, and deep tremors in the lower registers of the orchestra depict distant thunder." The storm gathers, comes to an unresolved climax. Then "for a moment the original semitone clash hovers motionless in the air, the thunder at last erupts in a violent explosion, and the work returns to a mood of unreal calm, ending as it began, with a soft bell chord." In "The Waste Land," Benjamin found lines to verbalize his scene: "What is that sound high in the air," "Ringed by the flat horizon only," "Cracks and reforms and bursts in the violet air."

Last summer, I remarked the influence of Messiaen—once a mentor of Boulez, Stockhausen, Barraqué—on much new British music. Benjamin has been a pupil of Messiaen, to whom "Ringed by the Flat Horizon" is dedicated. The young composer has a complete control of timbre—of sounds that seem to suggest colors (violet, lemon, black, palest blue), Turneresque effects of light, and sensations of sultriness or, as in the Stevens setting, of icy cold. His palette is extraordinary. The imaginative sounds are inseparable from an equally complete control of harmony. If his music were merely picturesque, illustrative, sensory, it would already be well worth playing and hearing. But his command of form is impressive, too. His timing and placing are exact. Profuse in ideas, he is not profligate in his use of them; everything plays a necessary part. The time scale is not Messiaenic: Benjamin's longest work, "At First Light," lasts twenty-two minutes; "Ringed by the Flat Horizon" eighteen. Both are large, beautiful, exciting compositions: music as a delight to the ear and a metaphor for adventures in life.

The Long Island Philharmonic, a band of expert players, gave an admirable performance, colorful and strong—even if Mr. Keene's German radio performance was (to judge from a tape) more subtly balanced across a wider dynamic range, with *pppp* passages more softly played. The twenty-two-hundred-seat hall was full.

JONATHAN LLOYD, born in 1948, is rather like an Ives to Benjamin's Carter. He, too, was played at an early age—Andrew Davis and the English Chamber Orchestra did his "Cantique" in the Queen Elizabeth Hall in 1970—but he came to prominence only in 1981, when in quick succession Michael Gielen and the BBC Symphony did his "Toward the Whitening Dawn" (the *Sunday Times* review was headed "A New British Masterpiece"), Rattle and the Sinfonietta his Viola Concerto, Oliver Knussen and the Sinfonietta his "Won't It Ever Be Morning," and John Harle and John Lenehan his "John's Journal." All were widely and favorably reviewed. Compositions and performances have been plentiful ever since. Michael Tilson Thomas and the Philharmonia gave the London première of Lloyd's "Everything Returns," for large orchestra, in 1982. (At its New York concerts last week, the Philharmonia played no British music.) Boosey & Hawkes, Lloyd's publishers, list seven 1982 compositions in their pamphlet about him. His music had reached America back in 1973, when at Tanglewood his "Scattered Ruins" won the Koussevitzky Composition Prize. Last year, in New York, Musical Elements played his "Waiting for Gozo" (a 1981 Sinfonietta commission) at one of the adventurous and, I've always found, rewarding concerts it gives in the Great Hall of Cooper Union. Last month, Mr. Harle and

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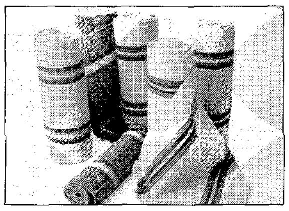

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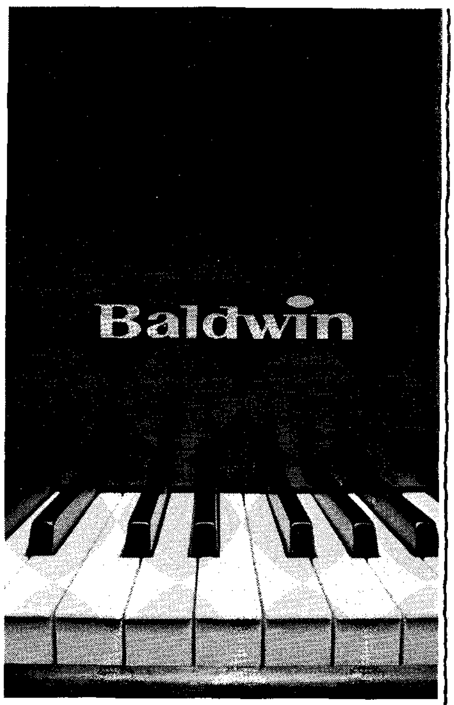

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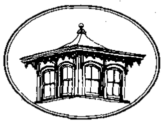

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Mr. Lenehan played "John's Journal" at their New York début recital, in Carnegie Recital Hall.

Thanks to tape, I've been able to hear several of Lloyd's compositions. They puzzle me if I start to think about them. While listening, I'm captivated by the easy, informal flow of invention, the casual command, the don't-care confidence. A preface to the Boosey pamphlet starts with a reference to Kipling's cat that walked by himself, talks of "a land where there are no monuments more ancient than Ives, and no evident boundaries of nationality or culture," and continues:

> The music itself—rejecting, in the name of free will, all but the simplest formal prototypes—obstinately refuses to disclose its route beforehand, or to describe its extra-musical surroundings thereafter. Its survival in transit depends on actions and reactions that seem purely instinctive: on multiple coordination in leaps and falls; on stealth and immobility in close cover; on double-jointed, arched, and swiftly recoiling movements in open combat. Strictly of its own making, and wholly deceptive, are its temporary pacts with domesticity. Catch it in a comfortable seat by the fireside and be sure of nothing except that it will leave again at nightfall, without warning, disdainfully. For only outside, on "the wild wet roofs," can it descry the path through the "wild wet woods"—and that to which everything returns.

"Waiting for Gozo" is a twelve-minute, twelve-player "piece about waiting," suggested by travel delays that beset the composer on his way to the Mediterranean island. A three-note cell runs hypnotically through the work. We hover, drift, start to move, have hopes roused only to have them dashed. Gozo looms up in a brass chorale, but then a soft, foggy drift of strings obscures it again. It's a light, attractive, fascinating, poetic composition. "John's Journal," subtitled "a week in the life of a saxophonist," is a terse, dapper suite for saxophone (alto alternating with soprano) and piano, composed with what seems like nonchalant brilliance. On successive days, the soloist is "slow and lazy;" "fast, funky;" "nervous, hesitant" (and apt to rattle his keys); improvisatory; "*brutale ma brillante;*" "desolate, distant;" and, finally, "*disco non troppo*"—and off on a journey, no doubt, for the opening strains of Juventino Rosas' "Over the Waves" keep running through his mind. Mr. Harle, born in 1956, once a saxophonist with Her Majesty's Coldstream Guards, then a prize-winning graduate of the Royal College of Music, has become an eminent modern instrumentalist.

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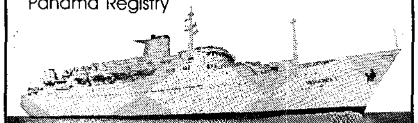

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For him, Berio recast Sequenza IX, for violin, as Sequenza IXb, for saxophone. Dominic Muldowney has written a concerto for him and the Sinfonietta. He has inspired important saxophone parts in most of Lloyd's orchestral works. He's a dazzling player, with an immense range of tones, and a magnetic musician; and Mr. Lenehan is a fine pianist. The published score of "John's Journal" includes their recording of the piece, tucked into a pocket at the back.

THE Da Capo Chamber Players billed their concert in Carnegie Recital Hall last week as a salute to Great Britain. It began with Harrison Birtwistle's bright transcription (1969) of an Ockeghem motet—one of the tangy apéritifs he and Peter Maxwell Davies devised for concerts of the Pierrot Players, who became the Fires of London—and ended with Davies' "Image, Reflection, Shadow" (1982), which the Fires brought to New York last year. At the Da Capo performance, the sextet played under a conductor, David Gilbert. The cimbalom player, Myron Romanul, could not match the mystery, the dusky-gold enchantment, the twangling frenzy that Gregory Knowles, of the Fires, brought to his star role. But there was much sensitive, adept playing. Once again, the long stretch of visionary music held its listeners spellbound.

Davies apart, the program hardly represented contemporary British music at its most inventive, stirring, or characteristic. (Time that New York heard some Muldowney, Nigel Osborne, and John Casken; more Knussen, more Holloway.) The five composers represented were born in the thirties. Bernard Rands' "Scherzi" (1974) is one of his less arresting compositions. John McCabe's "Movements" (1964), for clarinet, violin, and cello, is decently made but dry. Eleven years ago, I deemed Richard Rodney Bennett's "Commedia II," at its première, in Tully Hall, "thin stuff that goes in one ear and out the other," and last week found no reason to change my mind.

—ANDREW PORTER

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CLEAR DAYS ON THE LEGISLATIVE SCENE

[*From the Hawaii Tribune-Herald*]

State Sen. Richard Henderson has come out in support of an amendment to the law that would raise the legal thinking age from 18 to 21 years old.

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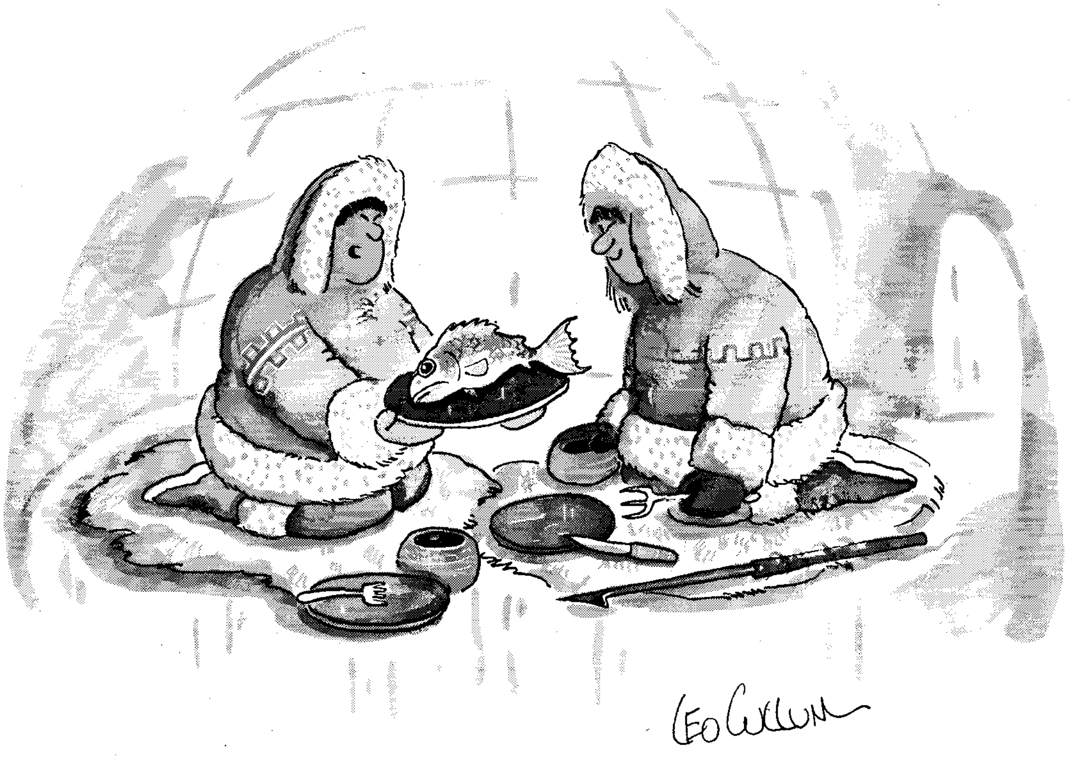
THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Women

"ENTRE NOUS" moves along in a relaxed and unruffled way as the French actress-turned-filmmaker Diane Kurys tells the story of two young married women in the nineteen-fifties who don't recognize how unfulfilled they have been in their marriages until they meet each other. In the preliminary scenes, set in 1942, Lena (Isabelle Huppert), a pretty eighteen-year-old redhead with a soft, curly long bob, has been arrested and brought to an internment camp for Jews in the Pyrenees. The camp is guarded by members of the French Foreign Legion, and one of them, Michel (Guy Marchand), writes her a note warning her that she may be deported to a Nazi camp and offering her marriage as a means of escape. She accepts. During the marriage ceremony, she discovers that he, too, is Jewish; she's incensed to learn that she won't have the protection of a Gentile name. But she has no choice, and they hasten to the Italian border. Michel carries a small black suitcase with their possessions, and before they make it across the Alps and into Italy he's also carrying his exhausted bride, on his back. By 1952, the hard-working Michel has got himself his own garage in Lyons, and Lena, now the mother of two small daughters, has a fur coat, and a servant to do the cooking and cleaning. Lena meets Madeleine (Miou-Miou) at a school pageant. Madeleine, who comes from a moderately wealthy family, was an art student in 1942 and had married a fellow student, who was killed in a street skirmish between the students and the collaborationist police. (Miou-Miou lets out an impressive scream as her husband is torn up by bullets.) A widow at nineteen, Madeleine drifted into marriage with a sometime actor and sometime black marketeer, Costa (Jean-Pierre Bacri), and now she has a son at the school. Much more worldly than Lena, Madeleine seems somewhat dissociated from her own life; she seems to be walking through it, and her little boy, treated indifferently by his mother and made fun of by his father, is shy and scared of everything.

The two women become inseparable; they develop an intimacy that is based partly on their sitting around complaining about their husbands. For Lena, the friendship with Madeleine is like one long consciousness-raising session. She begins to see Michel as uncouth, as gross. Kurys, who collaborated with Alain Le Henry on the screenplay, presents the material in short, anecdotal scenes, skipping back and forth between incidents in the two women's lives as they struggle to define themselves. The two husbands are dark and hairy and grubby; they never look really clean. But Miou-Miou, a brunette here, with a short bob, is tall and elegantly slender in the long, full skirts of the early fifties, and she and Huppert are lighted and posed so that they are two heroic profiles, with taut neck tendons and beautiful chins. The men, who always seem to need a shave, are treated as lumps, as part of the common herd. The two women are romanticized and politicized; they're turned into feminist precursors.

The film is primarily about Lena's courage in leaving her husband, and in what has become known as "taking charge of your own life." After Michel has been driven half crazy by frustration at being closed out of Lena's new interests, she has the justification she needs to walk out on him, taking the children. At the end of the film, she and Madeleine (who left her own husband sometime earlier, had trouble holding a job, and went through a nervous breakdown) are about to open a dress shop in Paris, which will presumably thrive. There's no doubt that Lena is meant to be the heroine; the camera feasts on her determined little face. (Huppert, who's eager and responsive in her initial scenes, goes blank after a while and just stands stiff for the camera; when Lena is at her most heroic, Huppert seems totally outside the events of the story, as if she already knew the ending and were a little bored with it all.) The audience is cued, as it was at Paul Mazursky's 1978 "An Unmarried Woman," to see the faults in the husband and the superiority of the wife. In one scene, Lena, who usually wears blouses with Peter Pan collars and prim, slightly boxy suits, puts on a clinging black cocktail dress that Madeleine has given her. Michel, who is supposed to be going out with her, tells her that she looks like a whore, and that her panty line shows; she wriggles free of her panties and leaves alone. There were cheers and applause from the audience I saw the movie with; you could practically hear the "Right



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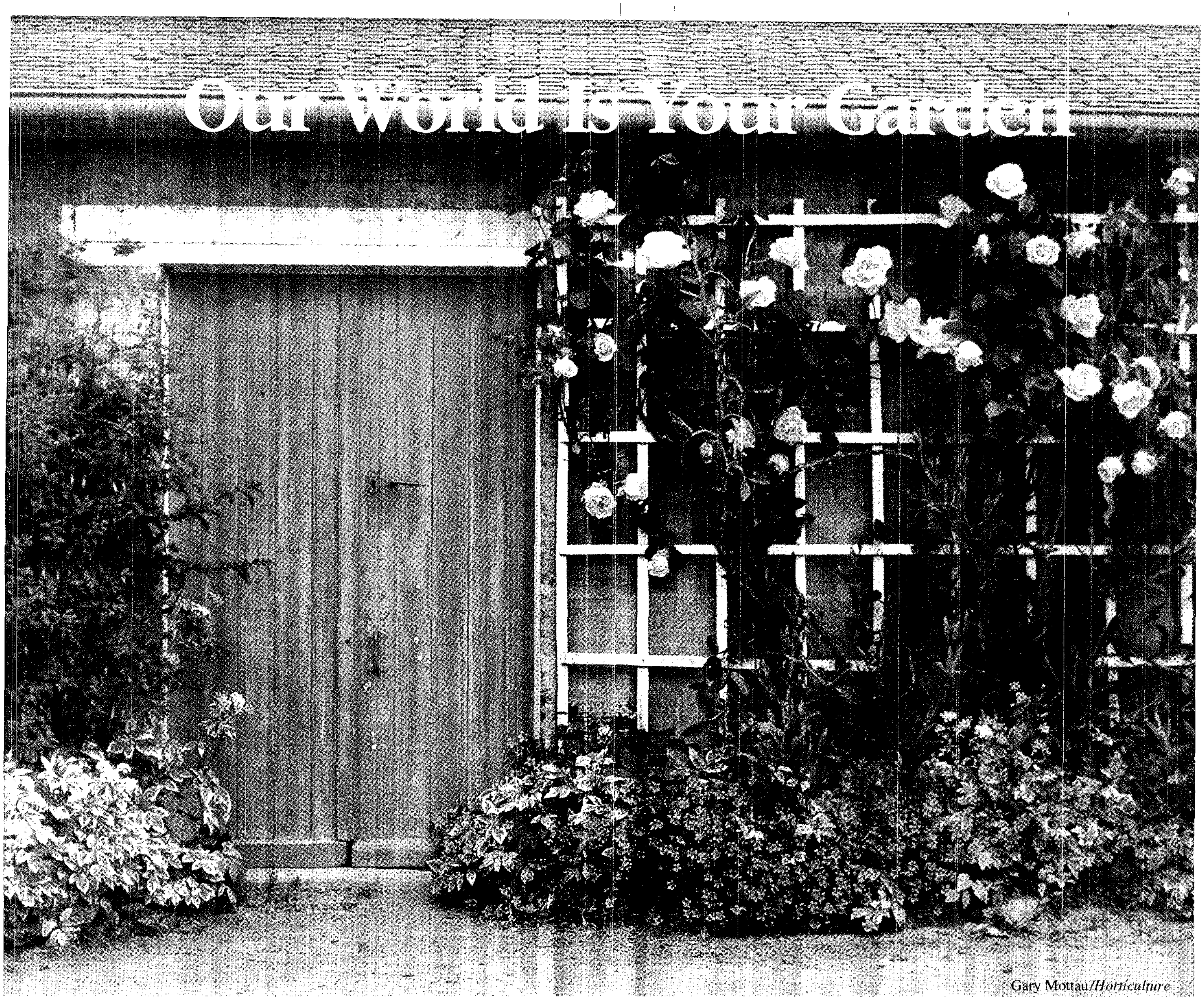

Gary Mottau/*Horticulture*

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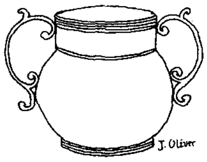
ns" of the seventies. Kurys has haped the scene like a cheerleader.

What's left unshaped is how Kurys eels about much of what she shows us. t's apparent that Michel has sup-orted the family and built up his busi-ess without any help from Lena, who ven leaves most of the child care to he servant. Lena is a proper bour-eoise who keeps her children in their lace; she prizes refinement and espectability, and she doesn't like it vhen Michel roughhouses with the wo little girls and makes up stories for hem, or, at a picnic, galumphs around mitating an ape and uses his head to at a ball. (How could kids not love a ather like this?) Michel, a man with a apacity for enjoyment, has still got ena on his back. He's married to an rmored, frigid woman who, after she orms her attachment to Madeleine nd discovers class, independence, and he arts, thinks herself above him. But his movie is not meant to be about a ight little bitch-princess with aspira-ions to culture. Kurys lets us see the wo women's self-preoccupation and heir unresponsiveness to their chil-lren, but this is all pushed to the side; t isn't given any weight. In one se-uence, Lena and Madeleine take their ids out on an excursion, and Lena, usy talking to Madeleine, boards a us, assuming that the kids are with hem; after a while she notices that her lder daughter is with Madeleine's son ut her younger daughter is missing. ittle Sophie has been left behind omewhere—Sophie, the five-year-old, vho, we're told at the end, grows up o be the filmmaker herself. Diane Kurys shows her father slapping her nother on this one occasion: Michel laps Lena for not caring enough bout Sophie to keep an eye on her. Yet the incident is presented so as to all attention to Michel's oafishness ather than to Lena's negligence. She s somehow meant to be charmingly blivious.

The psychology of the film goes in ne direction; its sexual politics take it n another. What we see and what we're told we're seeing are in conflict. Michel is the only character that a viewer is likely to have any feeling for. Guy Marchand plays the role superbly, without any actorish fuss; Michel's furtive lecherous side and his outbursts are completely believable, and we can see that he made a tragic mistake when he proposed marriage to the pretty girl he'd never actually talked to. Lena will never love him, and she's so shallow that she may never understand the depth of his love for the children—he's completely enchanted when he's with them. Yet there is no apparent recognition on Kurys' part that Lena is a pill. Kurys doesn't dramatize what she felt about her mother *then*—at the time that she and her sister were taken away from their father. She has made a very peculiar kind of memory film; she identifies with her mother in a political, feminist way, yet it's the father who's loving and playful, and who's the suffering center of the raw, undeveloped material in the movie.

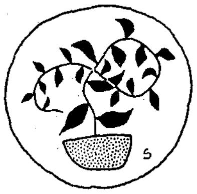
The director's idealization of Lena and Madeleine seems to be based on a traditional conception of women as being finer-grained and more sensitive than men, and this is joined to the seventies view of sisterhood. The two women—who live as if they were members of the leisure class—appear to be very casual about being taken care of; a cynical observer might suggest that their greater sensitivity consists in not doing anything to help the men, yet the director doesn't point this up. The husbands, working to provide for their families, are made out to be clods. Poor Costa, who's rebuffed or outsmarted in his every shady negotiation, keeps trying to be a wheeler-dealer. In one sequence, he borrows money to buy eighteen carloads of men's shirts, and they turn out to have only one sleeve; he sits at home at a sewing machine in a dark, cramped room, trying to turn each long sleeve into two short ones. Madeleine, who can see him from her bright, airy studio, doesn't commiserate with him, doesn't offer a hand; she isn't really in the marriage. Yet the scene is played not to show us her detachment but to show us his comic ineptitude. (He belongs in his sweatshop.) The film's feminism is so facile that we don't get any new perception of what women's relationships might have been like at that time. Is Madeleine's being upper-class Gentile part of what Lena responds to in her? The movie doesn't give us a clue. And why is Madeleine attracted to the conventional-minded Lena—is Lena meant to have a vitality that Huppert didn't come up with? We don't get much insight, either, into why the apparently assured Madeleine couldn't function in a job and broke down. Nothing about her is revealed to us; she's a stranger until after her crackup, when she loses her composed look. Then she's pale, her face goes a little vague and glassy from confusion, and she's more like the Miou-Miou we know from Bertrand Blier's "Going Places," Bellocchio's "Victory March," and Alain Tanner's "Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000" but without that Miou-Miou's infectiousness.



"Entre Nous" trivializes Lena and Madeleine at the same time that it romanticizes them. Their friendship seems to be about their great profiles and an interest in clothes. Nothing is going on in their heads that's different from what several generations of male movie directors have indicated. And they don't show signs of any physical, sexual pressure, either. "Why do I feel so at ease with you?" Madeleine asks Lena, and we never get an answer. Perched on a bed next to Madeleine, Lena says, "I feel like kissing you," but she doesn't do it. This is a movie about two women not having a lesbian affair. "Entre Nous" keeps teetering on the verge of a seduction scene that isn't there, yet that teasing possibility—suggested mostly by Madeleine's cool, knowing glances—gives many of the scenes their only tension. At the women's very first encounter, at the school, Lena realizes that Madeleine isn't wearing stockings, and gasps at her audacity; Madeleine runs a finger down her leg over her suntan lotion and then thrusts the finger under Lena's nose, giving her a whiff. After the dinner party where Madeleine meets Lena's husband for the first time, she whispers to Lena, "You're not made for each other;" she's flirting. And when she does a portrait of Lena she seems to be using traditional male-seducer blandishments. Early in the friendship, Madeleine begins suggesting that Lena leave her husband, and when the women meet secretly in Paris they dance together at a night club, while other patrons—their curiosity piqued—scrutinize them.

On the train to Paris, Lena lets a soldier make love to her. Describing the encounter to Madeleine, she explains that she didn't allow him to go "all the way"—and she had an orgasm, for the first time. Implicitly, male-female sex is low-class and unsatisfactory. If Lena had let the soldier go all the way, she wouldn't have had an orgasm. The film has a political commitment to women's friendship, and it comes very close to having a political commitment to lesbian sex—Lena and the soldier didn't do anything that the two women couldn't do—but Kurys doesn't develop that. She just keeps it lurking in the air, though the film's title in France was "Coup de Foudre"—love at first sight.

Are we perhaps meant to think that Madeleine breaks down because she couldn't quite have a love affair with Lena? Some of Madeleine's actions may look predatory, but there's a muteness about her. At several points, she seems about to "take" Lena, but she doesn't. Is this what wipes her out—her lack of sexual aggression? Certainly her breakdown wins the audience's sympathy—which she probably wouldn't have got if she had carried out the seduction. Lena's first venture into business, a boutique in Lyons that is financed by Michel, is called Magdalena—a marriage of the two women's names. Yet when Michel accuses the women of being dykes the accusation is treated as evidence of his low, limited mind, his incomprehension of the finer things. The two women appear to be above sex of *any* kind; their passivity is part of their superiority. (Those vulgar husbands are always trying to make out.) Kurys leads us to expect a sex relationship in order to hold our interest. (Nothing else seems about to happen.) But apparently we're supposed to think that whether or not the women are lovers is irrelevant to the changes in consciousness they bring out in each other. Lena and Madeleine are what used to be called soul mates; "Entre Nous" is about spiritual lesbianism.



Kurys doesn't build scenes dramatically or prepare for changes in the characters' behavior, and this lackadaisical flabbiness in the construction can be interpreted as lifelike. But we also keep waiting for moves that have been indicated, and they don't come. "Entre Nous" isn't really much of a picture. Kurys directs the sequences involving Michel and his daughters with all the affection and humor that one could wish for. She also gives Michel his due in his final scene; for a few seconds the film is flooded with emotion. But she's remarkably callous in her treatment of Madeleine's little boy; everybody ridicules him, and we're supposed to laugh at him, too. (He's made a pathetic clod, like the two husbands.) And there's something superficial and complacent in the tone of the movie: in the way it swings with the feminist party line of about five years ago—with what's taken for granted now, and has no threat in it. "Entre Nous" has no present-tense urgency; it's all the director's retrospective view. This may, of course, work to its commercial advantage. A battle-scarred audience may take pleasure in a film in which everything seems resolved. The only thing that's distinctive about "Entre Nous" is its veneer of post-feminism. Kurys achieves this restfulness by making a movie about sexual politics without sex.

The insipidness and the false leads all go back, I think, to a single cause: there's a deep and shocking violation of privacy in Diane Kurys' putting her interpretation of her parents' lives and quarrels and betrayals onto the screen. This movie depends on the filmmaker's revelation that Lena and Michel are her parents: that's how she can get by with her undramatized sequences. "Entre Nous" is presented under the guise of "This is how it was—it's real, it's life." There's a casual sort of chutzpah about the method. In presenting fiction minus the protective veils of fiction, Kurys is attempting to give birth to her parents; she's trying to re-create them for her own purposes. She takes possession of them, and then she tries to contort her feelings about the rigid, repressive Lena in order to make her a modern heroine. Kurys doesn't romanticize her mother out of love. You don't have to romanticize someone you love (as Kurys demonstrates in the father's scenes). And she doesn't do it out of rage. She romanticizes her mother for her own convenience.

"FOOTLOOSE" is set in a mythical Midwestern community where everyone is white Protestant and there's only one church. Having this monopoly, the Reverend (John Lithgow) considers himself the town's spiritual leader, and he has been instrumental in passing various restrictive laws, including one against rock 'n' roll and dancing. His teen-age spitfire daughter, Ariel (Lori Singer), balks at the restrictions, but no one openly challenges the laws until Ren (Kevin Bacon), a high-school boy with a punk haircut, arrives in town from Chicago. A clean-living, courageous boy of the highest moral calibre, Ren is nevertheless misunderstood by the townspeople. Still, he manages to lead the students in a campaign for a senior prom. And, with Ariel's aid, h is able to cite chapter and verse fron the Bible in support of music an dance.

Ten years ago, would anyone hav believed this as the plot of an eightie musical? Directed by Herbert Ross from a script by Dean Pitchford, wh is best known for the lyrics he wrot for the songs in "Fame," "Footloose' is so immaculately retrograde that th Midwestern town seems to be in "Brigadoon" time warp; Ren, with hi punk haircut, has stumbled into peachy-keen fifties where high-schoo boys wear cardigans. The only memorable thing about this piece of neo-Andy Hardyism is the title sequence an exhilarating short-short film featuring pairs of dancing feet in a variety of footgear. After that, there's on good brief scene: a little boy asleep i church is roused by his father, listen to a few words of the sermon, and goe right back to sleep. And there's a entertaining sequence in which Christopher Penn, as a sluggish hayseed—he's like a junior version of the nasal frowning Charles Grodin in "Th Lonely Guy"—is taught to dance b Ren, starting with getting rhythm i his hands. (There's a neat bit wit Chris Penn and Bacon moving together, both wearing headphones attached to the same Walkman.) An Lori Singer has a startling, zingy radiance; she obliterates the other peopl on the screen—not a major feat, considering that Kevin Bacon has bee made so smooth-skinned and well mannered that his grin is frozen on hi face, and Lithgow, playing the glum Reverend earnestly and thoughtfully, as if he were a character in Ibsen, keeps bringing the film to a halt.

"Footloose" never really gets going; the moviemakers just exhaust one bad idea after another. They raid "Rebel Without a Cause" and give us a tedious game of chicken with the good lad Ren in one tractor and a big bad bully who has been dating Ariel in another. This rotten bully causes so many harsh, bloody fistfights that when we're finally on the homestretch, hoping for some dancing, and he turns up again, looking for another fight, there were groans in the theatre. Most of the action sequences seem bizarrely neurotic: Ariel deliberately risks her neck in stunts involving cars, trucks, and a train, and she provokes a nasty beating from the bully. My guess is that these were the moviemakers' passes at women's liberation; they exalt Ariel's death-defying battiness as if t were glorious bravado. But their nachismo leaks through: as soon as this disturbed girl hooks up with Ren he seems sane as anybody, and a whole lot saner than the men who nade the movie.

A musical can be forgiven almost everything else if it just has some good singing and dancing. But the singing ere is only on the white-bread soundtrack, and the dance numbers are gymnastic specials. The kids seem to be warming up to dance rather than dancing, and in the hero's one big solo is movements are cut together with the movements of ringers. Just once, ear the end, we see a dancer with his face in full camera, as he wriggles his shoulders and arms (the way Buddy Ebsen used to in the musicals of the thirties), and you can feel the people in the theatre rouse themselves, like that kid in church, and then, when the dancer disappears, sink back into apathy. Herbert Ross was a dancer himself. Doesn't he see that even with all the work done by the virtuoso editor, Paul Hirsch, the miracles of splicing aren't as entertaining as one eccentric dancer wriggling his shoulders? A lot of people must have gone through nerve-wracking labors and pots of noney to produce these stupid wonders, and what's the point? The country is full of actor-dancers, and, ike Bobby Di Cicco in the jitterbugging sequence of "1941," they bring a novie an excitement that can't be faked. They have personalities; that's what these numbers produced in the editing room don't have. Footloose is what they're not. There's no freedom in the dances—they've been choreographed to death, chopped to pieces, and reassembled. For a viewer, it gets to be like watching programmed androids. —PAULINE KAEL

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THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From "Prejudices: Third Series," by H. L. Mencken, 1922*]

Taxes in the United States are not actually high. I figure, for example, that my private share of the expense of maintaining the Hon. Mr. Harding in the White House this year will work out to less than 80 cents. Try to think of better sport for the money: in New York it has been estimated that it costs $8 to get comfortably tight, and $17.50, on an average, to pinch a girl's arm. The United States Senate will cost me perhaps $11 for the year, but against that expense set the subscription price of the *Congressional Record*, about $15, which, as a journalist, I receive for nothing. For $4 less than nothing I am thus entertained as Solomon never was by his hooch dancers.

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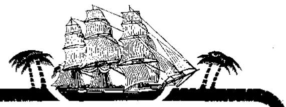

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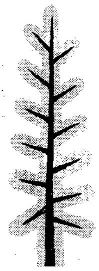

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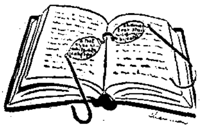


ON the topics of football and the South there is no tradition of understatement, and "The Courting of Marcus Dupree," by Willie Morris (Doubleday; $15.95), is thus a model of stylistic propriety. The leading characters in the book are Dupree, a Mississippi high-school football player who was generally considered to be "the supreme prospect in America" by college coaches and alumni in the recruiting season of 1981-82, and Morris himself, a Mississippi writer recently returned from fifteen years or so in the cold North. Dupree, at seventeen, was beset by suitors (to use Morris's metaphor) who may or may not have been observing the commandments of the National Collegiate Athletic Association—no gifts allowed, for example. He was expected to decide in February of 1982 where he would go to college. Morris joined the chase as an observer in the fall of 1981, commuting from his duties as a writer-in-residence at the University of Mississippi in Oxford to Dupree's home town of Philadelphia, and counting on his local roots and literary expertise to help him interpret the hoopla.

Like Hercules, who strangled two serpents while still in his crib, Marcus Dupree became a man of destiny at an early age—nine, or fourteen at the latest, depending on the hindsight of Morris's sources. He was always bigger and faster than other children, according to his mother. One man recalls being reminded of Gale Sayers while watching Dupree play flag football in fourth grade; others spotted him in fifth grade or seventh; and by the time he turned to tackle football as a high-school freshman he was a veteran local hero. At this point in the account of Dupree's life as a public figure, the language gets technical. Having started his career as a split end, he switched positions to become a running back. "In his junior season," Morris writes, "he gained 1,550 yards and scored twenty times":

> Philadelphia, a single-A school in the state's four-bracket system, finished that season undefeated and was chosen number one in Mississippi by the Jackson papers. [Dupree] was selected to both the *Playboy* and *Parade* magazine all-American teams, the only high school junior named to either, and to the Adidas All-American team; he was named Football Player of the Year in Mississippi.

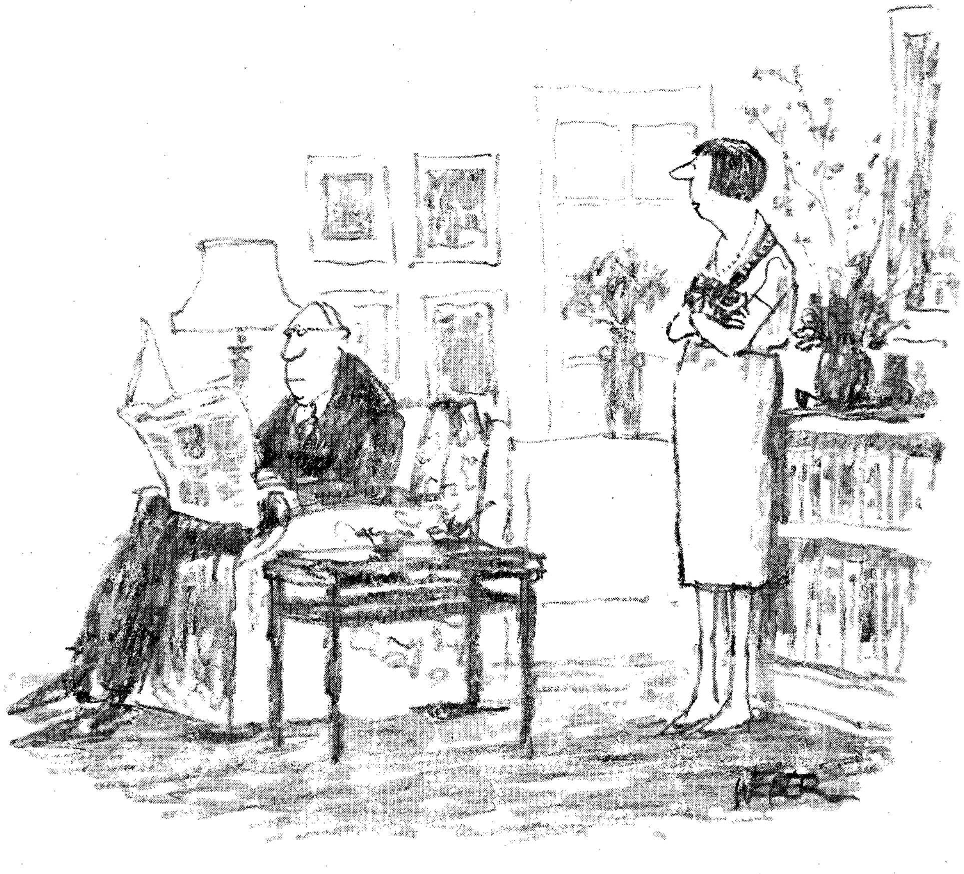
By his senior year, Dupree's statistics had made him an object of desire as far away as Texas A. & M. and U.C.L.A. Wise men came from all over, bearing scholarship offers, notebooks, tape recorders, and football tout sheets. Was Dupree as good as he was said to be? Would he break the high-school touchdown record established in 1979 by Herschel Walker? Where would he wind up—Texas? Alabama? California? With Herschel Walker at the University of Georgia, or at a local school like Ole Miss or Mississippi State? Morris came to town with reservations about the "perfervid words" of Dupree's admirers and with questions of his own, some concerning the validity of the comparison with Walker, "surely the greatest runner to emerge in college football in a generation," and others harder to answer: e.g., Was Dupree "an American Universal"? Would he "fulfill his monumental promise"?

Born in Jackson, on the right side of segregation, in 1934, Morris had a natural curiosity about Dupree, a black man born in 1964 in the small town of Philadelphia. For one thing, Philadelphia was where the three civil-rights workers James Chaney, Michael Schwerner, and Andrew Goodman had been murdered by neighborhood vigilantes, a month after Dupree's birth. If Dupree turned out to be a genuine hero, Morris was inclined to view him as a fortuitous redeemer, vindicating his native town and state by his physical prowess. His symbolic value was increased by the fact that he was a member of the first integrated class to complete twelve years in the Philadelphia public schools. To a connoisseur of significance like Morris, the story of Marcus Dupree was a bonanza.

Morris pitches the book on a high plane at the start, with an epigraph from "Thus Spake Zarathustra," and with the title of his first chapter, "More Than Football Itself." He is entranced early by the connotations of his subject and never snaps out of it:

> The town of his past and his people—Philadelphia, Mississippi, in Neshoba County—as in the Biblical sense certain places sometimes are, was suffused with its remembrance of self-destruction.

The preëmptive "as" construction is a favorite device of Morris's, used to



"What ever happened to your dimples?"

throw the reader off balance and soften him up for the full impact of the approaching concept. Another favorite is the oracular "would": "I would become convinced in retrospect," and "Into the modern day there would be a deep touchiness." Although he is not the first to indulge in reflections on the deeper meanings of football, Morris is a natural. Reflecting comes to him as readily and mysteriously as running forty yards in 4.3 (or 4.4) seconds comes to Marcus Dupree. "I have often discovered myself," he writes, "viewing the grand and golden spectacles of football as a metaphor for the larger society." A few lines down, he puts it another way:

> Often on these pages I find myself pondering the remarkable importance which the rituals of the sport had for the people of Dixie . . . as an observer of the human adventure, with an eye out, I trust, for the ironic and picturesque detail and for the shadow behind the act.

In the shadowy world that Morris inhabits, inner conflict is the main event.

Morris is dutiful in his legwork. He introduces himself to the stolid hero (after some rhetorical delay; the meeting occurs on page 177), and makes the acquaintance of his mother, his crippled younger brother, his cousin, and his grandparents. He visits the high school and makes himself fairly comfortable around town:

> The latest intelligence from the catfish rendezvous and coffeehouses of Philadelphia, where Nietzschean philosophy, the Romantic poets, and onomatopoeia were rarely discussed before lunch, was that he would narrow the field gradually as the football season neared its end.

He attends the high-school games, home and away, and quotes at length from the sports pages. For local history, he interviews a couple of eloquent ladies with long memories, and he resorts to the Neshoba County Library, where, he says, the librarians "had read some of my sentences." (When he went to meet the Dupree family, Morris says, he "brought along a few books I had written by way of introduction.")

Although organized impressionistically and inconspicuously edited, the book abounds in information. Probably the most interesting chapter is the one called "Recruiting: the Real, the Sad, the Bizarre," which covers the declared subject in a miscellany of interviews, facts, statistics, literary citations, pages from the private notes of a recruiter, and swatches of prose from experts like Red Smith, Bill Bradley,

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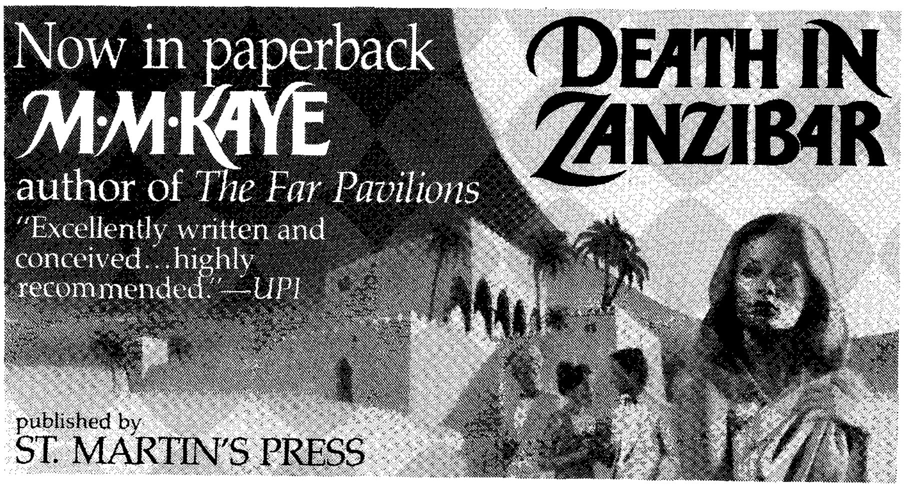
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and Bear Bryant, with footnotes to contain the overflow. One footnote, spreading from one page to the next, elaborates on a segment of text concerning academic standards and the ethics of athletic scholarships. In it Morris refers the reader to an article by the Berkeley sociologist Harry Edwards, whose unpopular argument for higher standards of education and attention to the ultimate fate of athletes is particularly worth reading in connection with the careers of hopefuls like Dupree and Walker.

Preoccupied though he is with the symbolic, Morris does remind the reader from time to time that Marcus Dupree is a teen-age human being, and not just a hopeful with, as one coach says, "the body of a Cadillac—now all he has to do is turn the key." Finally, however, he doesn't come to know Dupree any better than the nomadic recruiters do, or the citizens of Philadelphia, who were kept guessing until the last minute which school he would choose to attend. Morris labors to see something of himself in Dupree, but the effort fails, and he is driven to rumination and rhetorical questions. What if Dupree were to fail? "And what might his failure mean to a town which itself had once failed so disastrously?" He stuck with the story long enough to attend the game in which Dupree broke Walker's high-school touchdown record, and to be present at the press conference where Dupree announced that he would go to the University of Oklahoma. Why did he want to go there?

> "They have a winnin' tradition. They'll be on TV a lot. They'll be a national contender. I can win the Heisman. I enjoyed the trip. I believe I can fit in there."

Morris hung on through Dupree's first year at Oklahoma—a year of imperfect harmony between the student athlete and his coach—and just missed the sequence of events that began last October, when Dupree fled Oklahoma, disappeared for a day or two, and then came back home and enrolled at the University of Southern Mississippi, in Hattiesburg, a hundred miles from Philadelphia. In January, when it appeared that under N.C.A.A. rules he would not be allowed to play big-time college football until 1985, Dupree quit school and went to work part-time for a Hattiesburg funeral parlor. He may find a college where he would be eligible to play before next year, or he may, like Herschel Walker, defer a degree for a job on a professional football team. At the moment,

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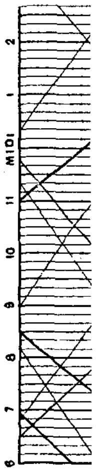

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as a recent *Times* headline put it, "Dupree Studies Options." He will be twenty in May.

Morris, having been "ineluctably drawn to the accomplishment and promise of the young man, not to mention the tortured locale which had produced him," is served as well by a provisional outcome as he would have been by a neater plot. Conscientious as he was in pursuit of Dupree, he was always more concerned with his own emotions than with simple reporting. And although he is capable of composing an unadorned factual statement, such as "I stood on the Philadelphia sidelines for the second half," he prefers a more inflated, roseate prose, a grander diction: words like "archetype," "indwelling," "inchoate," and "suffused;" phrases like "an apprehensive chord," "the omniscient hope," and "the insatiable injunctions of television;" intricate syntax, as in the image of a "tough-eyed" coach from the University of Nebraska, "whose very visage seemed synonymous with the barren and icy Nebraska landscape, a man who considered winning in college football a moral equivalent of the survival of the earth, in an American state where many nuclear-headed missiles were aimed toward the susceptible gray interstices of Soviet Russia."

Football is more than just football. Recruiting—that is to say, "the follies, histrionics, and complexities of the college football recruiting of our day, especially as they reflect many of the excesses of our contemporary society"—was, from a recruiter's point of view, "a difficult business." More than that. "Darwinian in its unfolding . . . Faustian in its unreality, full of comedy and pain, all of it leading to the golden pageantry of the American stadiums on Saturday afternoons." Taking part in the unfolding unreality as it leads into the pageantry are sportswriters, whose company Morris prefers to that of "existentialists, vice-chancellors of universities, computer technocrats, condominium developers, and the jolly Madison Avenue sort of fellows of the Lowenbrau beer commercials of our day," and who are, of course, more than just sportswriters: "They have seen much of life on this planet as it takes its whirls out at the edge of the universe." They are in "quest of the human heart in conflict with itself."

In his 1967 autobiography, "North Toward Home," Morris described his journey out of Mississippi, through Texas, Oxford (England), and California, to New York City, where he made it both as a writer and as the editor-in-chief of *Harper's*. Toward the end of that book, despite the suggestion that he had been heading for a spiritual haven, he depicted himself as a provincial defending his innocence against jaded sophisticates. "The Courting of Marcus Dupree," which is, in effect, an autobiographical extension, shows familiar signs of ambivalence and self-doubt. Morris attributes this interior strife to unique Mississippi divisions, geographical and historical, between Delta and hill country and between white and black. As a Delta boy, he is conscious of an "everlasting dichotomy of the spirit." Driving around Philadelphia, he refers to himself as "the unknown interloper" and, later, as "this writer who insinuated himself" into the town. He is haunted by memories of Bridgehampton, Elaine's, and Central Park West, though he insists on his emotional loyalty to his native land. He and the "white boys and girls" he grew up with, he writes, "were touched implicitly, even without knowing it, with the schizophrenia of race and imbued in the deep way in which feeling becomes stronger than thought with the tacit acceptance that Mississippi was different, with a more tenacious inwardness and impetuosity and a darker past not just than that of New York, or Ohio, or California, but of Arkansas, Tennessee, Alabama, and Louisiana, which were next door."

"What would Marcus Dupree of Neshoba County make of all this?" he asks at the climax of a lyrical passage on homecoming and memory. But Dupree, improvising his own future, eluded Morris's mystical scheme. Morris, back in Mississippi to stay—for the time being, at least—is not home yet. —SUSAN LARDNER

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To encourage publicity, Mr. McKenna offers to set up interviews with John Sculley, Apple's president and chief executive officer, and Steven P. Jobs, chairman and an Apple founder. Mr. Jobs, he says, makes good copy. "Steve likes to make dramatic statements; he sort of evokes the Kennedy days."

The two met reporters from this newspaper last week over breakfast at the Hotel Carlyle, in a suite that rents for $575 a night. Mr. Jobs, 28 years old, wore a striped bow tie and double-breasted gray jacket instead of his usual blue jeans. —*Erik Larson and Carrie Dolan in the Wall Street Journal.*

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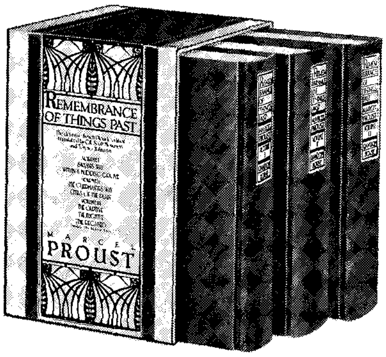

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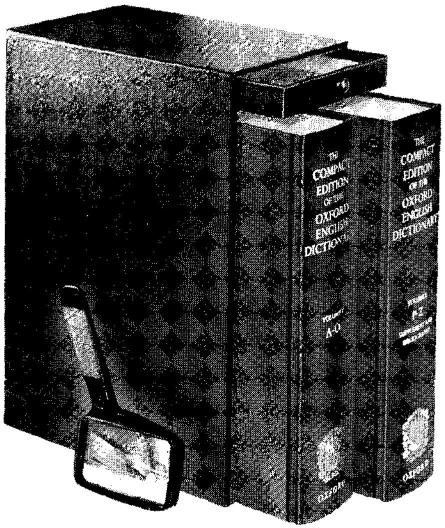

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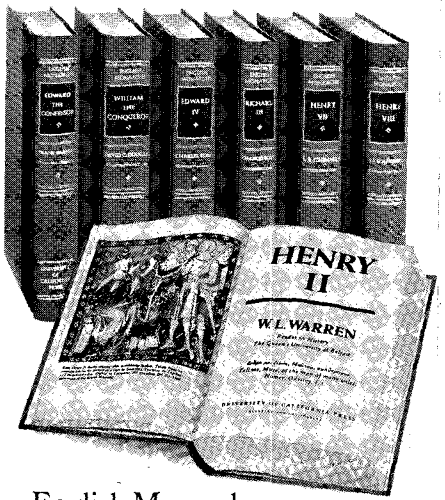

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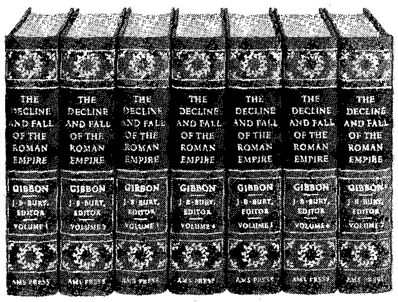

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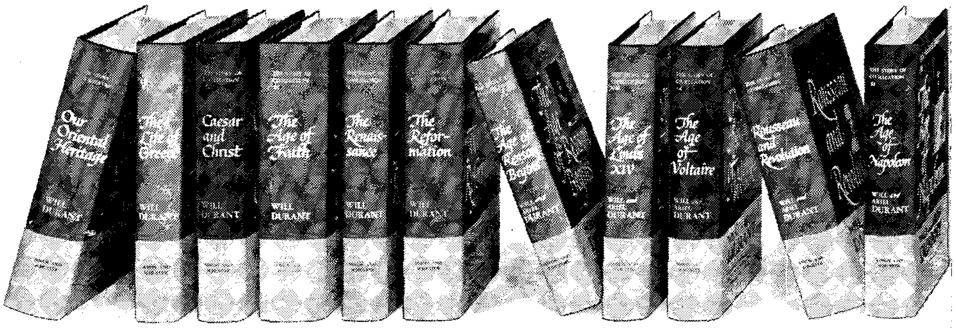

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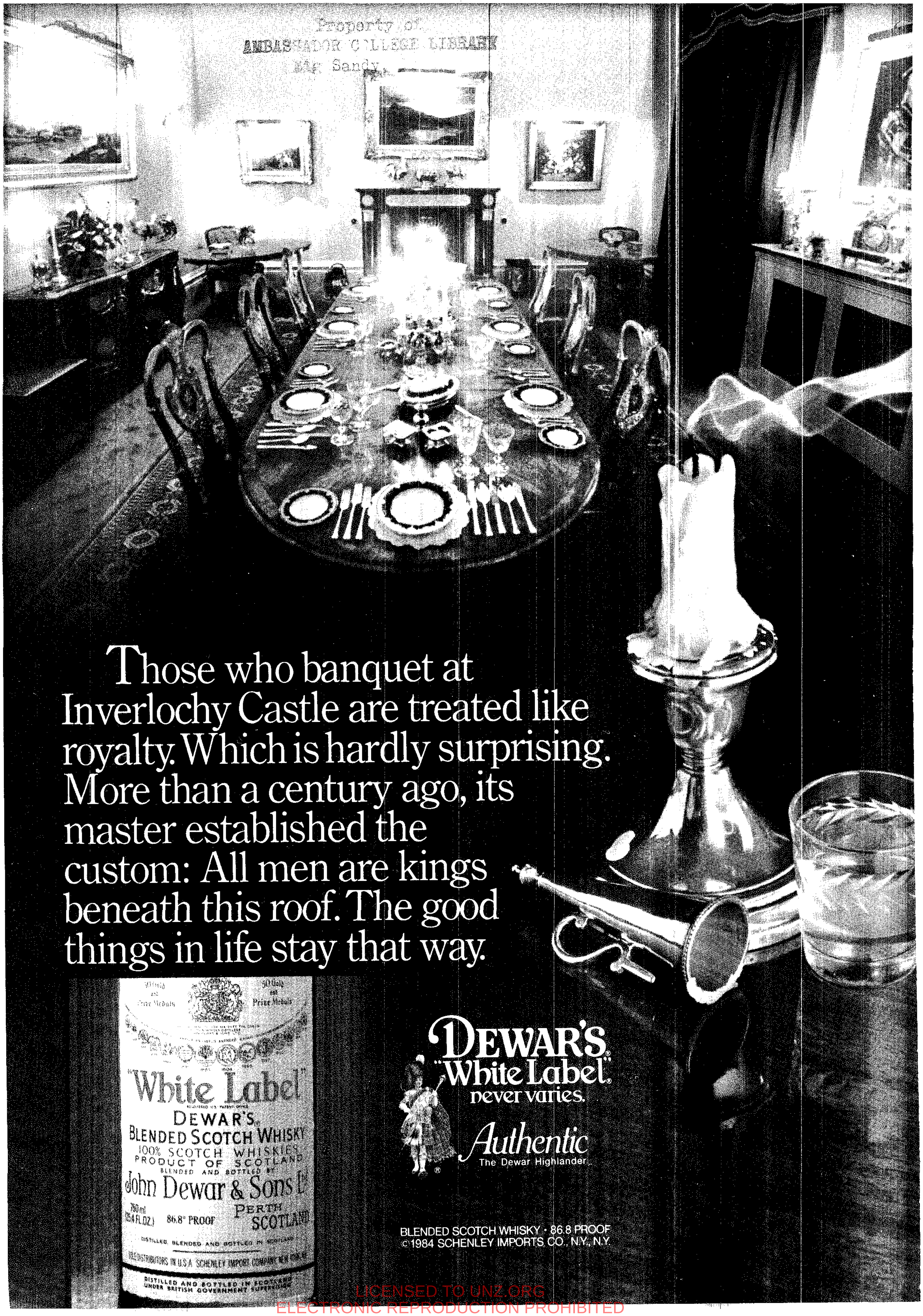

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